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ART. I.—ON CATHOLIC POLITICS.

ALMOST all English Catholics in the earlier half of this century were, in politics, decided "Liberals;" a large and influential section are now avowed "Conservatives," though a considerable number still adhere to the party at present in power.

Common sense would seem to say, that the fact of intelligent and cultivated men who are earnest, practical Catholics being divided as to their political partisanship, was by itself enough to prove that a great deal may be said for either course of political action, and that neither can be inconsistent with Catholic principles.

Nevertheless, it is often confidently asserted that "the Church is essentially Conservative;" and before the last general election certain writers did not shrink from declaring that no Catholic could consistently vote against the Conservative party. Other writers would persuade us that the cause of God's poor—as the cause of true charity—can only be promoted in the political arena by supporting the policy of the party now in office.

It may not be a useless task, then, to make one more examination of the principles of both parties, with the purpose of trying to find out how it is that doctrines which seem to many generous souls to be the expression either of mere selfishness and class-antagonism on the one hand, or of envy and the spirit of revolt on the other, retain so tenacious a hold over the minds of so many persons, distinguished for generosity, piety, and general moral worth.

Now it cannot be denied that Conservative doctrines tend to maintain social and political inequality; to lay more stress on obedience than on liberty; to disclaim a much boasted fraternity;

to oppose political transformations ; and to favour government by classes rather than by numbers.

Let us then begin by drawing up an unshrinking declaration of such Conservative doctrines, and try and see what there is in each which both agrees with and opposes reason and good feeling.

(1.) *Men are, and must remain, unequal ; they have not equal rights.*

There is a harsh, unsympathetic flavour about this proposition thus stated, and yet it is but a truism. Men are plainly unequal physically ; and yet their necessary inequality in what is invisible, is far greater. The most important parts of every man are qualities due to race, family, education, the traditions amidst which he has been brought up, and the ethos he has unconsciously acquired. There can hardly be a more vulgar error, a more palpable absurdity, than that which would represent the proximate physical equality of men as being the index of a real fundamental equality. The differences which are due to wealth are great, and those which are due to culture are greater ; but if there is one thing which modern science makes clear, it is the profound influence of "heredity." It is consequently impossible that real "equality" can exist between men whose ancestral influences are widely divergent. Let us look facts in the face, and not be children crying for the moon ! These inequalities exist, and must exist. Greater power, greater influence are (in the absence of personal disqualifications) the inseparable accompaniments of wealth and family. But with augmented power and influence go augmented duties and responsibilities, and therefore also "rights," since "rights" and "duties" are but two aspects of the same thing.

But so profound is the difference between men of the same community, that even if they could be reduced to equality now, that equality could not be maintained without the aid of the most tyrannically restrictive measures, which would paralyze the industry and neutralize the skill of those capable of raising themselves (by their energy and ability) above their fellows. Therefore the maintenance of "equality" is necessarily fatal to "liberty." Observe, also, that the demagogue who should maintain such compulsory equality, would by so doing deny that men have equal rights. For by his system the indolent and incompetent would be allowed to labour as much as they might like to labour, while the same right would be denied to the energetic and skilful. Such a system would be one in which the ignorant, slothful, and vicious would form a privileged class, and the most pernicious of all possible inequalities would be imposed through the passionate pursuit of equality.

Nevertheless, no truly Christian man, no man professing any

real philanthropy, can help feeling either sadness or indignation, or both, at such cases of inequality as are forms of injustice and oppression; nor should he refrain from seeking to diffuse as widely as possible all material, intellectual, and moral good. The Christian learns that before God all ranks are equal, unless it be that the poor are especially God's own. If then, on the one hand, the desire for "equality" may be but the result of a base envy, on the other hand, the harsh assertion of inequality may be the expression of a most deeply anti-Christian frame of mind. The doctrine may be justly upheld or decried according to the sense in which it is understood; and until that sense be ascertained, no man can be justly blamed for either affirming or denying it.

(2.) *Obedience to wise restrictions, not liberty, is that which is desirable for men.*

Now the end and object of the "State's" existence being the welfare of the individual, and the end and object of the individual's existence being the exercise of free will according to right reason, the unimpeded exercise of such will is that "liberty" which may justly call forth the ardent aspirations of every lover of justice and of his fellow men. But such "liberty" can evidently co-exist with a multitude of restrictions, since it is in the midst of such a multitude that it has actually arisen and become developed. The most extreme deference and respect is obviously due from the community to each individual's conscience, but it is not therefore bound to tolerate actions which are not only bad in their consequences, but which it has strong grounds for supposing are done *against* conscience. A candid introspection will reveal to almost every man the existence of two, often conflicting, tendencies within him—one ethical, the other pleasurable. From childhood the development of each one of us has been carried on by means of obedience to restrictions, and the wills of other human beings restrain our daily actions in mature life. Amongst the men and women we have individually known in life, how many have we not come across whose avoidance of error has been due rather to salutary social restraints than to the spontaneous inclination of the individual? To desire the absence of restriction is, then, an altogether irrational desire. It has, indeed, been said by a very high Liberal authority,* that Liberalism is trust of the people, tempered by prudence; Conservatism, distrust of the people, tempered by fear." But the highest Conservative authority would probably reply, "Conservatism alone trusts the people *prudently*." All depends, in fact, on the precise meaning we may attach to terms which are confessedly more or less vague.

* *Nineteenth Century*, Feb. 1881, p. 302.

The second above-given Conservative doctrine, then, far from necessarily conflicting with that desire for freedom which is happily traditional with Englishmen, is, after all, but a truism which no Liberal could refuse to admit; for each man's liberty must be restricted by the respect due to the similar liberty of his neighbour. But a really important argument can be advanced in its favour. The very idea of an ethical basis for social organization necessarily *implies* the imposition of social restrictions. But, as has been before shown elsewhere by the present writer,* an ethical basis is the only real and secure foundation for "freedom."

On the other hand, the evil effects of unnecessary restrictions on commerce, education, marriage, and free religious association, are so manifest in Europe, that freedom from them may well absorb all the temporal senses and all the energies of many a good Catholic, and to his ears the doctrine we are considering might well have a very sinister significance. Here again, then, we have a doctrine which may be honestly upheld or justly combated, according to the sense in which it is understood.

(3.) *It is not reasonable or right even to seek to regard all men as "our brothers."*

That, in a certain very wide sense, "all men are brothers," could not be denied by any consistent evolutionist. That, in another sense, "all men are brothers," must be maintained by every Christian—nay, even by every Theist. It is also manifestly most expedient that the value of brotherly kindness should be everywhere recognized, and that the most public and energetic testimony should be borne to its exceeding worth. Now the principle above quoted does at first sight seem to conflict with these assertions, and it certainly has an ugly and repulsive look. Nevertheless it is but the frank expression of a common-sense truth. It is certainly our nearest blood-relations who ordinarily have the highest claims on our good offices. Our own family, parish, and country really have preferential claims on our sympathies, and a man may legitimately care far more for his own nation than for any other country. Not, of course, that he may ever deliberately do evil to those who have less claims on him, for the benefit of those who have greater claims on him; but no one can justly blame him for more strenuously exerting himself in favour of those most nearly related to him. It is only out of the natural and instinctive love of family, home, country, and nation, that can be developed a healthy and practical love for all men, as opposed to a sickly sentimentality, leading

* See in vol. v. of the *Nineteenth Century* (1879), p. 690, a Paper entitled "The Government of Life."

to a neglect of home duties without increased beneficent action in a wider sphere. The man who declares himself to be a "citizen of the world," and scorns the narrow claims of simple natural ties, is generally a blatant egotist, whose real "world" is embraced within the circumference of his own waistcoat.

The above-cited principle, then, need in no way conflict, either with true charity* or the most liberal philanthropy, since, in fact, it merely affirms that due order should reign in our affections, and in those actions to which such affections may give rise. It may be admitted, however, that it is a principle very easily abused, and one which ought not to be put forward without an explanation of the precise sense in which it is used; and according to that sense it may be accepted or indignantly rejected.

(4.) *Political changes not indispensable, and clearly seen to be free from bad consequences, should be avoided.*

This principle, though so strong an expression of apparently rigid Conservatism, is one which might be accepted, and could hardly be gainsaid by any party amongst us, save, perhaps, by some extreme Radicals. No rational man, however much he may declare himself a "Liberal," professes to desire change for the mere sake of change. What could be more irrational than to suffer the waste of energy necessarily involved in political change, without good prospect of a corresponding gain? On the other hand, every rational man, however "Conservative," would consider as "indispensable" any change which he regarded as one clearly, certainly and immediately desirable for the welfare of the community.

The real meaning of the principle seems to be, that great care should be taken, before making any immediately beneficial change, to ascertain as far as possible its secondary and more remote consequences. It is certainly true that in a civilized community, so highly complex in its organization as is our own, the conditions of human life are so complicated that it is impossible to foresee all, or nearly all, the secondary or more remote consequences which will ensue from any change effected in it. Let some change be made well calculated to effect some immediate good effects, and let those good effects really ensue; nevertheless, from the impulse thus given, other effects will radiate, as it were, on every side, the remote consequences of which have, as far as possible, to be foreseen and calculated. When we consider, then, the impossibility of fully and accurately predicting even nearly all such indirect results, it may well be said that change in any system

* Using the word in its Catholic sense—unhappily discarded by the Revisers of the New Testament.

which works fairly well, is only really "justifiable" when it becomes "indispensable." But here everything depends on the precise meaning given to the word "indispensable." No rational man of any party would advocate a change immediately beneficial, if its remoter consequences were clearly seen by him to involve preponderating disadvantages. Differences which exist between men in this matter are far more practical than theoretical. Such differences must always exist, owing to the great diversities of temperament which there is among different men. All that this formidable-looking principle need really mean is, that we ought very carefully to consider the possible *indirect* results of any proposed change before carrying it into effect.

(5.) *A community consisting of equal units is not a nation but a horde: a "nation" consists of an orderly conjunction of classes, diverse in their importance and attributes.*

It has been before pointed out* that every civilized community is constituted "a State" by the fact that the individuals composing it exist in a definite combination of mutual relations, having different kinds of social relations one to another and each to the whole.

But the laws of the great process of Evolution make it certain that class distinctions must go on multiplying as time goes on, and our social organization become an increasingly divided one. The whole process of social evolution—as of all biological evolution—is carried on, as everybody knows, by means of a further and further subdivision of the field of labour. Moreover, in this evolutionary process—as in the whole biological evolutionary process—the principle of "heredity" must be an important factor. It is only a very superficial survey of French society which can give rise to the notion that social distinctions have been more destroyed than transformed by the great and successful *Jacquerie* of 1789. The corporate bodies recognized by the *ancien regime* have, of course, largely disappeared. Nevertheless, in spite of the French passion for revolutionary equality, other class distinctions have arisen and multiplied, in the place of the older ones which exist no longer. There are new groups of cultivators and artisans, new sets of manufacturers, new agents of exchange and distribution, new literary and scientific bodies—to say nothing of Positivists, and other agglomerations of men held together by special philosophical or political doctrines; while the three professions, law, physic, and divinity, together with an ancient noblesse, continue on persistently. There has, in fact, taken place a great change as to the *modes* of a complex social organization, not as to the *fact* of its complexity. How far

* In "The Meaning of Life," *Nineteenth Century*, vol. v. (1879), p. 488.

the change has been one of elevation and true progress, and how far one of degradation, and what were the reasons which determined the precise transformation that did take place, are very interesting questions, admitting of much discussion, but which cannot be entered upon here. The three great bodies which govern France now—the actually existing “three Estates”—are (1) the peasants, (2) the artisans of the cities, and (3) the bourgeoisie. All real power is with them. Yet for all that, the noblesse (though deprived of every privilege and every precedence, and not even able to maintain family property by testamentary dispositions or settlements) is highly esteemed even by “advanced” French Liberals* as a school of refinement, courtesy, and elegance, and as a living embodiment of the noblest ancient national traditions—traditions their fidelity to which they largely proved in 1870, when the young Legitimist nobility stood out as the most eminent of all Frenchmen for courage and fortitude.

If it is true that even in France under the Republic, social classification remains highly complex, and (unless social decay takes place) must become more complex, it seems evident that the above-cited fifth principle, instead of being a party sophism, is little more than a truism. Only the rudest hordes of savages are without class distinctions; and *pari passu* with their advance in civilization must class distinctions arise amongst them. But it by no means follows, because “evolution” will give rise to new classes, and because “heredity” is a true factor the value of which is to be distinctly admitted, that this principle implies that existing *modes* of classification must persist unchanged, or that the conduct of classes towards one another should not be modified. The most unbending of existing Tories would hardly affirm that serfdom should never have been abolished; and the most Conservative Lord Chancellor does not probably regret that mitred abbots do not constitute an important minority in the House of Peers.

The veneration for certain classes, which has happily so long existed amongst ourselves that it has become rooted in the English character, has one great practical good effect. It is of the greatest service as a counterpoise to the pressure on public opinion so readily effected by the copious and eloquent declarations of popular orators.

If there is one thing certain in sociology, it is the extreme facility with which men are cheated by rhetorical phrases calculated to excite their passions. The blinding effect of the emotions on the judgment is proverbial; but what is the whole

* See *La Nouvelle Revue* for Feb. 1880: “La Composition de la Société Française,” by E. Littré.

aim of the art of rhetoric, but to bias the judgment by arousing emotional excitement? Men who desire to be governed by *reason* and not by *feeling*, may well regard rhetoricians as far more deserving of banishment than poets from any well-ordered community. Indeed, if we would be altogether rational, it might be desirable that our Parliamentary speeches should, before delivery, be submitted to a critical tribunal charged with the task of eliminating from them their rhetoric, and reducing the arguments contained in them to due logical form. But even this precaution would not altogether secure our judgment against the impulses of our lower nature, unless a public officer were charged to read such speeches. For there is a subtle magic in the mere melody and timbre of some human voices, which has an almost incredible power of charming an auditory. Only thus can we account for the effects of certain historical speeches which are tame enough to read; and thus also can we account for much of the moving power of more than one very eminent orator now living.

(6.) *On the preceding principle, it is evident that the government of a nation should not repose on a mere numerical majority, but should be a government by Estates.*

This enunciation has certainly a most reactionary look, and seems opposed to those individual rights before advocated as necessarily resulting from a correct appreciation of the meaning and end of human life. Yet it is not, in fact, opposed to them, but is the expression of a principle which no rational man of any party can venture altogether to contradict; although it must be confessed that our Liberal legislators since 1832 seem, at first sight, committed to its contradiction.

For what even "advanced" English Liberal would give political rights to every Australian savage equally as to every white inhabitant of Australia? Who would consent thus to count heads, without looking to their colour or internal condition? Even for England, "universal suffrage" has at present but few advocates, yet in the absence of such suffrage the whole *principle* of Government by *numbers* is practically denied, and the right of Government by *classes* is affirmed. As a fact, the old system of "government by Estates" does still exist in this country, and land, trade, church, nobility, law, the army, and the lower classes, are all more or less represented in it. There is, no doubt, much difference of opinion as to *what* interests, *what* Estates, should be recognized, and *what* amount of power should be conceded to each. If certain men honestly advocate a more widely extended suffrage than exists, it is because they believe that the *class* they would by such extension favour has merits which demand such favour, and just claims which can only be so secured. There is, in

fact, abundant material for diversities in practical judgments, even in the absence of any really fundamental divergence as to principles.

But the most generous-minded man, not only well disposed but anxious to extend political power and influence as widely as possible, must (if he will look facts in the face) admit the truth contained in the principle above quoted. For it is undeniable that the mass of the people is still very ignorant, and very easily swayed by a blind fanaticism of one kind or another. It has also been proved that the grossest corruption exists in many districts; and the triviality and absurdity of the motives which have, in multitudes of instances, influenced the honest votes of the less educated, is notorious. Government by the masses as they exist would evidently be the government of ignorance and passion, directed by those skilled in influencing the passions of the masses by taking advantage of their ignorance. It is manifest that only by a government of Estates can the knowledge and culture of a nation exercise their due influence, and guide it to a wise end. *Ne plurimum valeant plurimi*. By the term "people," should not be understood* the mass of manual labourers of town or country, but the whole community. In fact, government by numbers is really government by a single class, and that the one immeasurably the least qualified to govern. Mr. Wallace admits† the inability of men of that class to do more than "follow my leader;" but because they can feel "where the shoe pinches," he thinks them able wisely to choose their leaders, and compares a working politician to a working shoemaker. The comparison is apt. Political cobblers, such as those who make New York "rings," or those idealized in Rabagas, will be their natural leaders. Such government means the ostracism of wisdom, knowledge, culture, refinement—of all those qualities in fact which really deserve the esteem of mankind—in favour of a glib tongue, a winning tone, and a quick wit.

But even if the labouring classes were able wisely to choose the leaders best fitted to promote their physical welfare, that is after all a minor matter. As before observed,‡ "the one important thing, the only really important thing, is that the ethical spirit of a community should be good." To largely augment material

* It must be admitted that if the word "people" is apt to be used by democrats in too restricted a sense, the fault is less with them than with the aristocrats of former centuries. The word "people" was used in this restricted sense in the States General which were convoked by Louis XI. and by Charles VIII.; nor would the nobility or clergy of that time have consented to be classed as two sections of "the people."

† *Nineteenth Century*, Feb. 1881, p. 312.

‡ In "The Government of Life."

well-being is excellent, but to do so at the expense of starving high principles, noble sympathies, and generous feelings, is no gain. A thriving community of peasants, artisans, and shopkeepers, who work little and gain much, is so far admirable; but such a community may be very debased intellectually, and may be selfish, envious, grovelling, sensual, and utterly devoid of the highest and noblest aspirations of mankind. A population much less endowed with material well-being, but of a higher, ethical tone, is a spectacle far more admirable. Such a population would be one imbued with that lofty philosophy and noble ideal which Christianity can infuse into even the unlettered—a population endowed with an unenvying admiration for superiority of all kinds, and with an existence enriched and idealized by respect for a traditional past, which it desires to hand down unimpaired to a distant future.

But, however much we may regret to be forced to make the admission, the admission must be made, that too many Liberals belie by their deeds the boasts and promises they verbally make. Mr. Wallace and others speak strongly of “trust in the people;” but his friends will not “trust them” even to *bring up their own children*, but have introduced compulsory measures in the matter of schooling. Englishmen of his way of thinking are quite willing thus far to persecute the poor. French radicals go a step further, and persecute the rich also, not allowing them to educate their children as they like in their own country at their own expense! Certainly no greater falsehood has ever been uttered than that which affirms that “liberty” and “trust in the people” are to be expected from men of this school. Their system means, on the very contrary, the extreme of distrust, the maximum of compulsion, the most utter denial of freedom. We see this tyrannical tendency in the measures advocated by socialists; measures which would destroy all freedom of labour, and would even deprive men and women of freedom to marry—a restriction which some scientific English speculators have also advocated. We see the same tendency in the actual government of France; and we see it also in our English Radical party, which, beginning with regulating for others their education, tends to end by regulating for every man what he shall eat, drink, and avoid; what he shall think; how much he shall work; and would finally reduce us to a community of conscious automata, in the name of *liberty*. This system really means increased State action, increased centralization, a larger and larger population of small office-holders fed by a credulous public. And this, forsooth, is the time when some madmen would do away with our “House of Lords!”

It is a question whether, in the existing state of the nation, if one of our Houses of Parliament must be abolished, we could not better

spare the "House of Commons!" A government by the House of Lords alone, would be (and for this generation at least would continue to be) a government of which England might be proud—one which, while protecting the poor, and respecting knowledge and culture, would effectually maintain our existing liberties against the assaults of would-be Radical tyrants.

No one, of course, would seriously advocate a thing so remote from the region of "practical politics;" but it seems highly practical, at this juncture, to remind one's fellow-citizens that our House of Lords is our one political institution which, when once destroyed, would be the most difficult to restore. It is essentially and peculiarly English, distinguishing us from all other nations, whose feeble and transient "Senates" are poor dependent makeshifts for what may be said to be the very heart and centre of our social organization.

But if Conservative doctrines are thus reasonable, can we not go so far as to affirm that all Catholics are absolutely bound to give their votes to the Conservative party? Must they not all be what the Church has been asserted to be—"essentially Conservative?"

It may well, however, be asked in reply, "Conservative of what? We are all "Conservatives" of something.

Was the Church "Conservative" in the past, when she supplanted Paganism, destroyed the images of the "immortal gods," cut down the sacred groves, and scattered the colleges of priests? Were they not true Conservatives at Ephesus who acclaimed the great Diana? and were not their recorded forebodings justified by the event? Should the Christian Church become the religion of China, would its action be Conservative at present? Would it not produce the profoundest modification, not only in worship and the rank and wealth of those connected therewith, but in the very spirit and constitution of the whole Chinese commonwealth?

To say that such a radical process of change is "Conservatism," because of any good thereby effected, is either nonsense or a disingenuous use of language. As well might those amongst us who propose to do away with the Established Church, the House of Lords, and private property in land, call themselves "Conservatives." The question returns then as to "what is to be conserved," when we are told that we ought to be "Conservatives?"

But even when it has been clearly stated what are the precise conditions which it is proposed either to modify or preserve, we must, in order to come to a rational judgment about it, have not only a sound and clear political ideal, but also a reasonable and practical view as to the steps best calculated to attain

it. There is much truth in the old saying, that "the apparently longest way about is often the really shortest road."

But what is and must be the best form of government? Evidently that in which those bear sway who by their knowledge, vigour, and good will, are the best calculated to rule: not an imperial tyrant; not an insolent and luxurious aristocracy; not a corrupt ecclesiastical hierarchy; not an uncultured grovelling bourgeoisie; not a mob of gross, ignorant, and brutal "sans-culottes."

Different past political conditions have had their different merits. In one age and country one portion of the community has been most fitted to command, in another age and country a different portion has been so fitted. In the same nation, that section of the body politic which is most fitted to reign in one century, may (by corruption, or relative retrogression through non-advance) be far from the most fit to govern in a succeeding century. Absolute Conservatism then *must* be now an evil, now a gain. The event has often shown that would-be Conservatives have been the real promoters of change, and that would-be Radicals have practically exercised a Conservative influence. What Conservative does not now regret that unwise delay in concession which led to the adoption of the numerical principle in the Reform Bill of 1832? How Conservative in England was not the effect of the Terrorists of France? How many Liberals in France have regretted their hasty overthrow of the monarchy of Louis Philippe?

But very many Catholics will, with truth, assert that a noble and true political ideal was, for a short time, as nearly as possible attained during the Middle Ages. It is certainly a period the contemplation of which is full of charm; but even supposing it to have been as good and admirable as its most enthusiastic admirers would affirm, was it a condition of things which can be approximated to by any direct system of approach? No one in England, out of Bedlam, can be so mad as to dream of bringing back the social conditions of that or any other bygone time. The "principles" and "ideals" which underlay those conditions may be advocated and propagated, but really successful reaction is a thing essentially impossible.

The paths of the planets round the sun are fit symbols of stability, yet (as the whole solar system itself progresses) no planet ever again pursues a path which it has once traversed. In the actions of the physical forces we meet with a constant succession of unceasing changes, and in the world of organic life change is yet more manifestly a condition of existence. The evolution of each individual organism is a process of inevitable advance, with no possibility of retrogression. In the great pro-

cess of specific evolution, no form of life which has once passed away ever reappears. When we consider the excessive complexity of any social organism such as is ours, a true political resurrection will be seen to be manifestly impossible *à priori*. It may also be seen to be impossible *à posteriori*, as far as that method of proof is able to show impossibility at all. For what single instance of a really successful and complete social resurrection has the history of mankind ever exhibited? How different was the monarchy and the social state of the so-called "Restoration" from that of England before the Civil War? How utterly unlike was the "restored" French monarchy from that which witnessed the last assemblage of the States-General!

But though real "restoration" is an impossibility, experience shows us, by the examples of China and Ancient Egypt, that very prolonged "continuance" is quite a possible phenomenon. Moreover, it must be confessed that since the permanence of a community is a thing generally desired, we have in such examples a strong argument against political change. For if of all known states Egypt and China have been the most permanent, they have also been very incarnations of conservatism—states wherein life was hedged round on every side by what were deemed salutary restrictions against innovation. But even in Europe we have examples of the same coincidence, and the majestic stability of Venice may be contrasted with the ephemeral brilliancy of Florence, with its fatal "trust in the people." Nor would it be easy to bring convincing evidence to show that art, science, and virtue could be less easily cultivated, or that the mass of the citizens were more exposed to calamities, or less happy, under the Signory of Venice than in the city of the Medici!

Great stability is therefore compatible with a relatively complex and advanced civilization. But it is also compatible with the lowest and most degraded social conditions, as the secular permanence of many savage races makes abundantly clear. Social transformations are produced either by changes in the surrounding conditions of a community, which compel it to effect corresponding internal changes at the peril of its existence, or else by the evolution of new desires and aspirations amongst its own members. In the absence of external danger and with a tolerably satisfying attainment of widely diffused aspirations, there seems no reason why a State should not continue almost unchanged for an indefinitely prolonged period. But, evidently, the higher the aspirations the more difficult must they be of attainment, and the greater the social unrest caused by the imperfections of the individuals charged with carrying such aspirations into effect.

Now the highest aspirations the world has known have been

introduced and diffused by Christianity, and the advance of Christianity has been accompanied by extreme political transformation. Had the ideals introduced by it been proximately attained, social stability might have been the result. Instead of that we have had an increasing succession of conflicts, owing to the constantly recurring divergence between the ideal proclaimed and the deeds of the men accepting it. Conservatism has too often been rendered impossible through the demerits of the successively governing classes.

Had the mediæval ideal been realized; had the clergy (self-denying examples of virtue) been ever ready to defend the lowly; had the sovereign (an ideal layman) respected the various traditional rights of his subjects; had the nobility and magistrates (true leaders of the people towards all that was lofty) been free from feelings of contempt for those who on this life's stage had temporarily to play inferior parts, these conflicts would have been avoided, and instead of revolutionary transformations, a peaceful process of orderly evolution and growing culture would have been possible.

But can we Catholics venture to affirm that the existing irreligious condition of Europe is not largely due to the faults of Catholics? More than the relaxations and corruptions of this or that religious house—more than the degradation here and there of the lower secular clergy, the worldliness and the vices of not a few bishops have been sadly fatal in their consequences. But for their misdeeds, the brutal Tudor could not easily, if at all, have separated England from Christian Unity. But the bishops themselves would have been less willing and less able to betray their trusts but for the faults of some of our Supreme Pontiffs. The habit of the Roman Curia, of regarding England, with its rich benefices, as a convenient pasture for Italian pluralists, had produced a wide-spread anti-Papal sentiment in the country long before the advent of the Deformation. And the sentiment of discontent was doubtless intensified by the personal corruption of a few of the Popes and the nepotism and worldliness of others. The most devout believers in the Infallibility of the Holy See need not for a moment hesitate to affirm that the errors of Popes have now and again been the greatest misfortunes with which Christianity has had to contend.

But a far greater moral suicide has been committed by Christian kings! How many good kings live in the pages of history? Alternately the oppressors of the nobility, the clergy, and the commons, there is no single king of France since St. Lewis who has really merited the nation's esteem, unless, perhaps, the sixteenth Lewis. The exceptional continuity of our political evolution and our fidelity to Christian principles have

happily rendered the characters of our sovereigns a question of lesser import; but, before the commencement of the present reign, how far should we not have to go back to find a really satisfactory head of the State? There has hardly been one since Edward I.

The nobility of England have generally been sympathetic with the lower classes, and have justly earned their most exceptional distinction of uninterrupted national esteem. Yet not a few even of them participated in that robbery of the patrimony of the poor—the confiscation of the property of the religious houses; and not only that, they also wrung from the sweat of the peasantry those tithes which had before been paid for services performed—services put an end to by the very robbery which had enriched them. With them rests the responsibility of the rupture of Christian unity in England; and, in spite of all their array of good deeds and invaluable services to the community, it cannot be denied that they have again and again opposed wise and beneficial reforms, and sought and obtained unmerited pensions. It is most true that man does not live by bread alone, and that the material goods are the lowest and least to be desired. Nevertheless, man cannot live *without* bread, and the material needs of the many have every now and then been culpably disregarded by the noble and wealthy, as well as by the wealthy who were not noble.

It is in France, however, that we must look for exhibitions of that essentially anti-Christian spirit which has been the most fatal to the conservation of aristocratic power. In 1614 the French nobility of the then assembled States-General were greatly offended by a certain Savaron, a member of the *tiers état* (from Auvergne), who dared to complain of 5,660,000 livres being spent in pensions. This offence was aggravated by an apology for it made by another member of the Third Estate, the terms of which apology were complained of by the nobility in an address to the King. They said: "We are ashamed, Sire, to tell you the expressions which have offended us. These men of the Third Estate, forgetting their true condition and their duty, dare to compare themselves with us. They compare your Majesty's kingdom to a family composed of three sons, the eldest of which is the clergy, the second the nobility, and the third the commons. What a miserable condition should we have fallen into if this should be true. What! Is it to be said that so many well-earned hereditary dignities, instead of elevating the nobility, have so degraded it as to unite it to the lower classes (*le vulgaire*) by the closest bond which exists amongst men, that of *fraternity*? Give judgment, Sire: and, by a declaration full of justice, put them in their place, and make them recognize who we are, and the difference which there is between them and us."

But the nobility of the Robe, no less than that of the Sword, did much to merit its doom. For centuries it sought to subject the Church to the tyranny of the King. Its whole spirit, in France, was essentially anti-Christian from the time of Philip the Fair; and its character in France was but a well-marked example of its character generally in Europe.

In the face of the natural prejudices and hostility which such a state of things has rendered traditional, what can be more Utopian than the wish of some good souls amongst us to directly restore certain portions of a state of things which has thus destroyed itself? Granting that this ideal is a just and true one, that ideal can only now be successfully approximated to by so furthering and directing the process of social evolution which is going on amongst us as to develop a new political condition, informed by the old spirit. In such a condition all the different orders of intellectual and moral worth which actually exist amongst us should have their due influence in legislation and in government. Thus might be obtained a new and better form of what was crudely attempted, and very imperfectly realized, even in the best days of the mediæval period. Such a work may well be the noble aim of the most generous of Conservatives, and of the most prudent of Liberals. For true and rational "Conservatism" should, if there is truth in this view, direct all its efforts to averting the evil of a further development of the principle of government by numbers; and in this task it must sooner or later be aided by enlightened Liberals, who cannot honestly refuse to co-operate when it is clearly seen that the object aimed at is no conservation of abuses or restoration of effete barbarisms, but a true process of rational development.

But if such a result may spring from the further carrying onward of social evolution, it is evident that the élite of the Conservative and Liberal parties cannot be really so fundamentally opposed as ardent partisans on either side would represent to be the case.

We have before seen that there are unquestionable truths and just aspirations (as well as lies, and mad, envious, and wicked dreams) embodied even in the motto, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity;" and that undeniable truths and maxims of just prudence (as well as arrogant and uncharitable sentiments) may underlie the most unequivocally Conservative principles. It may be that by the simultaneous affirmation of these seemingly discordant views we may obtain the correction of opposing errors, and reach a true concord—a harmony to be attained in the only way in which seemingly discordant views, each containing truths, can be harmonized, namely, by accepting the affirmations and eliminating the negations of each.

As to the democratic motto above quoted, it must be admitted that it was by a true instinct that the three words were united to denote a joint ideal; for the qualities they denote mutually conflict, and so serve to correct the one the other. Where "liberty" exists, "equality" can never be carried to an extreme. Where true equality exists, the liberties of minorities are secure; while real "fraternity" gives additional security to liberty and removes the dangers of an undue equality. There is much need in France, of increased real liberty, to correct the evils of an exaggerated sentiment in favour of equality. When we consider the squalid and abject poverty which exists in our midst, and the extreme differences in fortune which full liberty renders possible in England, it can hardly be denied but that an increased diffusion of material welfare and social harmony is with us an urgent need. The principles which underlie much of the Conservatism and Liberalism which exist amongst us, are really the same principles differently regarded. How else would it be possible to explain the potent fact that so many estimable and enlightened men and good Catholics are to be found amongst each party?

The fact is that the conditions of human life are so extremely complex, and the bearings of fundamental political principles upon each political question are so manifold, that the vast majority of each party is actuated by right and just aims, while it may be led into very serious practical error. The two parties may be compared to men seeking to separate the roots of two trees which have grown into the most complex entanglements, and one of which it is desired not to lacerate. There is continual risk of damage by mistaking the true derivation of every coil which it is sought to disentangle. Many, perhaps most, Conservatives and Liberals are men who are zealous for one or other of two sets of complementary verities which, united, form one harmonious whole.

Our own civil war is an excellent example of this truth. Who can be so blind as to deny to a large section of the Royalists a sincere zeal for God in their support of the Anglican Church; a generous devotion to legitimate order, as they understood it, in the aid they gave their king; an honest desire to preserve their country from ignorant fanaticism, and a love for much that was really noble and good in the past history of their country in its hereditary monarchy? Who also can deny to a large section of the Puritans a true zeal for God in their hatred of Erastianism, and great reverence for "His Word;" a generous devotion to legitimate order, as they understood it, in their opposition to arbitrary government; an honest desire to preserve their country from what they deemed baneful superstition; and a love for the

conservation of what was really noble and good in the past history of their country—namely, the preservation of parliament as opposed to the recently overgrown monarchy?

The divergence between our two great political parties, and between their representatives all the world over, is partly due to an inevitable incompleteness of perception of the whole sphere of ethical truth, and partly to (also inevitable) differences of practical judgment as to the modes in which the same fundamental principles may best be carried out.

But, it may be asked, is it possible that the passionate opposition which we see to exist between extreme parties on the Continent can have no deeper source than a simple misunderstanding? Is there no such thing as a real antagonism of first principles? Most unquestionably there is; and this speculative divergence has had, and will have, the most portentous practical consequences. The feelings of men are most closely connected with their beliefs. A mere irrational sentiment may for a time survive the destruction of that intellectual conception upon which it reposed; but men, in spite of their many follies, are, after all, far too reasonable to go on continually wasting treasures of emotion over what are clearly seen and acknowledged to be nonentities. The feelings, and, therefore, the actions of men, must be, as history shows us they have been, profoundly modified by their beliefs concerning the fundamental nature of the world wherein they exist—their beliefs, that is, concerning their own essential nature, the nature of that material universe of which they form a part, and the nature of its Cause. There are two utterly divergent and fundamentally different views as to these matters.

I. According to one view, man is an exception in the physical universe known to us, in that he alone has moral perceptions and a true power of will—a dignity which carries with it certain inalienable rights; and he inhabits a world which is governed by rational laws, and is the work of an Infinite and All Holy Being.

II. According to the other view, there is no God, the world is an accident, and man a beast.

Those who accept the latter view* have no logical ground for the assertion of any absolute "rights of man," as opposed to

* An attempt is made by agnostics to disclaim the unpopular name of atheist, which is most truly theirs; for agnostics who do not deny God, at least say positively that they know of none, and they are therefore literally and strictly A-theist, *i.e.*, without God. They are also *practical* atheists, for they tell us we should act without any regard to a God, who, if he exists, is unknowable. The practical creed of agnosticism, no less than of dogmatic atheism, is correctly summarized in the statement in the text.

the will of the strongest. Their only possible law is that of brute force. However they may temporarily assume the appearance of benevolent patriots, and may be really actuated by kindly feelings, they are, and must be on principle, essentially tyrants, and assertors of a tyranny against which there is no appeal but revolt. Despotism and revolution (in other words, alternating phases of despotism) are their inevitable outcome.

Those who accept the former view, have, as has been before shown,* an unassailable ground for the maintenance of each man's individual rights, and conscience must be the avowed foundation of their laws. However they may here and there appear to be tyrannical, or may really be false to their own principles, nevertheless they can never erect tyranny into a system against which there is no appeal. Peaceful changes and orderly modifications brought about by appeals to reason and conscience, are the natural outcome of such principles.

The above is that profound difference as to first principles which really underlies and intensifies certain political animosities in the present day, giving vigour, passion, and depth to their struggles.

We shall not, however, after what has been already stated, be suspected of entertaining the childish notion that the two great parties of Conservatives and Liberals are respectively identified with these two conflicting schools of thought. Our whole contention has gone to show the very reverse, we being moved thereto by a strong impression as to the waste of effort which is continually occasioned by the struggles of merely fancied opponents. Everyone upon whom this impression grows must increasingly prefer "explanation" to "controversy," believing the former to be fruitful of concord, while the latter too often but tends to arouse angry feelings.

There are, of course, opponents whom no "explanations" can reconcile; but this does not make explanation less useful; for by it we find out either that opponents differ as to first principles, so that all further efforts at conciliation may be put aside as useless, or else that they are really friends who have met in the dark, and mistaken each other for enemies.

Though Conservatism is ostensibly the party which favours religion, it would not be difficult to make out a strong case against it as faithless to its avowed piety. Radicalism has been affirmed† to be "envy reduced to a system, and made the foundation of all politics;" but some Conservatism may as plausibly be affirmed to be but the expression of extreme selfishness,

* "The Meaning of Life," p. 12.

† *Nineteenth Century*, for March, 1881, p. 431.

vanity, and pride—to be “uncharitableness reduced to a system, and made the foundation of all politics.” But an aristocracy of trade, as in Venice, has exhibited these vices at least as much as one based upon land; nor have we any just grounds for supposing that one based on learning and science would not, when once fully established, yield to the same sinister influences—indeed its intolerant tendencies are already but too plainly manifest. Christians are oppressed and persecuted in democratic France and Switzerland, but Conservative Prussia and Russia have lately been yet more guilty in this respect. Mr. R. Wallace admits* “that ideal grievances may be often as prolific of pain as material ones. To many (he says) liberty is only second to food, and a needless inequality as vexing as an excessive tax.” Surely, then, the freedom of religion, and especially the freedom of parents to give a Christian education to their children, is also a need “only second to food;” and outrage of the religious sentiment in the dispersal of beloved religious communities is worse than an excessive tax. The grossest tyranny and most flagrant violation of the elementary “rights of man” has been just perpetrated by French Radicals, but tyranny no less flagrant has been perpetrated by Autocratic Governments. The execrable dastardly murder of the well-meaning and much to be pitied Czar, Alexander II., has very properly led to reiterated assertions of the undoubted benefits bestowed by him on his people; but it is none the less true that Catholics have under him suffered persecution such as no Western Republic is likely in our days to inflict. Moreover, that hostility to religion which now exists in France has not, it must be admitted, been altogether unprovoked by certain Catholics. It would be as unreasonable as uncharitable to suppose that very large masses of men are led simply by evil desires. They are impelled, for the most part, by good instincts; they desire beneficence and justice, and they have unhappily come to think that to these the Christian Church is necessarily opposed. In 1848 the Republicans were *not* at all manifestly hostile to religion. In the midst of the insurrectionary tumult of February the Blessed Sacrament is said to have been respectfully carried from the chapel of the Tuileries to the church of St. Roch; a friar, Lacordaire, was elected a deputy; and a freedom was given to the Church such as it had not known since the time of St. Lewis. Freedom of education, also, was soon in great part gained. But the *coup d'état* ensued; then the new chief of the State sought to identify, and succeeded in identifying, his power with religion in the eyes of the multitude. Plain men were scandalized to see such a violation of oaths, such reckless bloodshed, and such

* *Nineteenth Century*, Feb. 1881, p. 314.

trampling on public rights, condoned, and even applauded, by persons too much regarded as representatives of the Catholic cause. Some of the bishops cannot be freed from blame in this respect; but conspicuous above all French Catholics was the late M. Louis Veuillot—in spite of his very estimable character, his praiseworthy zeal for all that which he deemed most serviceable to the Church, and the unquestionable purity of his intention. In 1848 his paper, *L'Univers*, had adhered to the strongest democratic views, but after the *coup d'état* it vigorously supported despotism, and ridiculed constitutional principles. Its influence has unhappily been immense, and probably very prejudicial to the popularity of the Church in France.

This much must be admitted in palliation of the errors of the many Frenchmen who blindly support the men who now actually govern France. Much has been done by imprudent Christians to identify Catholicity with an immoral despotism, and Church influence with oppression and injustice. But this mistake will not long continue. Already, under the beneficent reign of the philosophic Leo XIII., in France (as also in Germany, Italy, and Spain) we see again beginning that coalescence of Catholicity with the struggle for freedom which was so happily begun under Louis Philippe. Now we find even Legitimists demanding so-called "Liberal" measures—such as freedom for parents to educate their children, freedom of worship, freedom of association. On the other hand, we see rapidly progressing that coalescence of Atheism with intolerant repression which its principles necessarily produce. We find Atheists crying out for, or making use of, the repressive so-called "Conservative" measures of the corrupt old Monarchy, and denying freedom of education, of worship, and of association.

This is what might be expected, for Atheists are, and must be, essentially repressive, since they have no valid ground for trusting in human nature and in a necessarily beneficent outcome of a Divinely instituted process of evolution. Churchmen, on the other hand, are, and must be, essentially trustful, since they hold that man has been created by an all-holy God, who has ordained the course and outcome of political development. Freedom results naturally from Theism, as tyranny is the logical consequence of Atheism. We are now spectators, and, in our various degrees, necessarily actors, in a great and critical process of sorting and sifting, which has been long going on, and been the cause of much painful destruction and much hopeful renewal. It is the Catholic's plain duty to assist this sorting process—a process which is continually showing us more and more plainly that many men, who really differ in their most fundamental principles, are accidentally associated together, both in the "party of order" and

in the "party of progress." What is especially desirable is, that men should seek to eliminate from the party of order that spirit of selfishness and injustice which makes so many good men to be its foes, and that Liberals should try to eliminate from the party of progress that spirit of irreligion and envy which causes such numbers of the best of mankind to oppose it indiscriminately.

Now let us look a little more closely at the two great parties of Liberals and Conservatives : what are they ?

Men may roughly be grouped into two classes, according as they are either very strongly inclined to the repetition of habitual acts or are easily led to change their accustomed modes of action when exposed to new surrounding conditions.

Men also notoriously differ in temperament, some being inclined to a sanguine anticipation of the future, some to an affectionate contemplation of the past ; some are by nature trustful—it may be, rash ; others are suspicious—or it may be, prudent ; some are so charitable and sympathetic as to be comparatively indifferent to their own private interests, others are profoundly selfish ; some are dominated by the passion of envy, others by that of pride ; some have naturally a strong religious sentiment, which in others is feeble or absent. Now, as like attracts like, two sets of men tend necessarily to come into existence and persist—one embodying the inclination for habitual or conservative action, the other the inclination for change ; and these two bodies infallibly gather round them a multitude of men, attracted by other accessory and unessential attributes which either body may happen, here or there, at one time or another, to possess.

Thus multitudes of men are drawn to one or other of the great parties by the circumstances of their family history or family connections, by some form of social pressure, or by the prejudices of early training, by a base sentiment of pride or a baser sentiment of envy, by generous charity or humble reverence, by the acquisition or the loss of wealth, and by a variety of other influences, independently of their judgment as to which party is really more likely to benefit their country and mankind.

But it is a great mistake to conclude that because these two conflicting political bodies have so long existed amongst us, they have really that political permanence which is often affirmed of them, and which they superficially appear to have. Again and again the parties have really, though not avowedly or intentionally, changed sides, and the Liberal party has become Conservative, and the Conservative party has become Liberal. The Orangemen of to-day are strong Conservatives, yet they are the historical successors of the most "advanced Liberals" of former times. The existing French Government is "Radical," yet it

carefully not only conserves, but restores to efficiency, some of the most oppressive legislation of the old monarchy. According to widely accepted views the change of religion effected here in the sixteenth century was a "Liberal" movement, yet certainly it was not one effected by "trust in the people," but was deliberately forced upon a reluctant majority of Englishmen. Respect for the "rights of the people" was here on the side of the opposition, and their interest and property were sacrificed to monarchical tyranny and aristocratic corruption. The advocates of toleration under James II. were Conservatives, under George III. they were Liberals. The persistent opponents of our first Reform Bill were "Conservatives"—amongst that of our last were conspicuous "Liberals;" yet the practical action of the former was to favour "Radicalism"—that of the latter, "Conservatism." Supporters of the Established Church have been emphatically "Conservatives," yet amongst its assailants are now to be found the highest of Tories, and amongst its defenders the most advanced "Liberals." Similar changes have occurred as to manorial rights and other questions of land tenure. In fact, conflicting material interests become accidentally connected now with the one, now with the other, of the two parties; and the same must be said of ethical views and the first principles of all conduct before referred to. Meantime, wickedness, impiety, and tyrannical oppression have been practised by both, now by one, now by another; and men of the noblest aspirations have adhered, and actually adhere to, either, for, as it has been attempted here to show, each party embodies one aspect of truth. Thus the two parties called respectively "Conservative" and "Liberal" cannot completely embody, even on the Continent, conflicting first principles; otherwise we should not see those friendly overtures made, which have been and are made, to Liberal Continental Governments by the Head of the Church. *A fortiori*, in England there is no such conflict between our political parties. There does exist amongst us, nevertheless, a group of men who sympathize with the Atheists of the European continent, and who attempt to identify the Liberal party with ideas which result in State tyranny and the denial of the most primary and vital rights of all free men. But this group is quite ready to ally itself with a Conservative party of the future, and proclaims the most repressive doctrines.

What practical result may we draw, then, from all these considerations, as to what is the political duty of Catholics here and now?

Their duty is to vote according to their conviction as individual citizens, and not at all *as Catholics*. For in England there is not and cannot be a "Catholic party;" not on account of the smallness of our numbers, but on account of the just and even-handed

treatment which we receive from our fellow countrymen, and the glorious liberty which we enjoy as English citizens. The Supreme Pontiff has distinctly commended our political system and rejoiced at our religious freedom. England affords a noble example to the whole world; and wherever Catholics are as free and unoppressed as they are here, there neither is nor can be a Catholic party. The duty of all Churchmen, to whichever political party they belong, is to do their very best to purge that party of those anti-theistic and anti-social elements which exist amongst their political associates; and such elements exist amongst both Conservatives and Liberals. But let no Catholic, as a *Catholic*, presume to blame another for adhering to either party according to his political judgment. The wise practical exercise of that judgment is hardly less difficult than important, so involved are the issues of any political action. One Catholic may be impressed, as we are, with the importance of the House of Lords for sustaining our *liberties*. Another may think the Liberal party more likely to alleviate the burdens of the poor. Catholics may differ in such matters, as they may differ in their appreciation of Wagner, or the pre-Raphaelite school of painting. Just, then, as there are Catholic Wagnerites or pre-Raphaelites, so there may be Catholic Liberals and Conservatives, not as *Catholics* but as Englishmen, whose honest judgment leads them to regard one or the other party as best serving their nation. A greater injury can hardly be done at once to the nation and to religion than the attempt to create a religious political party, where such a party is not forced into existence (as in Belgium) by acts of oppression and incipient persecution. With the progress of political evolution, and as the diffusion of justice and a due regard for the inalienable rights of the individual citizen, reposing on ethics, extends itself over the world, there will be less and less need of a "Catholic party" anywhere—none in a nation religiously divided as we are, none in a nation where a vast majority (Catholic or non-Catholic) respects the just rights of small minorities,* and none, of course, in a nation (if any such again should be) which is entirely Catholic. With the progress of evolution the distinctness of the spheres of just political and true religious activity will become more and more apparent, and therewith will cease one great cause of antagonism to the Christian Church; for history shows all the

* It is almost unknown to the general public, yet it is an indisputable fact, that through the much-decried Concordat effected between Austria and Pius IX. the religious liberties and self-government of the Protestant churches were secured in a way they *had never been secured before*. The Pope here practically showed himself as the scrupulous guardian of true religious freedom and the careful protector of the conscientious rights of religious dissidents.

great anti-Catholic movements to have been either political movements in their origin, or to have gained their main intensity from political antagonism. Such a system of even-handed justice the Church must indeed tend to "conserve," since it continually respects and enforces the very first principles of justice and charity. But in no other sense is the Church "essentially Conservative." It is attached to no political system, and it is in vain that extreme legitimists seek to identify it with monarchy. In a sense, indeed, the Church may be said to be "essentially Liberal," since, as continually putting before men the highest possible ideal, it infallibly tends to raise their mental nature and so produce true intellectual progress, which cannot exist without some corresponding external and visible changes. It should never be forgotten that it was one of the greatest of Catholic Englishmen who first proclaimed and demonstrated both the necessary existence, and the laws, of the great process of evolution, in his immortal work on the "Development of Christian Doctrine."

ST. GEORGE MIVART.

ART II.—S. FRANCIS DE SALES, DOCTOR OF THE CHURCH.

IV. HIS DOCTRINE (*concluded*): HIS FORM.

1. *Concessionis Tituli Doctoris*, &c. Romæ: 1877.
2. *Œuvres complètes de S. François de Sales*. Paris: Blaise, 1821. Vives, 1879. Migne, 1862.
3. *Vie de S. François de Sales*. Par M. HAMON. Paris: Lecoffre, 1875.
4. *Sur quelques Lettres de S. François de Sales*. SAINTE-BEUVE. *Causeries du Lundi*.

IN our January number we gave an outline of the moral system of S. Francis de Sales; and it is first in this system that we see him also as a teacher of dogma—of that dogma which forms the basis of morals. He gives the science, as well as the art, of holy living. He does not treat those fundamental ethics, which indeed belong rather to philosophy than to theology. And in his exposition of the virtues and vices he leaves ample room for others to fill in details. But he is the chief mouthpiece of the Church in that department of dogmatic theology which lays down the general working-plan of holiness, and which teaches the relations, as important as they are obscure, of moral dogmas with one another and with actual life. "He draws out," says the Bull of

Doctorate, "the highest principles of the science of the Saints, and so applies this science that it is evidently his distinguishing privilege to have applied it discreetly and sweetly to all conditions of the faithful." A glance at his historical position will illustrate this.

The most frequent and perhaps the most injurious accusation made against the Church by the so-called Reformers was, that she did not guide men to holiness, but made them slaves to herself—came between them and Christ, not as a medium but as a bar. They stigmatized her moral doctrines as un-Christian, her practices as deadly, or, at best, dead. They accused her of turning from living faith to mere works—from the heart and interior to "fond things foolishly invented," to exterior and legal ways. There were two systems or tendencies amongst those who had rebelled against the Church's authority, tendencies alike in principle yet opposite in results, which came to divide the whole sphere of "The Reform," both in religion and in politics—the Calvinist or rigid, and the Libertine or lax. The former went far beyond the Church in strictness of external rules of conduct; but these necessarily became merely formal and artificial, because their logical standing-ground had been cut away by the principle that faith alone was necessary to salvation, and the monstrous tenet of the essential and incurable depravity of human nature. The lax party found in the same doctrines a far more logical support for their theory of Christian liberty, a liberty which too readily degenerated into anti-Christian license. There were somewhat similar currents inside the Church, amongst those who were not entirely submissive to her spirit and authority. The one had its natural issue, later, in Jansenism; the other in Erastianism, using the word in a broad sense for the theory (perhaps we should rather say the practice) which puts the world above God.

Between these extremes the path of Christian morality runs straight and sure, and S. Francis was at this critical moment the chosen instrument of God to throw on it the light required. What S. Ignatius and his children were for the general doctrine of the Church, S. Theresa and S. John of the Cross for her highest mystic teaching, S. Charles for reformation of her clergy, this S. Francis was for pointing out and justifying her way of conducting souls to God. He showed what she taught, and proved it to be the true Gospel teaching. He exhibited, not as if then first discovered in the Word of God, but as the old and venerable teaching of all her Fathers and Doctors, the real nature of God, the reconciliation of justice and mercy in Him, the true doctrine on redemption and grace, the relations of grace and free will, the actual nature of morality and of the moral subject—above all, the essential fundamental principle that the Church herself is the true

and sole teacher of morals under the direction of the Spirit of Holiness. Similarly, he showed that her forms and ceremonies, though of course requiring an action of the subject to make them effective, were of themselves instinct with divine life, were the recognized channel of God's communications, and the acceptable exterior manifestation to which the interior operations of His grace necessarily tended. He showed that the chief of them were directly appointed and explicitly revealed by the divine Founder of the Church, as the shapes or forms in which His grace embodied itself; and that for the rest, the Church had authority to legislate in His name. Here again our Saint's work is not to invent, but to assert immemorial truth. He explains the Church's forms, shows their connexion with their life-giving source, and distinguishes them from the abuses which, in the lapse of ages, through misapprehension, carelessness, or familiarity, had partially obscured them.

But though he did not teach new things, still he taught in a new way, applying the old doctrines to actual needs, answering the current and specious objections of the day, bringing out those truths and recommending those practices most of all required: he gave a new vivification of moral truth, systematized it, recommended, insinuated, and enforced it.

Against the same attacks he vindicates also the Church's ruling authority, which, in its principle, is a matter of dogma. He grants, with S. Paul, that Christian love waits for no law, but rejoices to make a willing oblation of self into the arms of its God; yet from this must spring, naturally and organically, a moral practice more perfect than Calvinism could dare attempt to obtain. Law, however, is necessary, not only for evil-doers, but also to better assure the moral practice of the good, and to protect the weakness of human love. Those who only know the teachings of S. Francis for the devout and fervent, would be surprised to find how continually in general legislation he is on the strict instead of the easy side. While he denied the right of Calvin to impose laws, he did not disapprove the laws themselves, and invoked the legitimate authority of Christian Church and State for laws not dissimilar. It is extremely instructive to see the code which was established at his instance in the Chablais, after its conversion, *pour maintenir les personnes dans le devoir de bons Chrétiens*.* Amongst other means for the maintenance of good morals was a tribunal answering to the Calvinist Consistory.†

* "Opuscules," p. 110.

† "There is among the Huguenots a Consistory, in which are corrected, reprehended, and (by words or some light sentence) punished, vices which the magistrates do not customarily chastise; as drunken-

His teaching has been thus contrasted with its opposing errors in order to show it to better effect, but for the most part it does not so appear in him. He does not spend time in pointing the opposition, but is occupied simply with exposing in its native beauty the doctrine of the Church.

We find embedded in his moral writings all that section of dogmatic theology which treats of the "Virtues and Vices," almost the whole treatise on "Grace,"* very much on the Attributes of God and the Operations of Christ,—in a word, all that belongs to the theory of a perfect life. We find, in the next place, many points of more purely speculative theology, though ever introduced with a practical aim. "I have touched," (he says, in the Preface to the "Love of God") "a quantity of theological points, but without spirit of contention, proposing simply, not so much what I formerly learnt in disputations, as what attention to the service of souls, and the occupations of twenty-four years, have made me think most suitable to the glory of the gospel and of the Church." We find then, especially in the first four books of the "Love of God," and in some of the Sermons, a great part of the dogmatic treatises on God, on the Blessed Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Redemption. More incidentally, but still very completely, appears the teaching of the Church on the Blessed Virgin, the angels, and human nature—its first state, its fall, its restoration. We have again, chiefly

ness, excess in balls, dances, games, or dress, domestic quarrels, unchastity, adultery, bad words, swearing, and such irregularities of young people. By this persons are kept in discipline, not without as much fruit as the bad foundation of their religion can allow. It will be good to have some form of this, but with this alteration—that as these corrections should be made with words and remonstrances as the gospel directs, the President shall be one of the preachers, deputed by the Bishop. He shall have, as counsellors, notables of the town or neighbourhood, half ecclesiastical, half lay, of age, gravity, and good repute," &c.—Opusc. 74. This proposal was actually carried out (*ibid.* 110).

* The Bull speaks of his share in the famous controversy "de Auxiliis." We cannot exaggerate the importance of the service done to the Church in the dogmatic region by the closing of discussion on this question, which, says S. Francis, "has heresies lying close to either end—and in which let him that thinketh himself to stand take heed lest he fall." This he says in a letter to Anastasius Germonius, of which a part is given in the Life by Charles Auguste. This letter was shown to the Pope, who consulted S. Francis; and though we have not the answer, it is recorded that the Pope and his council acted on the solid reasons contained in it. (See the *Processus* on this, "Responsio," p. 54 *seq.*) The Saint's own opinion is that of Lessius, as we see in his letter to that theologian (Ed. "Vives," ix. 509), and in the "Love of God" (ii.). Elsewhere he calls it "the opinion of all the Fathers who have preceded S. Ambrose" (Let. 402). We ourselves cannot give up the explanation of S. Thomas, but we consider the opinion of this saintly Doctor the strongest argument in support of the Lessian view.

in the Letters and shorter works, the doctrine of the Sacraments. For instance, his *Monita ad Confessarios*, with his long "Examination on the Commandments of God," and other *opuscula*, form together a considerable part of the treatise on Penance. Finally, in his polemic writings, which, though slightly controversial in form; are really much more an exposition of Catholic doctrine than a direct answering of heretical objections, we have many of the same points treated, and the whole department of what is called "General Theology,"—the Christian and the Catholic demonstration. For instance, in "The Controversies" we have the doctrine on the Church and its Notes, on the Supremacy and Infallibility of the Pope, and a considerable part of the Christian evidences; also part of the doctrine on the Sacraments, and a complete treatise on Purgatory. In the "Standard of the Cross" we find a part of the same, and a complete justification of the sacramental principle—the use of the sensible in matters of religion. The first "Title"* of the Fabrian Codex, or code of Savoy Law, covers almost the whole ground of Catholic faith. The chapters here on the Blessed Sacrament and Mass, with the three sermons on the same subject, give the most important part of the treatise on the Eucharist. It would be hard to find Catholic dogma at once more concisely, more pregnantly, and more popularly expounded than it is in these writings. An excellent specimen is the "Letter to a Religious" (865) on the Trinity and Incarnation. Examples will occur in the course of this article.

Although his dogmatic does not, like his moral teaching, form a distinctive whole, yet the two agree in many general characteristics. One of the chief of them is, that they are founded on the very Word of God, not indirectly, as all spiritual teaching must be founded, but distinctly and formally. This is the true fountain of theology; and here, as elsewhere, he has externally followed the older and patristic method, hiding, with consummate art, under this more popular form, the system and concentrated force of the scholastic treatment. We may be

* This remarkable work, rather loosely styled "On the Supreme Trinity and Catholic Faith," after the "First Title" of the Justinian Codex, is a very complete exposure of Protestant errors, with a corresponding vindication of Catholic truth. It is but little known, as it became absorbed in the code. It is found only in Migne's edition of the "Œuvres de S. François" (vol. vi.), and there only in a French translation. The Abbé Baudry has conclusively proved it to have been substantially the work of the Saint (*ibid.*). The language, however, was slightly modified by Favre, in order to follow the style of the code. Hence a certain bitterness of tone which occasionally appears, and which was possibly a chief reason why it was not better recognized as the Saint's work.

pardoned for exhibiting this characteristic in absolute numbers. Taking, then, the Pentateuch as an example of the legal and historical books of the Old Testament, we find that he quotes every chapter, except some which are genealogical or purely legal, or which, like the earlier books of Deuteronomy, are practically repetitive. For instance, in Genesis he quotes every one of the fifty chapters except three, and in many cases gives almost the whole of the chapter. Of the 150 Psalms he quotes 143. Of the Prophet Isaias, he quotes fifty-three out of sixty-six chapters. Twenty-four of the thirty-one chapters of Proverbs are cited. Of the Canticle of Canticles he has a complete "Mystical Explanation" (forming a treatise on that branch of theology), and he quotes over and over again in his works almost every verse of it. The New Testament is even more completely made part of his writings. He quotes from every chapter of every Gospel and of every Epistle; eighteen of the twenty-eight chapters of the Acts, and eighteen of the twenty-two of the Apocalypse. And of these chapters he gives, in some cases, almost the whole:—twenty-four out of thirty-four verses from Matthew vi., and twenty of thirty-four from John xx. Some verses are quoted as often as ten or twelve times in various parts of his works, so that his writings become, like those of his favourite, S. Bernard, a woven tissue of the words of Scripture, with explanations, comments, and deductions; though he separates, more distinctly than S. Bernard did, the inspired words from his own. He draws out very fully, so that a narrative, a mystery, or even a sentence of the Inspired Word furnishes ground for a whole chapter, a whole sermon. The first verse of the Canticle of Canticles is treated in a separate and lengthy dissertation. Here then we see what good reason the Bull of Doctorate has to say:—"He cleared up many of the enigmata of the Scriptures, . . . explained difficulties, threw new light on obscurities, proving that God . . . had opened his mind to understand the Scriptures, and make them understood by learned and by unlearned." This characteristic is specially noteworthy in these days of Bible reading, and may be commended, in passing, to the attention of those who are inclined to put all spiritual writers on one side as if they interfered with the power of Holy Scripture. S. Francis is but Holy Scripture explained and closely adapted to practice, used "to teach, to reprove, to correct, to instruct in justice;"* and a little Scripture well understood is obviously preferable to a large mass in a crude and notional form.

Another important characteristic, shared, of course, with other

* 2 Tim. iii. 16.

great teachers, is the way in which he takes one Catholic doctrine for granted in the exposition or proof of another. This is really a more important witness of the truth supposed than of the truth supported, has often more power than a direct description would have, and leads back to that great "analogy of faith" which is an argument for the Catholic Church as irresistible in its cumulative evidence as the harmony of Nature for the existence of God. Few chapters of the Saint's works, withdrawing those that treat merely of the rules of a holy life, but present some Catholic truth, thus best proved by being taken for granted. Such are many of his strongest passages about the Blessed Sacrament, that "admirable summing up (*recueil*) of our faith, the sweet honey of all the flowers of Christ's holy religion."* Having spoken of that real though purely spiritual presence of Christ which the soul feels in contemplation, and of that spiritual and corporeal presence of the Incarnate Word in which the Sacred Virgin "rejoiced," he continues, in words which, after those, seem almost to make us feel the reality of Christ's Sacramental presence:—

Now the same contentment may be practised by imitation, among those who, having communicated, feel by the certainty of faith that which, not flesh and blood, but the Heavenly Father has revealed, that their Saviour is body and soul present, with a most real presence, to their body and to their soul, by this most adorable sacrament. For as the pearl-mother, having received the drops of the fresh dew of the morning, closes up, not only to keep them pure from all possible mixture with the water of the sea, but also for the pleasure she feels in relishing the agreeable freshness of this heaven-sent germ:—so does it happen to many holy and devout of the faithful, that having received the Divine Sacrament which contains the dew of all heavenly benedictions, their heart closes over It, and all their faculties collect themselves together, not only to adore this sovereign King, but for the spiritual consolation and refreshment, beyond belief, which they receive in feeling by faith this divine germ of immortality within them.

So he illustrates the action of charity in spiritual union, by recalling how Christ, to reward the shrinking humility of S. Bonaventure, "went to unite Himself to him, carrying him His Divine Sacrament," and gratified the longing desires of S. Catharine of Siena, "entering into her mouth with a thousand benedictions."† Speaking of a procession in which he carried the Blessed Sacrament, he says: "I seemed to be a knight of

* Controv. xlv.

† "Love of God," vi. 7 (see DUBLIN REVIEW, January, 1883, p. 150).

‡ *Ibid.* vii. 2.

the Order of God, bearing on my breast the same Son who lives eternally on His."*

We do not attempt to go into the whole specific matter of his dogmatic teaching. It would simply be an analysis of dogmatic theology. We shall confine ourselves to the fundamental dogma of Church authority, and to those furthest developments of Catholic faith and practice which imply a belief in their original truths. Few Catholics are aware of the complete manifestation and justification of these so-called "modern" devotions and dogmas in him. And we address ourselves here not to Catholics only. His moral teaching is so excellent and so evidently Christian, that it has captivated very many even of those who are outside the fold. But they try to separate it from his teaching of dogma. They try to believe, and sometimes assert, that he attaches only a minor importance to this—that he is, as they express it, above "bigotry and superstition." And the delusion is kept up by the shameful practice of preparing editions of his moral works in which all his teaching of distinctively Catholic dogma is omitted. In contradiction to this idea, it will be shown that this learned, this truly Christian doctor of the sixteenth and of the seventeenth centuries, is as exclusive and extreme as any so-called Ultramontane of the present day; that he is a Catholic of Catholics; that inextricably bound up with the moral teaching they accept, is the whole Catholic faith. We therefore defend by preference what our adversaries consider our least tenable positions; we select those points which most implicate and compromise his moral authority.

What then is his attitude towards the Catholic Church? Does he consider the question of her authority of minor importance? does he recognize heresy to have a share in a certain general Christianity, or distinguish to some extent between a Catholic and a Roman Church? Is it true that he thinks little of separation from this Church, and supposes a moral life independent of her teaching? Finally, does he consider that such separation is an unavoidable necessity; that controverted points must be left as far as possible on one side, and be considered only matter of friendly difference; that points of similarity must be dwelt on, and faith made subordinate to charity? To all these sections of the one great question the answer is an emphatic negative. He knows no teacher, no mother of holiness, save the Church Catholic. All truth, all treasures, are in her, because union with her is union with Christ. His feeling is not merely one of respect and esteem, founded on certain reasons that can be singled out and coldly discussed; but it is much more a passionate love, the effect of a

* "Letters to Persons in the World," vii. 7.

hundred unnameable, constraining excellences—the response to innumerable, unspeakable maternal tendernesses. In that language of the Fathers which he continually repeats, she is the one lawful spouse of Christ, the queenly mother of all Christ's children. He listens only to her voice, declaring, with St. Paul, that “her authority and the certitude of her faith would outweigh the contrary authority of an angel from heaven, if such could be;”^{*} and he himself speaks only as her officer—merges all his authority in hers. He is but as a fountain, in which some spring first throws up its sparkling waters, which again fall back into its maternal bosom before beginning their fertilizing course.

The sole authority of the Church is the first and main point of his dogmatic teaching. The whole work of the “Controversies” is to prove that this true Church is no other than the Roman—that is to say, that the word Church includes the idea Roman just as it includes the idea one, holy or apostolic; so that whenever he names “the Church,” he means the Roman Church. It is most to our point to notice that he appeals to her in the very heart of his moral teaching: “All prophets and preachers inspired by God have always loved the Church, always adhered to its doctrine, always been approved by her . . . so that extraordinary missions are diabolical illusions and not heavenly inspirations, if not acknowledged and approved by her pastors who have the ordinary mission.”[†] We quote from the preface to the same work his own words of submission, to show that they are not said merely as a matter of form: “I ever submit, with all my heart, my writings, my words, and my actions, to the correction of the Most Holy Church, Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman, knowing that she is ‘the pillar and ground of truth,’ in which she can neither deceive nor be deceived; and that no one can have God for his father who has not this Church for his mother.” He says the same thing in other words when speaking of Holy Scripture:—“The Church alone has the infallible assistance of the Spirit of God to find the truth clearly, surely, and infallibly in the word of God . . . so that he who wants to know the truth otherwise than through the Church's ministry, instead of truth will only embrace vanity, and instead of the certain clearness of the sacred word will follow the illusions of that false angel who transforms himself into an angel of light.”[‡]

The converse of this love of the Church is his hatred of heresy. We have said before that those who only know him as the loving-hearted, gentle teacher of devout souls, only know him by half. This lamb changes into an angry lion when there is question of

^{*} “First Title,” &c., ch. i., art. i., Negation 13.

[†] “Love of God,” viii. 13.

[‡] “Letters to Persons,” &c., iv. 6.

his mother's honour; or, rather, his hatred is of the nature of loathing. "I have never looked on it," he says, "save to spit in its face."* If we look at his idea of it, as it existed in his day, before it had clothed itself in its various modern disguises, we see that it was logically impossible for him to do otherwise than loathe it. In the "First Title of the Fabrian Codex" he gives the origin, the "Notes," and the inner meaning, of what is called, forsooth, "the Reformation." He begins by saying that the main note of Protestantism is *negation*; and under this head he gives twenty-six points in which they deny as many doctrines—we do not say of Catholicism, but of Christianity; and gives eighteen of their affirmations, which he classes under the same head, *negation*, because they are not only errors, but destitute of all proof, and invented solely to oppose Catholic beliefs. It is a popular notion that the errors of Protestantism lay only in a few points, and that its founders had sound ideas on God, the Blessed Trinity, and the Incarnation. St. Francis gives a very different account, and that there may be no question of its accuracy, he gives it in the very words of its authors.

Calvin confessed to Gentilis that he could only give the name of God, in the full and proper sense of the name, to the Father. He says the Son does not derive His essence from the Father. He rejects the word "Person"—using first the word "residence," and then "subsistence"—and would have the word "consubstantial" buried in eternal oblivion. He denied in plain terms the almightiness of God, and any foreknowledge except on account of his own intention of effecting everything that was to happen—including sin, of which Calvin made God the actual operator and committer. With regard to Jesus Christ, he taught that His bodily death would have been of no profit if He had not suffered the pain of reprobation; that he was uncertain of His salvation; that He was neither legislator nor judge. Luther shared these sentiments almost to their full extent. Their more practical teaching comes out in its native horror when we see their own deductions from their doctrines on free will, on justification, and on sin; when we find Luther saying that it is evil to esteem the moral law, that charity is actually sinful, that good works only hinder entrance through the narrow gate of heaven; when he tells his disciples to believe firmly, and sin hard; when he says that continence is impossible, and that adultery is often permissible.† We cannot delay over the other "Notes" of heresy, which are an absence of mission—contempt of the Church,

* "Letters to Persons," vi. 59.

† "Controv.," xxiii.

‡ The exact references will easily be found in the "First Title," which is not lengthy.

of councils, of the Holy See, and of the Fathers—love of novelty—a spirit of dissension, arrogance, pride, self-will, slander, and railing.

In the second chapter he traces the origin of these heresies; not to any call of God, such as Luther afterwards pretended to have received, but, by his own confession, to chance, and really to hatred of God. "I hated," said Luther, "a God who was just and punished sinners, and I was angry with Him." "Whenever I read that of S. Paul: *the justice of God is revealed in the Gospel*, I wished that God had never revealed the Gospel." S. Francis has a special dissertation on Luther's notorious confession that it was Satan who taught him his five arguments for the abolition of the Mass. The saint proves, still on Luther's own admission, that his heresy was propagated by hypocrisy and lies. The Saint lays bare the foundations which alone could have upborne that gigantic mass of prejudice which has blocked out the idea of the Church from so many minds these three hundred years. Calvin, for instance, speaking in his most authoritative work, and with the whole weight of his influence, dares to record these lies:—

Why speak against three or four Popes, as if we did not know for certain in what has long consisted the religion of the Popes and of the whole college of Cardinals? The first fundamental article of the secret theology which reigns amongst them is, that there is no God. The second, that all the doctrines of the Scriptures on Jesus Christ are so many lies and impostures. The third, that the doctrine of a future life and of a general resurrection is a pure fable. I grant that some think differently, and that few express this belief openly. But it has long been the ordinary religion of the Popes, as is well known to all who know what Rome is.*

Finally, in the third chapter he gives eight "Anti-social Propositions" contained in the teachings of these fathers of Protestantism, of which one is, "Human law has nothing to do with conscience," and another, "All crimes are equal."

But why, it may be asked, drag up to kill again so defunct a thing as original Protestantism? First, to show that it must be a delusion to attribute to S. Francis any tenderness for heresy—to think that he could dwell on any point of similarity between this hideous creation and his glorious mother, "without spot or wrinkle or any such thing." Besides, it is only defunct as a seed dies before the plant springs from it. The Protestant Church in this country, and all over the world, is full of members—is full of teachers, occupying its highest positions—who profess and teach speculative doctrines (leaving the practical ones aside)

* "Instit." iv. 7, § 27, quoted in the "First Title."

which follow logically from Calvin's, but which go beyond anything he dared to teach. Those who communicate with them are more or less responsible. Surely the word is, either "Cast out the evil from thee," or "Shake off the dust of thy feet, and depart." But the main point is this: those who reject the authority of the Roman Catholic Church reject an essential part of even the truths they believe. It is requisite, for Catholic faith, not only to believe in the Blessed Trinity, the divinity of Christ, but to so believe on the proposition of the Church. And it is the rejection of this ground of faith which S. Francis condemns, much more than the actual false matter taught. The test of this is the acceptance or rejection of the Pope's authority. "Contempt of the Holy See is a certain note of heresy."* And when he once says heresy, he says all. He often speaks of heretics whose doctrines are less vile than Luther's, yet he speaks of them in the same tone. He would acknowledge a difference of degree—would say that all Calvinists were not as bad as their master; but this is nothing in comparison with the *kind* of sin all equally commit who do not "hear the Church." They are to him "as heathens and publicans."† His hatred of heresy being the converse of his love for the Church, and as he looks on the one as the lawful spouse of his Lord, we should know, even if he did not frequently express, in language too explicit for these days, how he estimates the other. The very fact of his preaching was indeed an assertion that the goodness of God was busy in and about heresy, and that there were in it remnants of grace to which faith might fasten, as men cling to floating spars when their ship has foundered; but his hopefulness, or his compassion, or his self-sacrifice, does not show love for heresy, but love for heretics. And here enters the question of his charity. It shines indeed, we fully admit, nay, we exultingly declare, with glorious lambent light amid the fierce dissensions of those unhappy days. He was one of the first to admit the possibility of invincible ignorance, and of a heresy merely material; and he implies in many places that there may more easily, in the case of those who have never

* "Instit." ch. i. art. 5.

† He could understand the supposition of three rival Churches, each claiming to be the true one, and each, of necessity, condemning its opponents; but the "Branch Churches" theory—of several churches, under different jurisdictions, not communicating together, and divided on such dogmatic questions as the supreme ruling and teaching authority—this he would have thought too obviously against Christ's word, too evidently self-contradictory, to be even seriously proposable. At the same time his remarks on the essential necessity of unity of head, and proof that Rome alone can be such head (Cont. xlv.), are enough to show that he would consider the holders of such a theory as heretics, guilty more or less according to the light they sinned against.

been children of the Church, be good faith in matters of belief than in matters of moral practice. But this is not the point. His statement that there is no moral life outside the Church, that separation from her is separation from Christ, is not contradicted by his belief that, if some are so deplorably situated without their own fault, God may have compassion on them. He well knows the distinction between the body and the soul of the Church. The sin of being out of visible communion with the Church is not the less deadly in itself because some may be in invincible ignorance of its grievous guilt, and thus individually, and so long as they do not refuse to accept offered light, be excused. And his kind words to heretics no more reveal any indulgence for heresy, than Christ's loving words to sinners imply any gentleness for sin. No, the real point here, to correspond with his view of heresy, is to see what he thought of wilful heretics, and particularly of the leaders of heresy. There is a classical passage on this subject in the "Introduction," which we are grieved to find omitted in the recent Catholic translation. Speaking on "Detraction," after saying that we should speak even of notorious sinners with charity and compassion, he continues: "But I make an entire exception for declared enemies of God and the Church, for these we must decry as much as we can—such as sects of heretics and schismatics, and their leaders. It is charity to cry 'wolf' when he is in the fold, or, indeed, wherever he is."*

So while kind to the heretic common people, he was extremely severe against the ministers, whom at that time the blindest charity could rarely presume to be in good faith. This is abundantly clear in his Chablais Letters, and in the preface to the "Standard of the Cross." His severity on Marot, who was a professed Catholic, but had made an unsound version of the Psalms (eagerly adopted by the Calvinists), provokes a protest from the Gallican editor of "The Controversies." An instance at once of his charity and of his judgment on heresy is the way he speaks of a friend who, stumbling on the doctrine of the Pope's authority, had gone to England, and joined the Protestant communion.†

* III. 29.

† "Letters to Persons," vi. 60. S. Francis always treats the Anglican Protestantism as simply Calvinistic. His love for England often shows itself. In this letter, for instance (1620), he says: "I have a particular inclination for that island and for its king, and I unceasingly commend its conversion to the Divine Majesty. I have confidence that I shall be heard, with so many souls that sigh after this grace; and henceforth I will pray even more ardently, methinks, in consideration of that soul." So four years earlier, when he heard that James I. admired the treatise on "The Love of God," he exclaimed: "Oh! who will give me wings as a dove, and I

What anguish did the reading of this letter cause to my soul ! Is it possible that he has so gone to ruin ! His conduct has made a great wound of condolence in my spirit, which cannot rest while it sees the soul of this friend perishing. . . . O my dearest brother, blessed are the true children of the Holy Church, in which have died all the true children of God. I assure you my heart has a continual extraordinary throbbing on account of this fall, and a new courage to serve better the Church of the living God, and the living God of the Church. . . . All the waters of England can never quench the flames of my affection, so long as I can keep any hope of his return to the Church and the way of eternal life.

All his letters of that period are full of his feeling about it. "It is wonderful," he says to his brother, three weeks later, "that in this country they do not know of the deplorable affair of M. de Greanger ; for my part, I conceal it as much as possible, not to infect the air with such offensive (*puante*) news."* And to Madame de Chantal : "I am greatly afflicted at the spiritual ruin of this young man. . . . He says I leave the communion of the Church. Who would not mourn over this expression, since separation from the Church is separation from God ? To leave the Church ! O my God, what madness !"†

We have dwelt on this point because we would disabuse persons of their idea that the sweetness of S. Francis ever degenerates into tolerance of error or wilful sin—of the notion that he never dares to speak out in true and in perfectly plain words on necessary occasions. But this is not the final impression we would leave of him. His usual and main style is that of sweetness. He is most outspoken in the "First Title," which was his earliest work. His "Controversies," directed against Calvinists a generation after their founder's death, is already much gentler towards them personally, though exactly the same against Calvin himself. In the "Standard," while he treats his adversary's statements with the severity and contempt they deserve, he expresses his "compassion for the simple people who are drawn into or kept in their errors by my opponent's treatise and similar ones." His work in the Chablais was necessarily polemic, but afterwards, except in casual passages, such as we have cited, he does not directly express his hatred of heresy, or directly attack its misbeliefs, but confines himself to the simple exposition of Catholic truth, saying, as Camus tells us, "that truth in its native simplicity had graces and charms capable of making itself loved even by the most rebellious."‡ The Archbishop of Vienne truly says, speaking of the effect of the "Introduction : " "The

will fly to that king in that beautiful island, formerly the land of saints, now the domain of error!"

* Let. 544 (Blaise).

† Let. 545.

‡ "Esprit," xiv. 4.

reformation of morals will extinguish heresy in time, as their depravation has caused it.”* We are told of a certain Baron de Monthelon who was so struck by the beauty of Catholic truth in the same work, that he sought out the author, and quickly became a Catholic. The Saint was fond of telling of a young Protestant lady, who was converted by a sermon on the Last Judgment, and in three weeks brought all her family with her to confession. “Since then I have always said,” he declares, “that he who preaches with love preaches sufficiently against heresy.”† All his teaching leads to the Church, in the same way that his moral teaching leads to virtue. He simply shows her beauty. Its effect is like that of Zephon’s words upon Milton’s Satan:—

So spake the cherub; and his grave rebuke
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
Invincible; abasht the devil stood
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her shape how lovely; saw and pined
His loss.‡

Here our proof of the perfectness of our Saint’s Catholic spirit might well close, but this question of Church authority is so important that it has been surrounded by obscurities:—indeed it is so very simple and decisive that a compromise will not let itself be tested by it; and so we will show in detail that in accepting the Catholic Church the Saint accepts all her doctrines—having her spirit, breathes it all. We will dispose of those difficulties under which her adversaries shelter, pretending that a Church which teaches such doctrines as the Infallibility of the Pope, encourages such devotions as that to the Sacred Heart, allows her people to immerse themselves in the use of symbols and material things, stands self-condemned; that her arguments can at best be only plausible, and that hers cannot be adoration “in spirit and in truth.” They take for granted that such developments are rejected, or rather are unheard of, by S. Francis.

We will take first the Infallibility and other prerogatives of the Pope. We have said something, in our article of July, 1882, of his witness to the Infallibility. We now commend to the attention of those who can persuade themselves that this is a new doctrine, a usurpation by the Pope, a fruit of Catholic supineness—the following greatly abbreviated statement of the substance, conditions, limitations of this dogma, recorded by this saintly Doctor at the end of the sixteenth century, before Gallican Church history and Gallican theology had been able to discolour the stream of Catholic tradition. It is taken from the Auncey

* Let. 169. † “Letters to Persons,” &c., vi. 59. ‡ “Par. Lost,” iv.

autograph, and has not been published, except in the *Processus* of the Doctorate.* After proving at large from the Fathers and from history that the Roman See was ever looked on as the "Rational of the New Law," to which the Church was ever to look for guidance in the truth, he says:—

In the ancient law the high priest did not bear the Rational, except when he was clothed in the pontifical garments. Thus we do not say that the Pope cannot err in his particular opinions; . . . but when he is clothed in his pontifical garments—I mean, when he teaches the whole Church as pastor, in matters of faith and morals—then there is only doctrine and truth. . . . And it is not in everything that his judgment is infallible. . . . He can err *extra cathedram*, . . . but not *in cathedrâ*—that is, when he wishes to make an instruction and decree teaching the whole Church, when he wishes to confirm his brethren as supreme pastor. . . . For then it is not so much man that determines, resolves, and defines, as it is the Holy Spirit, by man, who teaches the truth to the Church, and leads it into all truth. . . . And if some pastors must follow others, all must follow the supreme pastor, . . . not lambs only and little sheep, but sheep and mothers of lambs. . . . Ordinary means must be employed, but in these must be acknowledged the drawing and presence of the Holy Spirit (*la trenne et l'abord*). The shepherd does not go at haphazard, but according to necessity calls other pastors, in part or all together, carefully regards the footprints of his predecessors, studies the word of God, enters before his God in prayer, and so moves boldly on. Happy who follows him, and puts himself under his crook!

This he makes the very form of the unity and sanctity of the Church.

How (otherwise) would the Church be one and holy, as the scripture and creeds describe it? For if it followed a shepherd, and the shepherd erred, how would it be holy? and if it did not follow him, how would it be one? . . . It remains then that we hold as closed what St. Peter shall close with his keys, and for open what he shall open when seated in his chair teaching the whole Church.

We do not enter here into the question of the indirect power of the Pope over temporals.† This the Saint would never discuss, though his opinion is clear from the following passage, which we quote chiefly for the remarkable passage italicized:—

When you ask me what is the Pope's authority in temporal matters? you require an answer which is equally difficult and useless. Difficult, not indeed in itself, for the answer is very easy to

* It would follow or form part of "Discourse XL."

† M. Hamon must here be corrected. See the *Processus*, "Responsio," p. 92.

those who seek it in the way of charity, but difficult to give in this age without causing offence. It is useless, because the Pope asks nothing from princes about this; he loves them and lives peacefully with them. Why imagine pretensions, to lead us to contentions against him whom we should honour and respect as our true father? I am extremely grieved that this question of the Pope's authority should be a plaything and subject of common talk among men. . . . The Pope is the sovereign pastor of all Christians, because he is the Supreme Vicar of Jesus Christ. Hence he has ordinary sovereign spiritual authority over all—emperors and kings, who owe him not only love and honour, but also assistance against all who offend him. And as, by natural, divine, and human law, any one may employ his own powers and those of his allies against an unjust aggressor, so the Church or the Pope, *for it is all one*, can employ his own, and those of his children, against his enemies. Kings are bound to support the Pope and the Church at the peril of their life and States.*

In similar terms he speaks of the supremacy and dignity of the Pope. He writes thus to Paul V. on his accession :†—

You, most blessed Father, are the heart and the sun of all the ecclesiastical estate. . . . You hold the place on earth of Christ, the prince of bishops. Therefore I gladly and jubilantly venerate in you the supreme splendour of the Apostolic dignity, and most humbly revere (*colo*) it, with my face prostrate on the ground to kiss your feet; and if a throne had to be made for you from the garments of your inferiors, as the Scripture tells of the first throne of Jehu, I would hasten to spread my garments under your feet.

He calls attachment to the Holy See "the knot of ecclesiastical unity." There was no important act in his public life for which he did not invoke the counsel or authority of the Pope. He told the Abbess of Port Royal that God had revealed to him that her monastery would lose the faith. "The only means of preserving it," he said, "is attachment to the Holy See." In a word, he is one of the most brilliant examples of the truth of De Maistre's law: "Examine one after another the great Doctors of the Catholic Church. In proportion as the principle of sanctity has dominated in them, so far will you find them more fervent towards the Holy See, more penetrated with a sense of its rights, more earnest in defending them. The reason is that the Holy See has against it only pride, and pride is inviolated by sanctity."‡

We take next the teaching and practice of the Church with regard to the Blessed Virgin. The dogma of her Immaculate Conception is taught by the Saint with the same assurance as

* Let. 813. † Letter 79 (from the original Latin). ‡ "Du Pape," i. 10.

any other matter of Catholic faith. "We know, of course, that the Blessed Virgin was not bitten by the infernal serpent, and never contracted any original or actual sin."* Almost the same words occur in his first sermon for Palm Sunday,† and in the sermon on the Immaculate Conception.‡ But the most clear and unimpeachable testimony is in that "Love of God,"§ in which he is speaking with the greatest caution and the greatest authority.

Thus, God destined first for His most holy mother a favour worthy of the love of a Son who, being all wise, all mighty, and all good, wished to prepare a mother to His liking; and therefore He willed His redemption to be applied to her after the manner of a preserving remedy, that the sin which was spreading from generation to generation should not reach her. She then was so excellently redeemed, that though when the time came the torrent of original iniquity rushed to pour its unhappy waves over her conception with so much impetuosity as it had done on that of the other daughters of Adam, yet when it reached there it passed not beyond, but stopped, as did anciently the Jordan in the time of Josue, and for the same respect: for this river held its stream in reverence for the passage of the Ark of Alliance; and original sin drew back its waters, reserving and dreading the presence of the true Tabernacle of the eternal alliance.

The devotion to the Immaculate Conception was one of his chief devotions, and he got the Holy See to make the feast a day of obligation for his diocese. Here are a few of his expressions, taken, as they come, of his love for this Immaculate Mother. "She gives more praise to God than all other creatures."|| In his first sermon on the Assumption frequently occur such words as these: "She died with the death of her son, one life, one heart, one soul." "To her we must refuse (as St. Anselm says) no privilege that can be given to a simple creature." We need scarcely say that he teaches the Assumption of Our Lady's body as a matter of certainty. He says elsewhere: "I wish to be always the servant of the Saviour and His Mother." Again: "I find all my help in the Holy Sacrament and in the Mother of God, from whom I have received miraculous assistance." "Whenever I go into a place consecrated to her, I feel by a leaping of my heart that I am with my mother." When his feet were bleeding in one of his numerous pilgrimages to her shrines, he said: "What a joy to have shed my blood in the service of God's Mother." How perfectly the two following examples justify the expressions of what is wrongly called modern piety: "I was making my prayer the

* "Sermons," i. p. 426.

† Postulatum, No. 10.

§ II. 6.

† *Ibid.* 396.

|| V. 11.

other day (it was Saturday) on the greatness of Our Lady's love for us, . . . and methought that if with a just confidence we put our hearts and our affections on her knees, and into her bosom, they are no longer ours but hers. That gave me much consolation. At the end I gave her not only the children of my heart, but the hearts of my children."* And "I beg her to put her hand in the precious side of her Son, to take His dearest graces, and give them us in abundance."† We have shown in the early part of our article the place which Mary is to occupy in every spiritual life. He has even stronger words:—"Be more and more zealous in devotion to this holy Lady, whose intercession is so powerful and so useful to souls that for my part I esteem it *the greatest help we can have* for our progress in true piety towards God. And I can say this from knowing many remarkable exemplifications of it."‡

More nearly connected with devotion to Our Lady than is generally remembered is the *cultus* of the Sacred Heart, the sweetest of devotions, which can only be rejected or derided where the simplicity, the naturalness of the relations between God and His creatures is misunderstood. Its one aim is to strengthen love, by concentrating it on Christ's love and on the immediate instrument of His love. It would seem to be specially revealed in these latter days to counterbalance the love of creatures, which gets stronger and more demonstrative as love of God grows colder in many hearts. But while its full manifestation is the privilege of our own age; there have always been chosen souls admitted into this sanctuary. Such were S. Gertrude and S. Bernard, and, chiefly, our glorious Saint, whose Order, having for its very spirit, he tells us, to be "meek and humble of heart," is the native home of devotion to the Sacred Heart. His continual devout allusions to It, as the symbol and organ of Christ's love, and the sweetest spiritual refuge of our hearts, are enough to show that he admitted the idea and propriety of this devotion. But the Bull signifies more than this, when it says we find in him the "seeds of the devout *cultus* of the Sacred Heart;" and Cardinal Manning truly calls him the "legitimate parent" of this devotion. His language is identical with that of his daughter, the Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, and with the authorized expressions of this devotion. He says to S. Jane: "I see you are my child, but I say I see it in the Heart of Jesus." Again: "I seemed to see you looking at the open side of our Saviour, and wishing to take His Heart to put it into your own, as a King in a little kingdom."§ "The

* Let. 149.

† Deposition of Madame de Chantal.

‡ "Letters," &c., ii. 22.

§ "Letters," &c., vii. 15.

other day, considering in prayer the open side of our Lord, and seeing His Heart, it seemed to me that our hearts were all round Him, and doing homage to Him as to the sovereign King of hearts.* In his sermon on "S. John before the Latin Gate,"† he gives what we may call the immediate dogmatic principles of the devotion; saying that "Christ's sacred side was opened; first, to show His great desire to give us the blessings of His Heart, and that Heart Itself; secondly, to invite us to repose there as our refuge in all our tribulations; thirdly, to see His love, and so be excited to love Him." Perhaps the most remarkable passage is the following, in which appears the use of the sensible representation of the Heart:—"We must take for our arms (of the Visitation), I think, if you agree with me, a Heart pierced with two arrows, and surrounded by a crown of thorns; this poor heart supporting a cross bearing the sacred names of Jesus and Mary. . . . For truly our congregation is a work of the Hearts of Jesus and of Mary—the dying Saviour has brought us forth through the opening of His Sacred Heart."‡ This was written on the very day (the day after the Octave of Corpus Christi) on which, sixty-four years later, there was shown to Blessed Margaret Mary the Sacred Heart, with its crown of thorns, its cross, and its holy names, and she was commissioned to make the new revelation of love, under this symbol.

We take, lastly, the Catholic dogma of what may be called Sacramentalism. On the one hand, God acts in His world materially, by miracles, by charging water, oil, salt, and other visible tangible things, with spiritual power; and, on the other hand, man must also manifest interior and spiritual belief and love in exterior ways. The practice of this, taken all together, S. Francis well calls "the face" of the Church, that which most distinguishes her from the sects, which she most displays, and is judged by for good or for evil. And here naturally she is most condemned—by some for teaching, by others for tolerating, what seems to them evidently evil, unchristian, superstitious, unreasonable. We do not attempt here to show how closely consistent her theory and practice are with Scripture, with natural reason and with such truths as many non-Catholics admit—the Incarnation, the Sacraments, the Communion of Saints. We are only concerned to show that the whole Catholic theory in these matters is clearly expressed in our Saint, by teaching and by example. In our very limited space we shall dwell chiefly on miracles, but important statements on other points will occur incidentally. He declares that miracles are the language of God,

* Let. 165.

† "Sermons," ii. p. 189.

‡ "Lettres Inédites," 129.

and necessary to the Church, not *in se*, but to demonstrate its articles to non-believers. He says that facility of belief is the true Christian spirit:—"Because 'charity believeth all things.' It does not easily think any one is lying . . . above all, in things which exalt and magnify the love of God for men or of men for God. And though the history I am going to relate is not so much published nor so well witnessed as the greatness of the marvel it contains would require, it does not on that account lose its truth." He proceeds to give, from S. Bernardine of Siena, the history of the gentleman who, after visiting the holy places, died of love on Mount Olivet, and inside whose broken heart were found the words, "Jesus my love." He quotes a similar history, which, he says, requires stronger proof than it has. "But," he concludes, "after the most true history of the cleft heart of S. Clare of Montefalco,* which all the world can see now, and of the *stigmata* of S. Francis, which is most certain, my soul finds no difficulty in believing this."† And thus, convinced of the antecedent probability of miracles belonging to the Christian Church, which, as Lecky says, "has prepared everything for their reception," he is satisfied with any fair testimony to the truth of the facts. He fully accepts the miracles of S. Gregory Thaumaturgus, S. Anthony, S. Martin, quotes the miraculous histories given by Eusebius, S. Jerome, S. Basil, S. Athanasius, S. Chrysostom, S. Ambrose, and S. Augustine. And the fact that among his histories occur a few which later criticism considers unauthentic, rather strengthens than weakens our point, which is to show that he approves facility of belief in miracles. He mentions here, particularly, that S. Augustine blamed a lady for not sufficiently publishing a miracle which had been worked on her. He says, "A good Huguenot, on the contrary, would have buried the fact as deep as possible, and this out of zeal for the *pureté reformée*. Those ancient great souls were satisfied with *pureté formée*."‡ Coming to his own age, he accepts the miracles of S. Francis of Paula, S. Francis Xavier, and others, and points to the "marvels now working at our gates, in the sight of our princes, and of all Savoy, at Mondovi." Yet he is not credulous. He has a great distrust of visions and miracles which are not proved by sanctity, and especially by obedience. In his "Letter on Preaching"§ he says:—"Let the preacher carefully avoid recounting false miracles, or ridiculous histories taken from second-rate authors, which make our ministry blamable and contemptible."|| The "Standard of the Cross,"

* He everywhere calls her *Saint Clare*.

† "Love of God," vii. 12.

‡ "Controv." 54.

§ No. 62. Compare "Letters," &c. v. 17.

|| Let. 62.

treating of the true cross, naturally expresses his general teaching also on relics, images, ceremonies. The strongest passage of this kind is perhaps in the "First Title" (Migne vi. 1,212). He takes as standard a work as S. Augustine's "City of God,"* and in it but one chapter—we may say, the events of one day. No less than twenty-one miracles are recorded as worked by the relics of SS. Gervase and Protase and of S. Stephen—amongst these the raising of four dead persons to life. Miracles are worked by blessed oil, the sign of the Cross, and earth from the Holy Land. A heathen is converted by the touch of flowers from S. Stephen's tomb. A man who prayed to the twenty Martyrs for food and raiment, sees immediately after his prayer a large fish which is lying on the river bank, and which he finds to have a gold ring in its stomach. In a sermon preached after these miracles, S. Augustine concludes with these remarkable words: "What was there in these hearts that leaped for joy, but the faith of Jesus Christ for which the blood of Stephen had been shed?" Let us now take a few examples of some "extreme" Catholic notions and practices from his life. No less than eight public or private pilgrimages are recorded. His devotion to particular Saints is well known. His favourites (we may be pardoned for giving the long list—each name contains a revelation of his spirit) were S. Peter, S. John Baptist, S. John the Evangelist, S. Mary Magdalene, the Good Thief, the three Saints Francis (of Assisi, of Paula, Xavier), S. Bernard, S. Louis, S. Thomas Aquinas, S. Dominic, S. Sebastian, S. Ignatius, S. Charles, S. Theresa (specially because she had renewed devotion to S. Joseph), S. Blandina, the two Saints Antony, and S. Apollonia. Referring to the popular custom of invoking S. Antony of Padua when things are lost, and rebuking some one who blamed this custom, he said: "God has shown that such is His good pleasure by a hundred miracles He has worked through this Saint: how can we disbelieve the evidence of facts? Truly, sir . . . we might invoke this Saint to help us to find what we lose every day, you—simplicity, and I—humility, which I am forgetting to practise."† He sends to S. Jane relics, which he calls "devotions," of St. Charles.‡ When she was given over by the physicians, he cured her by giving her a little powder of the relics of the same Saint, vowing a pilgrimage to his shrine at Milan. A little later he instantaneously cured her of a grievous malady by making her kiss the relics of S. Blaise. Those who would judge whether the use of the sensible in religion hinders or helps the service "in spirit and in truth,"

* Book xxii. ch. 8.

† "Hamon," ii. 400.

‡ In "Let. Inéd." 155.

should read what he says on a "*Larme de Vendôme*,"* or enter into the sentiments he expressed when his tears and sweat fell on the "*Holy Winding-Sheet*," which he was exposing for veneration at Turin.† Finally, we have a strong personal testimony to the truth of miracles in the following remarkable letter,‡ when sending back a relic of S. Apollonia to S. Jane.

My dearest daughter, I send back your sacred remedy, which I can say has been a sovereign one to me, since God has acted with me according to your faith, hope, and charity. And I must confess, to the glory of Jesus Christ and of His holy spouse, that I did not expect to be able to say Mass to-day, on account of the great swelling of my cheek and the inside of my mouth; but having leant on my *prie-Dieu* and put the relic on my cheek, I said—'My God, may it be done to me as my daughters desire, if it is Thy holy will;' and immediately the pain stopped. . . . When I went out every one told me the swelling was gone, and I felt so myself. Blessed be God! . . . he wished this trouble to come to-day to honour his spouse, Apollonia, and to give us a sensible proof of the Communion of Saints.

S. Francis then believed, with a reasoned and practical conviction, in all that is most distinctive of the Catholic Church—we will say, of the modern Catholic Church. We have not aimed at giving his reasons; these we leave our readers to study for themselves in him. We have appealed to his authority; though, after all, what is his authority but concentrated reason—a thousand reasons summed up in the conclusions he believed and lived by? Our argument asserts itself. We will not claim, as we might do, that his moral authority stands or falls with his dogmatic, that his moral reasoning must be untrustworthy if he is capable of such delusion in the region of dogma. We urge a narrower but irresistible conclusion. We say that in the face of such testimony it is impossible to put the teaching of the Church, on the Sacred Heart, Our Lady, and the Pope, out of court; her claims must be, at the least, deserving of careful, impartial examination, when recommended by men of such moral enlightenment and holiness as this man. These doctrines cannot at once be labelled as evidently corrupt, novel, superstitious—and summarily dismissed. We speak, especially to Anglicans, as the blind man spoke to the priests:§ "You say you know not whence he is, and I say he has opened my eyes." You say these ideas are new, and we show you them taken as a matter of

* That is, a drop of the water in which had been steeped a phial containing earth, on which our Saviour's tears were said to have fallen. See Letter 603.

† "*Hamon*," i. 133.

‡ "*Let. Inéd.*" 136.

§ John x.

course by a Saint of the sixteenth century. And as the writers of one age represent the teachers of another, so he represents the mind of the Tridentine Church and of the Church of the Fathers. You say these practices are corruptions and superstitions, and we show them in this man filled with the spirit of faith and righteousness. You say the Popes are usurpers, and this Saint tries to almost enlarge the sphere of their power. What you declare to lead away from Christ he proclaims to be the very way to Him. In concluding this part, we say then to you with Fénelon, the close imitator of our Saint:—"On the one hand regard the pure spirituality of S. Francis de Sales, on the other his principles on the Church in his 'Controversies;' it is the same Saint who speaks with the unction of the same Spirit of Truth in the two sorts of writings. Such are the admirable Saints, who have been nourished in the bosom of Mother-Church."*

We said, in the first article of this series, that our object was to exhibit the nature and eminence of the doctrine which has merited for S. Francis the title "Doctor of the Church." We have so far treated chiefly of its matter, and will now attempt to give a distinct idea of its form. By this we mean more than is generally understood by the word style: we mean not only his individual manner of expressing his thoughts, but the whole setting of his religious teaching. His excellence of form is one of the gifts belonging to his mission of sweetness, "the bait by which he allures the world." These last are the words of Sainte Beuve, in the striking essay named at the head of this paper. The testimony of Leigh Hunt, previously cited, belongs only to the natural order. Sainte-Beuve, freethinker as he was, had a spiritual mind, and his estimate of S. Francis de Sales may be considered the tribute of the highest earthly powers to the supereminence of grace. No Catholic could praise more highly, and perhaps no writer could express his praise more exquisitely, than does this prince of modern critics.

S. Francis was exceptionally endowed with the gifts necessary to the great writer. He had a powerful intellect, a capacious memory, and, in addition, he had the imagination of a poet, with all the poet's love of beauty and delicacy of perception. The combination of these qualities in him was even more exceptional. The restraining or guiding faculties were strong as the originative. His judgment was as sound as his imagination was fertile; his acumen and shrewdness and sense of humour were equal to his sensibility. He had quickness and accuracy of observation. He could grasp at once the real and the ideal. His course of

* Letter vii., on the Church.

long and severe study, and his world-wide experience, developed and matured his intellectual powers, filled his memory, trained, while it fed, his imagination, refined his taste. And to all these gifts he added one, without which they would have been useless to others: the power of expressing his knowledge. He possessed the mastery of language. Indeed, he not only used it, but he helped to make it. The French language was unformed; its laws were not laid down when he began to write. Rabelais and Marot had rather degraded than raised it; Montaigne but just preceded him; Malherbe was contemporary, and apparently unknown to him; Balzac and Voiture came a generation later. He saw around him, for the most part, a literature which corresponded with the preaching of that day, in which the thoughts were overloaded and distorted by a mass of pedantry, affectation and fantastic metaphor. From amid an unlettered people, obeying solely the instinct of his own genius and taste, without guide and almost without precursor, he had the power and the courage to rise superior to the faults of his age, and to create for himself and others a formed language and a model style. Sixteen years after his death, the Academy, only then established, enrolled this Savoyard bishop, who disdained literary eminence and sought merely the natural expression of his noble thoughts, among the fathers and purest writers of the French tongue.

The general character of his style will be better appreciated by briefly considering the process of its formation. The first course laid on the foundation of his native talent, was undoubtedly the classical or humanistic. He knew Latin well at an age when other children are beginning the study of their mother-tongue. The ease of his later style was well-earned by those laborious hours which his biographers tell us he devoted to the best rendering in Latin of some stubborn phrase, or the patient transcription and imitation of literary "beauties" during his six first years at school. Then followed two years of higher classical studies, or "Rhetoric," at Paris, under Père Sirmond, who was then devoting the genius which later astonished the world in the sphere of Patristic learning, to the full elucidation of the masterpieces of ancient eloquence. There is no further trace of classical or profane studies. He had exercised himself in them only as a means to higher things. There was not in him the usual transition from the attractions of human to those of sacred learning. His one desire from the beginning was to know God better by studying theology—a desire so strongly felt that his health failed, and his very body grew emaciated under its influence. After one year of philosophy his desire was granted, and he joined to that severe study, Theology, Scripture and Hebrew. He could have had no time for other studies. We

know the exact division of his hours during his four years at Padua, and find that they also were entirely absorbed by Theology, Scripture, the Fathers, and Jurisprudence. His chief master was the French Jesuit Possevin; but he had other excellent masters, who were more or less imbued with the culture of the age and country, and from whom he doubtless unconsciously imbibed enough at least to perfect his classical education.* He learnt to speak and write Italian well; but he entered little into the spirit of the place, and the possible influence of it upon him is far too vague and subtle to trace. We cannot remember that he ever quotes any Italian humanist writer. Rather, he drew the classical element, distinctly traceable in him, not from them, but immediately from the Latin originals. His Greek learning seems to have been gained chiefly through the Latin. But he drew all purely, straining out the sensual and irreligious spirit which to many formed the deadly charm of that profane literature. What is more important is, that this was not his chief inspiration. He attaches far more importance to his acquaintance with Scupoli and the "Spiritual Combat" at Padua, than to any worldly knowledge gained there. Side by side with profane learning had run a nobler and more influential medium of literary cultivation; we mean spiritual writings, and particularly the "Lives of the Saints," which had formed his delight from the time of his earliest studies. And while their contents were his main object, their form strongly impressed itself on a heart so tender, so warm, and so expanded with spiritual delight. Among these lives stands pre-eminent Joinville's *S. Louis*; and doubtless many of the histories which thrilled the saintly boy in the long summer evenings at Annecy, while his companions found their pleasure in sports and rambles, resembled that book in their grave, antique, and simple style, "*La vieille Gauloise*," he loved so well. The "*Chroniques de S. François*" was another favourite. The fine old-fashioned metrical translation of the Psalms by Philip Desportes, Abbot of Tiron, which he speaks of in the "*Letters*," and uses in the "*Love of God*," was familiar to him, doubtless, from childhood. The "*Letters*" of S. Jerome, and the "*Confessions*" of St. Augustine, he would seem to have studied in French. And of the few profane writers whom he had the chance of reading in his native tongue, we must signalize Amyot, of whom Tournemine says: "No one knows better the harmony and spirit of the French language; the energy, the force, the

* The names are given in his speech on taking his doctor's degree at Padua. They were Pancirola, Menochius, Matheaci, Othelio, Castellano and Trevisano. (See "*Life*," by Ch. Aug.)

modulated and flowing arrangement of his ancient words, is admirable.* The "Plutarque" of this author was his frequent reading. He early read Montaigne, whose "Essais" were published in the year the Saint went to Paris, and whose naturalness would be sympathetic, while his vigour would muscularize Francis's style. He read Marot, but was so disgusted with his profanity and heresy that he can have accepted but little from him. He speaks of his "Poésies Marottées," a name very different from the "Marotique," pronounced with such gusto by the critics of the present day. The rest of his authors were probably in Latin, such as the Fathers, whom he read from the beginning of his student life. We are told that in his youth he particularly admired and imitated the "harmonious and flowing" style of St. Cyprian. He was attracted by the moral tone of Seneca, Pliny and Cicero. He seems to have made little difference between the two languages, so that it cannot be decided in which of them certain of his letters were written first. We think that on the whole he preferred Latin, though most frequently of course obliged to employ his native tongue.

We see, then, what the French call the *fond* of his style, which was still somewhat academic—by which we mean too florid, too attentive to words, and too balanced. Much of this would in any case have disappeared in time, but it was forced into its proper shape by the circumstances in which he was placed immediately after leaving Padua. Nothing could have had a better influence than the necessities of his Chablais mission. After the close air of books and student life it was a plunge into cold water, and it tempered his style like steel. He had to instruct and preach almost the whole day, and at the same time and in the same style he wrote. For the "Controversies" he had to write, in haste, an essay almost daily, in moments snatched from hard and absorbing work. He had no books but his Bible and his Bellarmine, and was obliged to exercise and lay weight on his own powers. He had to adapt his words to a very simple people, though the subject was difficult and the reasoning severe. And he wrote at the passion-point of holy zeal, his whole mind inflamed with the desire of persuading his readers to accept his message. Any artificialness fell away of itself. He *felt* what was too high or too subtle; he came to stand outside, and to select from, his treasures; and his learning, whose forms might have somewhat mastered him, became of the greatest value in the service of realities. The change was at first almost unconscious. He did not reckon the "Controversies" as writings at all; and still, in his few more reflective works of this later period,

* "Mém. de Trévoux," July, 1736.

we see the traces of his former style. But his circumstances continued nearly the same. He was kept to incessant preaching and correspondence, without time for preparation or elaboration, and so he entered into the full knowledge and dominion of his best style, what Tournemine well calls: "that familiar and conversational eloquence, which is more persuasive than sublime discourses."* Art and training had done their work; he had risen to learn, as he says, that "the highest art is to have no art,"† and he subsided, not into the uncouthness and irregularity, but into the unconsciousness of Nature. His thought came out mature, in easy and natural, yet correct and refined, expression. His style flexibly accommodated itself to the subject treated and the person addressed, so that it has the variety which belongs to Nature; and, indeed, even in what we have called his academic style, Nature still holds the chief place. He never spoke or wrote from the lips merely; and he early speaks with contempt of "the prolix *quanquam* periods of men brought up to the triflings of the schools, whom we call pedagogues." In a word, his earlier style is of the same kind as his later, but less perfect, and with some foreign elements, which were soon rejected. The "Standard of the Cross" is the only considerable work of the earlier period. There are also a few letters, a few sermons (including the two most authentic, of 1600), and two or three of the *opuscula*. The "Controversies" of 1594 were written sermons, and in his finest style, though not in its most perfect state. The major part of the rest of his works is actually letters and conferences, just as they were written or talked. The most of his "Sermons" are not sufficiently authentic for safe deductions concerning his manner. His best known work, the "Introduction," was made from letters. Most of these are destroyed, but it is quite striking to see from such as we still have,‡ how little difference he had to make before subjecting his ordinary and hastily written letters to the ordeal of publication. The "Love of God" must be taken by itself. It is the work of his maturest powers. In the illustrations, occasionally strained, and the periods, sometimes laboured and overloaded, we see an imagination less spontaneously active, and a taste less sensitive to reject the artificial; but these blemishes are very rare. It is himself, and for the most part at his very best, and in his most natural style. He says in the preface that his "only thought is to tell naïvely and simply, without art, and much more without

* "Mém. de Trévoux," July, 1736.

† Letter 62, on Preaching.

‡ For instance, the chapter on Abjection (iii. 6), and Letter vi. 12 of "Letters to Persons in the World."

display, the story . . . of divine love." And he sweetly says to his readers: "*Be doux et bontoux* to me . . . if you find the style a little (though I am sure it will be very little) different from that I have used when writing to Philothea" (the "Introduction"), "and the two greatly different from that which I employed when writing in defence of the Cross." In his most simple and natural style then are the narrative parts, the connections, developments, expositions. Some questions of course require a more complex and deeper treatment, but the difficulty is from the subject not from the expression; and it must be said also that a desire, at least, to share the author's piety is necessary to relish this expression of his secret and tender heart; what is possibly the reader's ignorance or coldness must not be estimated as the author's fault. The Saint, in the same Preface speaks thus, and the words are noticeable both as regards the style and the doctrine of the book:—

This treatise has been written to help the already devout souls to advance . . . and hence I have been forced to say many things somewhat unknown to the generality, and which will therefore appear more obscure than they are. The depths of science are always somewhat hard to sound, and there are few divers who care and are able to descend and gather the pearls and other precious stones which are in the womb of the ocean. But if you have the courage fairly to penetrate these words which I have written, it will truly be with you as with the divers, who, says Pliny, see clearly in the deepest caves of the sea the light of the sun; for you will find in the hardest parts of this discourse a good and fair light. Moreover, as I do not follow them that despise books treating of a certain supereminently perfect life, so, for my part, I do not speak of such a supereminence.

The "Love of God" is like a stream, a stream of transparent gold, now flowing smoothly along, now rippling over sunny shallows, and now deepening itself in some hollow, where its wave seems to grow dark while it mirrors the surrounding shade, though translucent as ever to the penetrating eye.

Such is the general outline and effect of his style; but it is not enough to say that it is flowing and natural, and represents the soul of the writer. We must try to give its more special character. It is distinguished, then, in the first place, for those qualities of style which are to a certain extent impersonal, and common to all good writers, of which the primaries are clearness, force, and beauty.

His remarkable clearness is shown sometimes in its simplest form of exact definition, distinction, and description. This is universal. A fine instance occurs in his definition of Indifference,

quoted in our last article.* Graduation is another element of his clearness. His close attention to *method* is everywhere visible, and is shown particularly in his criticism of a certain theological *Summa* (Let. 402). His continual close attention to the exact force of the words he uses is another important department of it. Every one bears the stamp of having passed under more or less conscious reflection. No doubt the necessities of his work had forced this on him. He tells his preacher not to introduce S. Thomas's words into his sermon unless he has the art of making them clear even to the meanest understanding. We see in the same essay,† the machinery, as it were, of this part of his style. He reveals "a secret of extreme utility to preachers—namely, to seek similitudes from those places of Scripture where few have the power to observe them, and this is done *by meditation of the words*." All this part, as indeed the whole essay, is worthy of the closest study by any one who would catch the spirit of the Saint's style, so far as it is imitable. And this continual sifting or searching action of the intellect is not only in the substantial nouns and verbs of his thought, but in the intimate texture of his style, in the prepositions particularly, in the connecting and adverbial words, in interjections. Besides the ordinary words of this kind with which the three languages he uses abound, he has in French no less than twenty-four to express his own special shades of meaning, some of them being literal translations of the Latin or Italian.

We do not deny that there is sometimes a little too much attention to words, that he is a little pedantic in his use of them, and plays on them too much. This latter was a fault of his age. His greatest affectations are small by the side of those of nearly all his contemporaries, and for our part we consider the purism of the present day, in this matter, is carried to an extravagant length. His care for words passes on into his general way of treating his matter. There is in him a certain rectitude of order. He always seems to begin just in the right place, to make the exactly proper division of chapters and paragraphs, the best arrangement of explanations, proofs, illustrations.

* Other examples are his explanation of the difference between the object of the senses and the object of the intellect (*species sensibilis et intelligibilis*) ("Love of God," iii. 11); between thought, study, and meditation, or between meditation and contemplation (*Ibid.* vi.); his process of reconciling grace and free-will (*Ibid.* ii. iii. iv.); the statement of the difference between command and counsel (*Ibid.* viii. 6), which reads like a page of Newman's clearest discrimination (xii.); the whole "Mystical Explanation of the Canticles." And even in his most exalted and pathetic moments there is ever a certain *lucidus ordo*, a thread of careful though spontaneous arrangement.

† Let. 62.

Force is a second great quality of his style—a certain masterliness, resulting from his complete grasp of his subject, and consciousness of truth, which subdues an opponent, and gives a sense of singular confidence to a disciple. He rejoices in difficulties, removing them in a way grand in its hiddenness, well described by Sainte-Beuve :—" He not only eludes and repulses difficulties, but by his elevated, sweet, and calm manner, he hinders them from arising." But the strength of his style, like the strength hidden under his moral teaching, is of that delicate and nervous kind not appreciated by the ordinary or careless observer. It is that electric strength, that union of courage, high-breeding, pride, if so be—of coolness, training, eye and nerve, which gives the slender hand of the gentleman the mastery over the sledge-hammer instrument of brute force.* It is like the scimitar of Saladin, in "The Talisman," which will not shear through a bar of metal, but which, with an invisible effort, makes the silken veil fall parted from its magic edge. There is the same union of the strong and the gentle which appears in the matter of his doctrine and in his personal character. "Some," says Sainte-Beuve, "might think him effeminate; but the best judges agree that he is ever faithful to the true Christian spirit. There is a strong current in that stream, which is so lively, so abundant and so gay, that it is almost childlike." His continual appeal to the inspired word gives a special solidity and force. His clearness and strength are not shown only in his general manner, but particularly in his art of expressing a truth in such concise and pregnant words as to preserve its force, and at the same time set off both its strength and its beauty. His native power of seeing the similar in the incongruous, his finished classical and legal, as well as scholastic training, helped him here: still more did the necessities of his work as preacher, controversialist, and director. We are all familiar with his proverbial expressions, his happy antitheses, his sayings or *mots*. They occur on every page. Pius IX. said on some public occasion :—"There is nothing lovely, strong, touching, like a saying of S. Francis de Sales." To take a few instances. "Balls are like mushrooms, the best are good for nothing :—" "We shall never make one Lent well if we expect to make two." Nature in bringing forth more leaves than necessary is "prudently inadvertent." "Eagerness makes us run only to make us stumble." "Soon enough if well enough." "Honour is the salary of virtue." "The more a preacher says, the less the people remember." To some indiscreet men who

* "Lingua clara, tersa, naturalis, *generosa*. Exempla apposita, bene proposita et adhuc melius exposita. Historiæ dilucide proponendæ, applicandæ *vivaciter*, Sanctorum Patrum inmorem."—*Letter 62*.

wanted to go barefoot, he said :—" Look after your heads, never mind your feet." Who would expect Pope's " Ten censure wrong for one that writes amiss," so exactly anticipated as it is in S. Francis's "*Plusieurs écrivent sottement, et plusieurs censurent lourdement ?*"

But it is when the imagination brings the sensible to illustrate the ideal, or the ideal to dignify the common, that his clearness and force are seen in their beauty. It is well known that the use of figurative language, and associating of thought with thought, is one of his chief characteristics. His very name seems at once to recall some lovely image. His figures range from the metaphor in a single picturesque word, through similes and comparisons of every kind, up to parables continued through two or three chapters. He used them sometimes to illustrate, sometimes, by a certain analogy, at once to illustrate and to prove, always to please and recreate. The visible and invisible world, all his stores of learning and experience, Nature and art, from the noblest to the commonest, are laid under contribution, to furnish him with images and comparisons of beauty. His vivid and varied page brings before us, sometimes the snow-clad heroic mountains of Savoy, sometimes the quiet farmsteads and orchards, and the homely life which nestle at their foot. Sometimes he leads us to the fringe of Annecy lake, or to some leafy shade, and delights eye and ear with all that is lovely on earth ; and anon his adventurous devotion carries us to Bethlehem, or Calvary, or wraps us to the heavens, to hear saints or angels, the heavenly mother, or the Divine Son Himself, speak to us the Saint's words of love. Many examples have appeared in the course of this article. We add one or two of the simplest. Our afflictions are " bemusked " when we smell them as coming from the heart of our Saviour. S. Simeon Stylites is a " bird of Paradise." Trent " canonized the Vulgate." " God's trail is on creatures." He compares the simplicity of that act of God which produces a variety of creatures, to the action of a printer, who produces a thousand figures with one stamp of his press. Bishops must refuse themselves to no one, but be " like a public fountain, where every one can drink, not only men, but beasts also, and sometimes great serpents." To have too many devout practices is " like trying to thread several needles at once." Virtue is the root of reputation, and as long as this lives the stalk will spring again.

If the Saint is found too imaginative by some readers, it is rarely with him that the fault lies. Still it is true that occasionally he offers an image or poetic description when a simple statement would be more in place, or illustrates what he has not clearly enough defined. Sometimes, also, especially in his later works,

his comparisons, as we have said, are far-fetched and strained. His natural history is sometimes greatly at fault, through what Sainte-Beuve calls his "half-scientific, half-poetic credulity." And, speaking at least from a literary point of view, we cannot agree with this critic that his mistakes do not detract from the value of the comparison. How much more effective would be his simile about Holy Communion, if the Savoy hares really "grew white from eating snow!" Sometimes, again, his comparisons are too tender and too strongly drawn, at least for this fastidious age; and we cannot always approve his allusions to Pagan histories, in spite of the transparent purity of his own heart, which makes good out of evil. There is no doubt that a certain small number of words and passages, of perfect propriety in his age, should be entirely omitted in popular editions at the present day.

But having given the more general qualities of his style, we must say that we must look underneath these to discover its true springs, its personal and individual characteristics. It is the very expression of his heart, a heart all aglow with love, and with desire to communicate its ardours. His heart wields his pen, love informs his every word. He said: "I preach with all my heart;" and his writings also thrill with the eloquence of the heart. It shows itself chiefly of course in his pathetic and tender movements, but its influence is felt throughout, and sometimes flames out unexpectedly, as if he could not keep it longer down. Sainte-Beuve, having said that he did for religion what Montaigne did for philosophy, adds: "But Montaigne is egotistic, Francis is all burning with love of others;" and after comparing his style with Franklin's, he says: "Franklin has only humanity, Francis has Charity, that divine intoxication which communicates its *ravissement*." The Saint begins on one occasion: "I feel myself to-day a little more amorous of souls than usual." His style then is above all, to use his own word, *affectif*. Love makes him impressive, creating in him an enthusiasm and sympathy which teach him not only how to make clear, but also how to captivate the attention—which enable him to adapt himself to the felt needs of other hearts—which constrain him to use all his powers of beautifying what he loves, to make it amiable to others. What is affective in the writer is effective or persuasive for the reader. Tournemine beautifully speaks of his "expressions efficacious because affectionate . . . words which his heart rather than his mind has made him select." This *style affectif* he uses, professedly, even in his polemic works, and he recommends it to a Benedictine friend for a theological *Summa*.* "You only need," he says to his

* Let. 402.

preacher, "to speak affectively and devoutly, simply, candidly and heartily (*confidenter*): and the doctrines you would persuade others, have deeply held and most persuaded to yourself. Let the words be inflamed with an interior affection: let them come from the heart rather than the mouth. The mouth may speak as much as it will, but *heart speaks to heart*; the tongue only strikes the ears."^{*}

His familiar conversational style is the natural medium for this outpouring of the heart, for this loving archness, as if he were watching behind his words, and the only style which could allow the expression of his almost maternal feeling. If any are astonished at the tenderness and strength of these expressions, let him condemn, not the Saint, but his own want of simplicity and divine charity. "Nothing," says Fénelon, "is so tender, so lively, so sweet, so amiable, so loving, as a heart which divine love possesses and inspires." And Tournemine: "His style reveals his sweetness, the tenderness of his heart. We feel that he loves and should be loved, but that he wishes God alone to be loved." Yes, here is his deepest spring of his thoughts and words, deeper even than the heart—at least deeper than a heart inflamed with merely human love; it is heavenly passion and spiritual ardour. It is that unction which belongs only to the Saints, which superadds grace to natural gifts—in this man, to the noblest natural gifts. It was his way to see everything under a heavenly light, and the habit passes into his language as its habitual characteristic. It appears in passages otherwise calm and unimpassioned. As he sees things poetically, not merely to illustrate better for his disciples, but because a poet's eye cannot see them otherwise, so he sees things spiritually because he cannot help it—his vision is so formed. And by this, as by his noblest gift, all the rest must be judged. A sweetness that might be too luscious, and expressions of tenderness that would otherwise be extravagant, are natural and right in him. It is the language of Eden and original innocence. His very literary faults cease to be such when viewed in this light. He gives, for instance, the legend that if a man is dying of jaundice, and can but attract the notice of the yellow oriole, its love and pity for man makes it draw the disease by sympathy to itself, and it saves him by its death. He says: "This bird seems to have been created by God to serve as a similitude of the Passion."[†] And so it was—for him. "His bees" again, as Cardinal Wiseman says,[‡] "are not those of Huber or of our gardens; they are intelligent, moral little beings. . . . And his dove is no more the dove of our cotes

^{*} Let. 62.

[†] First Sermon for Good Friday.

[‡] Preface to the "Conferences."

than the other is the bee of our hives. It is an ideal bird, that thinks and reflects and reasons, and is guided by the sweetest laws of disinterested love."

Hence the necessity of keeping his exact form, lest this spiritualness should evaporate. Tournemine says his language cannot even be modernized "without enervating the celestial eloquence on which its usefulness depends." And Sainte-Beuve says that some of his words will not even bear quotation—"They are so fine, so simple, so delicate, that they cannot be said when the occasion is passed. The shadings, the *finesses*, and the most delicate sentiments are lost." It is then scarcely necessary to add, that our description refers, in its fulness, only to the original. Still this also is difficult to appreciate, especially without some knowledge of Latin and antique French, and many readers would get their best idea of him from a faithful translation. But it cannot be said that we have a translation of his works.* Some idea might be given by comparing him with authors of our own tongue. But we cannot find one that corresponds with him. His antique simplicity forbids comparison with modern, his advanced learning and refinement with our earliest, writers. His tenderness and naturalness remind of Shakspeare; his rich abounding imagery of Spenser; his thoughtful language, pregnant with allusion, of Milton; but here again comparison seems forbidden by the sanctity of his theme and the heavenly purity of his spirit. They are knights of earthly thought and earthly love; he is (but far more encouragingly human) the "Sir Galahad" of literature. Crashaw, with a little less fierceness in his love, and Father Southwell, might have given a truer idea of him, had their work been on a larger scale, and freed from the restraint of verse.

* The translation of the "Conferences" best represents the original, but is too literal to be called faithful. The Catholic translations of the "Introduction" are very imperfect as regards style. The Anglican is superior, but omits essential points of doctrine. And it is not the "Introduction," but the "Letters" and "Love of God" which represent his finest style. The current English edition of the latter is, as a translation, beneath criticism. About one-fifth part of the "Letters" has been translated. The Anglican edition, which is perhaps the best known, is in the translator's, not in the author's, style, to say nothing of its mistakes and omissions. An excellent work, called "Practical Piety," just republished, gives a fair translation of parts of the "Conferences," of some letters, and parts of others. But the editor takes far too much liberty in shortening and omitting sentences and paragraphs to let his work properly represent the style of the Saint. We may remark that the title, leading one to expect a complete system of piety, is ill-chosen. It makes the Saint's teaching seem meagre and disconnected. [Since this note was written, the author has published a translation of "Letters to Persons in the World."]

But we are exceeding the limits of our design, which was to show with what good reason the rulers and teachers of the Church urge the doctrine of S. Francis on the faithful as the perfection of Christian asceticism, and most adapted to the needs of the age. There is scarcely a movement of the Supreme Pontiffs or the Bishops towards the increase of piety, which is not directly or indirectly connected with him. The strong impulse given to the Third Order of S. Francis of Assisi is an equally strong recommendation of the teaching of S. Francis de Sales. The promises and rules of a third order are a sort of hedge round the interior life. And as members of the first orders—Benedictines, Jesuits, Dominicans, Carmelites, Franciscans themselves—go to Francis de Sales to learn the inner teaching of their state, and the way to fulfil their vows of perfection, so much more will those who live in the world, and for whom he specially wrote, find in him the means of satisfying their new obligations. No one could better introduce them to the spirit of S. Francis of Assisi, whom he quotes at every page in the sublimest chapters of the "Love of God," who necessarily, he says, comes to his mind when he speaks of divine love, and whose words he considers to be inspired. And surely Pope Leo XIII. is only describing the spirit of S. Francis de Sales when he describes the fruits of the third Order: "A heart detached from mortal things, complete self-control, and a gentle and resigned endurance of adversity. . . . The love of God and of one's neighbour is the mistress and sovereign of all other virtues; such is its power that it wipes away all the hardships that accompany the fulfilment of duty, and renders the hardest labours not only bearable but agreeable."

This teaching, then, is in the first place urged upon the children of the Church, and there is already a great development of the knowledge of it. His daughters of the Visitation have preserved for us, like holy vestals, the living fire, the living tradition of the spirit with which he himself filled their first mothers. The Sisters of S. Joseph, who trace their origin to his inspiration, though not regularly founded till thirty years after his death, have assisted, as the active side of the Visitation spirit, in spreading and preserving it; and in these latter days three orders of men, two, at least, of women,* and two great public

* 1. *The Missioners of S. Francis de Sales*, founded in 1836, by Mgr. Rey, Bishop of Annecy, and Père Mermier. Their chief house is at Annecy. Their work is teaching and foreign missions. They have two or three missions in England.

2. *The Oblates of S. Francis de Sales*, founded in 1875, by Père Brisson, but originated by Mère Marie de Sales Chappuis. Their chief house is at Troyes. Their work is teaching, giving missions, and evangelizing the poor by "Œuvres Ouvrières," of which they have seven in

associations* have been formed to spread it more abroad. He has a mission also, as we have seen, to those outside the Church, who still retain fragments more or less complete of Christian dogma. Amongst them also his writings, though mutilated and disfigured, are growing daily in estimation.

But if this were all it would be but imperfectly suited to meet the needs of this age. In his day infidelity was scarcely known; but the spirit which, to use his expression, "breathes against heresy," breathes also against that. The conviction, the very tone of such a man is a proof of the truth of what he believes. We invite infidels to study the symmetrical beauty of his doctrine. Let them take his theory as an hypothesis, and test by it the facts of life. Let them view his own life, the lives of those servants of God whom he imitated, seeing how perfectly they lived by their principles, how these upheld them, how sweetly they died. Perhaps intellectual pride—a greater obstacle to the revelation of God than even the clouds of passion—may begin to weaken, and, as it fails, truth will certainly grow stronger. Let them then turn to look at their own lives, and try to revive the faded lines of spiritual truth, let them listen to the echoes in their conscience, till they begin again to be heard as the voice of the Supreme Legislator. Let them study the doctrines of the Church of Francis de Sales in their reasonableness and beauty, as expounded by such men as this. In this atmosphere of serene faith and spiritual beauty their objections will get weaker,

France. They also take foreign missions, and have just accepted one in the English colony of the Cape.

3. *The Salesians*, founded by Don Bosco, some thirty years ago, and now spread through all Italy, the South of France, Spain, and South America. Don Bosco tells us he chose S. Francis as the patron of his work on account of the Saint's "incomparable mildness." Their great work is the reclaiming of destitute children, of whom over 25,000 are annually received. They have educated 6,000 priests. They also take foreign missions, and have recently, for the first time in history, evangelized Patagonia. Of women:—

1. *The Sisters Servants of the Sacred Heart of Jesus*, founded at Argenteuil, by Père Braun, in 1866. They have nineteen houses in France, many in England and elsewhere. They devote themselves exclusively to the poor and working classes.

2. *The Daughters of Marie Auxiliatrice*, founded by Don Bosco to assist his Salesian Fathers.

* 1. *The Association or "Œuvre" of S. Francis de Sales*, founded at the desire of Pius IX., in 1857, and long directed by Mgr. de Ségur. It is established in almost every diocese of France, and counts its associates by hundreds of thousands. It is a sort of interior and domestic "Propagation of the Faith," and is organized in a similar manner.

2. *The Co-operators of St. Francis de Sales*, founded by Don Bosco, and canonically instituted, with all the privileges of a third order, by Pius IX. in 1874.

answers to them will seem at least more possible. "The objections of criticism and incredulity against Christianity," says de Sacy,* "appear to me weak indeed when I read the letters of S. Francis de Sales." And so they may begin to make an opening for the ready and soliciting grace of God. To admit His possibility is already much; He will second their faint aspirations and their attempts at prayer to a possible, soon to a hoped for, God. All that they seek is here, and is nowhere else.

The great humanists of the day have a power, gained from the very revelation which they reject, to make their ideal, even under their imperfect conception, beautiful. But what is their self-sacrificing love, the halo they throw round earthly life, except a dream, a poetic fancy—beautiful indeed, but misty, intangible, baseless? Their rhapsodies of love and death are but sentiment in them; and if sometimes real in their themes, leave in us at last only grief at the thought of wasted nobleness. They have no motive to offer; they cannot show the way to attain their end, they cannot even prove it to be worth trying to attain. They talk of religion as a submission to the invisible laws within and without us, of morality as the conforming our habits to those laws.† But what laws—those of self-sacrifice or those of self-pleasing? And how can we sacrifice to abstract laws? Sacrifice, to be a working principle, implies acceptance, and points to a person. The new gospel is meant, forsooth, so the authoress just quoted tells us in the same place, for the faint-hearted and the down-trodden! They may as well be told to worship the laws of England, or conform their habits to the Code Napoléon! But here, in S. Francis, in the teaching of the Catholic Church, is their ideal, lovely and perfect beyond their powers of conception and description. Here is an all-sufficient, ever-springing motive; here is the exact and detailed method of realizing their vision. The All-good, love for whom *is* sanctity, unselfishness, heroism, has set the laws of life as possibilities of love for Him. He has taken our nature with its woes, and given the perfect example of self-renouncing love, constraining to imitation, not for an abstract barren *altruism*, but for His own dear sake. And His death has bought for man the chance and power of loving, and is the real proof that the end of man is *life*, and—if need were, and one might be so privileged—*death*, for love of God. This is the substance, the sum, of the teaching of S. Francis de Sales, Doctor of the Church Catholic.

HENRY BENEDICT MACKEY, O.S.B.

* Preface to "Letter of S. Francis de Sales."

† So George Eliot, "Mill on the Floss," book iv.

ART. III.—FREILIGRATH.

1. *Ferdinand Freiligrath's gesammelte Dichtungen*. Neue Auflage.* Stuttgart: Göschen. 1877.
2. *Nachgelassenes*. Stuttgart: Göschen. 1883.
3. *Thomas Carlyle, Latter-Day Pamphlets*. London: Chapman & Hall. 1851.

HERMANN FERDINAND FREILIGRATH first saw the light of this distracted century, at Detmold, in Westphalia, June 17, 1810. He was christened Hermann, as no doubt were a multitude of his near and distant cousins in that part of the German Fatherland, by way of keeping alive the memory of the greatest Hermann—heroic Arminius—that slew Varus with all his legions in the Teutobergian Forest, and thereby secured to Europe a German no less than a Greco-Roman culture. For Detmold lies in a famous country, on the edge of certain pleasantly wooded heights, looking out over the shining plains, where towards west and north-west the Lippe and Emms move slowly on their course, that making through Westphalian plains to fall into the Rhine, and this turning northward to the German Ocean. Eastward again, and not far off, is the Weser, travelling almost parallel to the Ems, over the sandy breadth of Hanover, a region by no means picturesque, but large in its prospects and not uncheerful. All about Detmold flourished, in times long past, the immense Teutobergian Wood, the fastness and stronghold of unconquered Germany; and there, after much abstruse questioning of the locality, an archæologist might find evidence to satisfy himself of the exact spot where Augustus was robbed of his legions. There, at any rate, the Archivrath Clostermeier, a painstaking earnest man, fixed, more than half-a-century ago, the place of that world-famous victory; and thither in 1874 the German people came and set up their colossal statue of Arminius, honouring the sturdy chieftain that fought for his own hand, and for them too, against the mistress of nations. Young Freiligrath had, by that time, grown to be the most popular of German poets; but he could remember how, in his early days, he walked by the side of the venerable Archivrath and listened to his arguments in the woody recesses and on the precipitous sides of the legendary hills. And, in one and another of his poems, he records with affectionate pride his

* To this edition, in six readable volumes, an introduction is prefixed by Herr Schmidt Weissenfels, carefully written, and combining into one the scattered notices that have appeared since Freiligrath's death. I am much indebted to it in the following pages.

share in the old man's enthusiasm, and the wonder that took hold of him as he beheld "the first beginning" of the Fatherland. He lived to witness a second beginning, as unexpected, and likely to prove as memorable, but achieved far over the Rhine and not in the heart of Germany. So this is why Freiligrath was called Hermann.

He had brothers and sisters, how many I cannot tell; but they died in infancy; and when he was seven years' old his mother died too. His father, I learn, was a schoolmaster, and cannot have been very well off; but his connections were some of them rich; or, at all events, had interest and helped the boy at his starting in life. For his father he felt a deep affection; and on losing him, Freiligrath, who was then in his nineteenth year, wrote the tender and pathetic verses, that have drawn tears from so many eyes, beginning "O lieb', so lang' du lieben kannst." His mother, too, he has commemorated in "The Picture Bible," which tells a story as pretty in framework and painting as Heine's well-known Rabbi of Bacharach—a story always pleasant to read of the boy at his mother's knee, asking eager questions concerning the far-off scenes and figures in strange apparel and solemn attitudes, that first reveal to us the truths of religion. These Oriental splendours made as lasting an impression on the boy-poet as his rambles through the German forest with Clostermeier. We must, indeed, look upon the illustrations in his Bible, and the antiquarian discourse of his aged friend, as determining elements in the poet's life; for they were the seed and prophecy of all that he became. Nothing, perhaps, is more frequent than to light upon tokens of the future in a man's earliest years; and but few things are so strange or interesting. But it did not appear, at first, that the story of Hermann, and the glowing colours of the Bible narrative, would serve a purpose unless to heighten the boy's imagination. For the stepmother of us all, Lady Fortune, had resolved that his training should be of that rough and contradictory sort that makes one man and mars a hundred. Freiligrath was to rival Schiller in his manliness of character, his lofty faith in the poet's vocation, and, most of all, in his hold on the youth of Germany. And, like Schiller, he was condemned to a calling which, to the poetic temperament, is worse than imprisonment and martyrdom. Schiller, the singer of the Ideal in forms dramatic and epic, was taught military discipline by way of thrusting him from the shade of Helicon. But Freiligrath, whose genius made him in love with the wildly picturesque, the marvellous, distant, and deeply-coloured, was sent at sixteen into a house of business at neighbouring Soest, being settled there with a relative, and destined by-and-by to set out thence on his travels. Not in the

sunset path of imagination was he to journey, but across the German Ocean to Edinburgh, where a thriving uncle had promised to take him into partnership. And at Soest—which is itself a quaint old town, and has shadowy recollections clinging about it of the Nibelungen Lied, of Von Troneg Hagen the grim, and Volker, his companion-in-arms, the accomplished warrior and violin-player—Freiligrath abode five years. It might seem that he was not to be a poet. But how these counter-checks in life deceive us! In no other way could he have developed his peculiar spirit, or combined the various influences that have made of him the most widely known, and, in a certain sense, the most instructive of recent German poets. The first lessons in poetry had sunk deep; with clear-shining eyes the child had beheld and interpreted a vision of Eastern beauty from the morning-lands in his mother's Bible; and since he was not skilled in painting with the pencil, he resolved to paint in words; nor yet the sacred pictures only, but all that his reading and powerful fancy could bring before him. An innate faculty, as rare as wonderful, enabled him to call up the natural associations of all he saw—to seize the local habitation, the skies and streams, and the balmy or noxious atmosphere, wherein each thing flourished and was at home that merchants or travellers brought with them from remote countries. We may call this the gift of second-sight, and Freiligrath had it in perfection. Witness the captivating poem called "Iceland-Moss Tea," composed when he was recovering from sickness, at the age of sixteen. The dreaming boy shuts his eyes, and Iceland and its wonders of fire and snow are in a moment visible to him. He sees the Arctic world, and the beauty of its desolation; and in describing, the Northern zone grows keen and vivid, like the narratives that hold us entranced by our cosy fireside, telling us what Parry and Ross and Franklin beheld as they sailed towards the Pole, or were bound in icy chains beyond the seventieth degree north latitude. An imagination so clear and true was not likely to have its light put out because its owner busied himself with the theory of exchanges at Soest. Business, to the matter-of-fact man, is prosaic; but then all things are prosaic to him—his religion, as well as his ledger and balance-sheet. The poet, unless he is on the perilous edge of bankruptcy, may find its wide range of associations as stimulating as the Egyptian and Assyrian scenes that took Freiligrath's fancy in the Old Testament, or as the Arctic universe laid open to him in his school geography. Nay, there is an additional wealth of possibilities, to the genuine poet, in the languages of commerce—in English and Spanish, for example—which he now apprehends as living and significant in the mouths of other men besides his tutor; they will have for him

the romance of reality, being at once strange and yet a fact, not questionable hearsays like the Greek and Latin, of which he knows not that human creatures ever spoke them. Freiligrath, instead of losing heart, paid as close attention to these foreign languages, as if therein his good Genius had given him not one Aladdin's lamp, but a store-full. The event proved him abundantly wise. Neither did he refuse to make himself an adept in business, or scorn, as too many do, the brazen armour because he failed to see how he could exchange it for golden. He learned to be a practical sharp-eyed man, always, thanks to his daily work, in contact with realities; he was assured that even winged things, however gracefully they may fly through the air, must walk and not fly when they find themselves on the ground. But when business gave him leave, he would indulge in "short swallow-flights of song," and try his wings with the best of them; for he never dreamt that a money-changer might not also be apprentice to Apollo. It is characteristic of the modern time—this blending of high poetic imaginings with common duties; and is, perhaps, the most hopeful symptom amid so much to discourage and appal.

Freiligrath wrote many poems that now are lost; but we have enough from those 'prentice years to excite our warmest admiration, and entitle him, though he had written no more, to a rank among his native poets not altogether unlike that of Keats in English literature. He was a powerful and early genius, thirsting for fame, drawn towards the wild and fantastic in subject as in metre, and with an eye for intense colour which no German poet has quite equalled. It is impossible to handle this theme ever so lightly without alluding to Goethe and Richter, each of whom was unapproachable in his own sphere as a colourist, and both as distinct as stars yielding contrasted spectra. To institute a comparison between Freiligrath and these spirits of highest renown would be difficult, and, on the whole, unprofitable. Yet it may help to describe him, if I say that he exceeds Goethe in depth of colour, as the African landscapes that so delighted him exceed the milder tones of Greek poetry, having in them a fierce glare without much delicacy of outline or tender shadow. It is a common-place in criticizing Goethe that he shows everywhere an affinity for sculpture and the plastic arts; his colouring is beautifully soft, but has not even a Venetian brightness in it, much less the intolerable lustre of the tropics. Richter is much more gorgeous, but vast and vague; he is at home, not in the desert, resting at eventide by the well of the oasis under waving palms, but in the forests illimitable of India, amid profuse vegetation, and in solitudes consecrated by a pantheistic religion to the worship of Divine Nature. The affinities of Richter's

style are with music and the changes of the world from season to season, not with painting that fixes a scene for ever, and has only a present tense. But Freiligrath is a master of word-painting: in his first stage he is all eye; he can but tell you what he is now beholding, and not at all how it will affect him when the spectacle is withdrawn. He has little tenderness or passion, though signs are never wanting that he will weep or storm hereafter, so soon as the blaze of colour becomes familiar to him. Hence I should compare his earlier poems, those that make up the "*Tagebuchblätter*," or "*Leaves from a Poet's Diary*," to certain paintings of the modern French school. Take for instance, "*Nebo*," "*A Voice from Senegal*," "*Africa*," and "*The Sheikh at Sinai*," or any that occur in the same series, and read them in the presence of Regnier's pictures; or call to mind as you study their wild rhythmic beatings the burning skies and deserts, with their jewel-like unpitied splendour, of Eugène Fromentin; and it will be clear that the stay-at-home merchant-lad at Soest has kindred feelings with these artists who travelled over Africa and painted what their eyes had seen; that his writing harmonizes with their colouring, and has many of its peculiarities, especially its deficiency in the mingled and creeping shade, the universal grey, to which in our regions the mind no less than the eye is habituated. No other of Freiligrath's countrymen has attained to the clearness wherein he beheld these glories of Sahara; none have filled their poems with its scorching light, not even the old man Goethe in his melodious "*West-östliche Divan*," nor Rückert, to whom the Orient was like a dream within a dream. Freiligrath was bolder than all of them, and described things like a traveller whose enthusiasm made memory distinct and the drawing more life-like. But he did not explore the East alone or the South; his imagination, roaming far and wide beyond Westphalia, seemed familiar with all countries, and painted such a gallery of landscapes as Germany had never seen. He appeared like the embodied spirit of the age, willing to idealize, but insisting that he should first examine the world with his own eyes, lyrical too, in vague and hopeful sympathy with the multitudes that suffer wrong, yet observant like the experimental science that creates or destroys with equal calmness. He would not have pleased Goethe, for his observation had in it the germs of passionate action; but the scientific poet of Weimar might have approved his attempt to paint things exactly as he saw them, and his instinct of exploration combined though it was with a disdain for the classic forms in which Goethe had excelled. Freiligrath never studied Greek or Italian art. If Goethe had not possessed the finest critical faculty, one can imagine his taking the extravagance in these youthful poems

for the "Storm and Stress" which he had gloriously exhibited in the very drama that made an end of it, in Götz von Berlichingen. But the new extravagance was not the old, though allied to it. Freiligrath's poetry reflected the gorgeous riot and exuberance of Nature, not the wild yearning after things impossible, or at least revolutionary, that betokened and preceded the great changes of the last century. It was, in a word, more objective than subjective, and dealt with Nature rather than man. But there is no denying that if the note that Freiligrath struck was merely picturesque, its harmonics, so to speak, were revolutionary. It proclaimed a brotherly interest in man as man, a desire to feel with the world at large, and to teach the Germans that they must look outward as well as inward if they would be truly great. This active young man at Soest, whose hands were always full whilst his head was busy with day-dreaming, had begun to look about him, to take note of human life wherever he could hear of it, nay, to glance towards the distant horizon with something of that power to gain a focus and realize the scene before him, which the Germans of all Western races seem the slowest to acquire. If he went on as he began, there was ground to prophesy that Freiligrath would one day be a leader in the nation.

Meanwhile, he has reached the age of twenty-one, and what is the prosperous uncle in Edinburgh doing? Alas, he has ceased to be the thriving uncle of yore; times have gone hard with him, and he can offer his nephew but a share in a ruined business. Freiligrath must provide for himself elsewhere. Arthur's Seat and Holyrood, with all the magnificent scenery of the Northern Athens, he must forego, and rest content with the Dutch quaintness of Amsterdam instead of them. Imagine the glowing spirit of Eugène Fromentin condemned to do penance, to fast and abstain on the shores of the Zuyder Zee, amid the "canaux, canards, canaille," which was all that unpoetic and sneering Voltaire could see in Holland! A brave man might well have been daunted. But Freiligrath was a poet, and had eyes in his head. He saw what Nature and art had made worthy to be seen. The Low German people are a solid race, not abounding greatly in the music of speech, and somewhat the duller that they cannot in these raw climates stint themselves of good cheer; yet they know when flowers are beautiful, and have a liking for bright colours and clean trim gardens, and are full of a comfortable humour that can laugh its great broad laugh on canvas with as hearty good-will as over a real dining-table, or in a well-frequented ordinary. And on the shores of their dim Ocean there is beauty in wide wet sands and shallow waters, glistening, as the sun rises and sets over them, like molten gold, or vast and dream-

like when the great grey mists hang upon them, and storms break out of the northern sky. Marshlands have their own charm, and the fowl that haunts them, and the tangled grasses among which the salt waves are flashing, as the wind drives them to and fro. And wherever the harbours are crowded with shipping, there is poetry also, rough and yet tender in its meaning, and again weird and suggestive of endless mystery in the coming and going of these white-winged phantoms across the deep. And thus to Freiligrath even a bill of lading was fraught with poetry, as to Homer the vessels and garniture of the houses in which heroes abode; the ships that went sailing east and west took him with them as they voyaged, until he saw in spirit Java and the isles beyond even the "utmost Indian isle, Taprobane," and inhaled the breath of their spices; or wandered through their plantations of mangrove trees, and fell entangled amongst their gorgeous creepers. In such worlds, sometime or other, we all have lived; but Freiligrath, under the impulse that urges a poet, the need to utter himself in rhythmic movements and give his feelings air, was ever expressing them in song, and moulding upon this foreign and surprising beauty verses wherein the beat of the measure, the rich metaphorical language, the warm and rapid enthusiasm seem fittingly to enshrine his dearest thoughts, and to make him the master of a new school, because he had the courage to trust himself, and break away from the old. Had he continued to be simply outlandish and Eastern, he might have compassed the success of a day; but when the sunbright pictures tired, he was ready with a cool and tender piece of sea-painting; for the canebrakes of the mighty Congo and the deluding shimmer of the mirage, you were offered a land-and-water sketch in Holland, full of grey and dim sea-blue; you saw once more the northern sea-fowl darting along the beach, or turning their glittering white throats to the veiled sun where it peered through a bank of clouds. But even water-colours, refreshing for a while, will not content us; if song be all painting and no heart it will never win the love of mankind, however it may call forth their wonder. It is not enough to see truly; we must look with the eyes of a man and let things touch our innermost spirit kindling it to joy or pain. "*Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt,*" says Virgil in the beautiful style that age cannot antique. The wealth of Freiligrath's imagination and abundant splendour of his words, had never made him what he has grown to be in German hearts; it was the depth of feeling, the simple chord again and again repeated of love and sympathy for things mean as well as great, for home and its quiet hours as for the romance of the Spanish and the Indian Main, that drew him close to the affection of his people, and gave them an interest in him as a

brother to whom their hearts were open. The poet is of all men most human; the measure of his greatness is the largeness of his heart, if he can make it felt whilst he is singing. Of Freiligrath, be his mistakes as many and as grave in after life as we may reckon, it remains true that "his pulse ever beat with the great heart of humanity." It is not the young, indeed, that have most feeling or the deepest; they have seldom been tried enough, and, though tried, are, for the most part, incapable of that lasting memory that tells us what wisdom and bitterness lie hid in sorrow. By-and-by, Freiligrath was to suffer much and thereby to learn; he was to enlarge his way of thinking and to deliver what appeared to him the sternest of prophetic messages; but even as a youth of twenty he showed that he could feel beyond the common, and his first notes took the attention of every practised ear in Germany. They heralded the approach of a new poet.

Some poems he brought out in 1835, of which four appeared in the "*Deutscher Musenalmanach*," or "Year-Book of German Poesy," edited at that time by Chamisso and Schwab, men of no inconsiderable report in the "*Elegant World*," as those good Germans denominated the Republic of Letters. Chamisso, the French poet with the German heart, is still deservedly remembered; of Schwab I would not undertake to say so much. Poor Schwab! The world is encumbered with tombstones, upon most of which the very epitaphs are getting moss-grown and unreadable, and are damp to the touch. But Freiligrath could not have found a better introduction to the readers of his day than through such men, and especially Chamisso, who was looked upon as the Nestor of German literature, and whose laurels were flourishing in a green old age. It was noised abroad at the great book fair of Leipzig and æsthetic tea-tables innumerable that a young poet had arisen in Westphalia, from whom might be expected many poems as fresh and strange as "*Scipio*" and "*Anno Domini*," as "*Lowenritt*" and "*Schiffbruch*." The once celebrated Gutzkow, and he was not altogether wide of the mark, declared that in Freiligrath they had a German Victor Hugo, a man to fascinate the reading multitude with beauty and horror, even as the author of "*Hernani*" and that evil dream of Romanticism, "*Nôtre Dame de Paris*." Cotta of Stuttgart, the great Suabian *impressario* of poets and story-tellers, was convinced that he had lighted upon a new wonder, and offered him the most brilliant place in his shop window as soon as he had fresh wares to exhibit. It was an invitation from Mercury to come and sit among the gods in their Olympus; and Freiligrath, turning his back on Amsterdam, which had done for him as much as could be expected of a sober Dutch capital, betook himself in 1836 to

Soest, and began the work that was to decide his future. The public was curious, the critics were standing ready with their lancets and instruments of torture, willing, as their manner is, to spare if they could not draw blood. In 1838 the book at length came out, and its success was instantaneous and lasting. It may be read now with the satisfaction it elicited then, and is a true classic and original. It was made up of the poems that Amsterdam and its ships had inspired, a poet's diary, full, as I have said, of what has since been called word-painting, and, in a rare degree, imaginative and real. It sang of all things, from the dead that lie in the deep sea to the sands that are heaped upon them; it shrank from nothing that came within the poet's ken, and its style was as strikingly new as many of its subjects. The ocean, the desert, the world of wild living creatures, the reckless passion, violence, and tyranny of man, all contributed matter for high and daring contemplation; it was Nature that charmed in the singer as much as the manner of his singing. But that, too, was great; and these romances in verse showed a master's skill and sureness in dealing with his native speech. Freiligrath added a new power to the German tongue; he made it a language of colour. In another province, also, he was displaying its riches; for he translated the French and English poets with extraordinary grace and accuracy. He was not, indeed, the first to accomplish these marvels. W. von Schlegel and Voss had preceded him in their translation of Shakespeare; and much had been done in this department. But he remains, as will appear on turning over his collected works, the one German to whom translating has been a life's vocation; and his services are held by Germany in the honour they deserve. Of this later; for the topic has occurred here but incidentally. Enough that his first volume contained a series of translations as remarkable as the original poems by which he was to stand or fall.

It was a book that he had lived through ere he printed it, and every word and image was real to him, uttered because he felt them, not written to order as a means of climbing up the ladder of Fortune. Far otherwise: the new poet had the spirit of his time; was ardent, pitiful, and inexperienced; seeing the many things that were gone wrong, and nowhere a man to right them, he yearned after an ideal which he could only express by the magic watchwords of the French Revolution, Liberty and Fraternity, to which as yet he would not add Equality. For he lay a while under the spell of "old Romance," and seemed to feel with Uhland and the youthful Victor Hugo how beautiful was the moonlit Past, how soft a witchery its faded hues, and great gloomy shades, and Moorish and Gothic squares and streets, might hold within them. But his imagination alone was drawn

that way; not his heart nor his intellect. Among the singers of his time he stood alone, distinguished by a gift of poetical oratory, which, in the height of passionate presentation, had a scope and tendency that only the most resolute calm prose could embody in action. He was neither sad-tongued and tearful like Lenau; nor mocking and melancholy, like Heine; nor political, like Anastasius Grün; nor simply romantic, like Uhland; but earnest, direct, and bold, as if a soldier marching to battle. The sentiment that creates revolutionary dogmas in a young man's breast may be felt as we read these utterances—generous pity for suffering that no individual efforts can relieve, and a deep discontent with the political and social order in which chronic suffering is possible. A painful story, entitled by him "The Irish Widow," may exemplify the one feeling, as "Audubon" expresses the other. But he abounded in cries and arguments and self-communings, all, as the poet's manner is, laid open to the market-place, and letting the German people into the secret of his strivings, which were theirs too, towards an order of things that should better correspond to their needs and wishes than the reign, continued for now more than twenty years, of a Prince Metternich at Vienna, and an æsthetic helpless Frederick William IV. at Berlin. Freiligrath did not know what was in store for him, or that he was to take a foremost rank among German Liberals: unwittingly he went forward, and in no long time the result was manifest.

The success of his poems determined him to quit the counting-house, and live henceforth, as Schiller expresses it, in the bright region of ideal forms. After spending more than two years at Barmen in Westphalia, he settled in the poetic little town of Unkel on the Rhine, and drew around him such congenial spirits as he might love and learn from. He was a man to make friends, being so unaffected and loving himself, and of a pleasant humorous turn, as well as deep convictions. It would be extremely interesting to dwell on the circle of younger poets that gathered about Freiligrath, making up, as they did, though in a loosely-hanging connection of feelings and characters, a sort of Rhenish school. Some were famous then; some have come more into the light in later years; and there is one at least, Emanuel Geibel, whose claim to our attention is founded upon exquisite and truly poetical achievements. Of him, perhaps, we may speak on another occasion. Freiligrath appears to have gained most from his intercourse with Simrock and Immermann. Between them these cultivated spirits drew him more and more into the sphere of German sentiments; he ceased to dream of the Desert and its sand-pictures, and bade a comic farewell, which was meant, however, in earnest, to the camels and lions and other

serviceable beasts in his old menagerie. The finely-touched poem "*Meine Stoffe*," shows him as he turns from the Sahara wastes to quench his thirst at a spring of clear water, nearer home and sweeter even than the well of the oasis about whose borders the palms are growing. He is sorrowful, but resolved. However, it was neither in a day nor a year that he put away the dreams of youth, too wide and distant in their outlook to be more than prophecy, and the interval must have been a pleasanter time than he spent before or after. He was prosperous, well known abroad, beloved in the circle about him, and it was the time of his marriage. At Unkel he became acquainted with Fräulein Ida Melos, a young lady from Weimar, and at that period governess in the family of a retired Prussian officer. Fräulein Ida seems to have been her husband's equal in depth and cultivation of feeling; and their wedding, which took place in May, 1841, was the beginning of a happy married life, in which the poet's genius found many things beautiful and touching, as he delights to tell us. The poems addressed to his wife, or alluding to her and the children they were blessed with, are full of a calm happiness wherein the reader cannot but share, whilst admiring the union of heart and intellect that made it possible. Freiligrath's household poems are delightful; they were not intended for the public eye, and sometimes, though rarely, lack the finish that even a rapid and eloquent writer, and such was Freiligrath, will bestow on what he means to publish. But they have all the qualities of poetry in the making, and especially that overflowing sympathy that gives to Freiligrath his power of dealing with things as if they were present. I do not speak of such choice, though simple, lyrics as "*Mit Unkraut*," or "*Ruhe in der Geliebten*," or the heartfelt and poetical lament, "*Nach Johanna Kinkel's Begräbniss*," than which he has written nothing more manly or noble. To these there went time and attention, we may be sure; but even the sudden and momentary effusions of friendship, which were meant to endure no longer than the breath that uttered them, are very taking; one feels that it would have been a pleasure no less than a privilege to enjoy Freiligrath's intimacy.

Soon after his marriage, the poet set up his tent in Darmstadt, where he proposed, with the fatuity of genius, to bring out a magazine under the title "*Britannia*," to be the medium of introducing English life and literature to the German nation. The plan came speedily to naught. He was then offered, as we are told, a literary position by General Von Radowitz, but declined it from an uneasy feeling that he was not enough in harmony with the established order of things. He continued to write poetry, and to be on terms of friendship with the Suabian singers,

Kerner, Karl Mayer, and the now voiceless Uhland; but the tinge of romanticism faded quickly from his verses, and he drew ever nearer to the leaders of the Revolution. These were not always men of clear views or commanding intellect; nor did their wild lyrism seem captivating at first to the poet in his quiet idyllic retirement at Darmstadt. Nay, in the reflections published by him on the death of Diego Leon, he declared that poetry and politics should be kept asunder, writing with a certain pride:—

Der Dichter steht auf einer höhern Warte,
Als auf den Zinnen der Partei.

This undeniable maxim became a furious battle-cry and party-word. The author's friends were themselves divided into rival camps, Herwegh thundering against him, and the art-loving Geibel commending his declaration, as with a good conscience he might do all his life. By a yet more curious accident, it was not long before the King of Prussia granted him a pension of 300 thalers annually, as if in reward for a saying that would charm the tongues of liberal poets and silence revolutionary lyrism. How much 300 Prussian thalers might come to in the year 1842, I dare not venture to calculate; but I shall be surprised if it came to £50—as large a sum no doubt in Germany as twice as much at that time in England. It was not a bribe, nor did it impose any duty upon Freiligrath, who was far from expecting such a token of the King's favour. We are easily persuaded now that Frederick William was but obeying a generous impulse, and recognizing the romantic zeal of Freiligrath in the restoration, a year earlier or so, of Roland'seck; neither did any one imagine that the poet had sold himself to the King. But the favour brought on a crisis. He spent the summer of that year on the Rhine at St. Goar, and met his familiar friends again, Geibel, Auerbach, and others that are known to us; and it was not long before conscience enlightened him in the matter of the Royal pension. He could not continue to accept it. He was clear now that he must serve the people and not the King. He would make it known to all men that he renounced the past, that freedom and the future might reckon upon him. Accordingly, on New Year's Day, 1844, he resigned his 300 Prussian thalers, and was henceforth a free man. In the following May he published from Asmannshausen his "Confession of Faith, or Poems for the Times," and with it a frank and most manly preface, in which he laid his heart open before the world, and took up a stand from which he never afterwards receded. He had hesitated and considered long; nor, indeed, without good reason; but his mind was now made up, and for the rest of his life he wrote and acted as one that had a prophetic message to his people, and was

a poet only because poetry is the most direct and persuasive preaching. The burden laid upon him, as he conceived, was to announce the German Revolution and prepare its path.

It is forty years ago, and times are in many respects altered. The Great German Revolution, so long on the playbills, as Heine used to say, has not been acted; the theatre has passed into fresh hands; nor is the present lessee, Herr von Bismarck, at all favourable to French doctrines or to a republic of all the talents. Freiligrath lived to see his beloved tricolor, the black, red, and gold, strike to the blood and iron of a young Teutonic Empire. The wild enthusiasm that erected so many barricades in '48, and with unprofitable courage too often died upon them, has left little more than a remembrance to this generation. It was an uprising of young men, for the most part destitute of Christian education, unacquainted with history, and reduced to the philosophy of Materialism and Unbelief; but their intentions were not always so evil as their deeds, and they were grievously sinned against as well as sinning. Catholic Christendom, as we should bear in mind, lay prostrate under the iron heel of that great royal and military caste that ruled in Europe since the Treaty of Vienna; and the Revolution of 1848 was directed chiefly against a Cæsarism and centralization that the Church, assuredly, has never blessed. At this distance, then, of time, and in regard to such a conflict, we may speak with gentleness of men by whose failure we have profited, and from whom has been exacted the utmost penalty, death in the street or in prison, and the verdict of posterity which, with severe truth, condemns them as unworthy to have succeeded. But they were not unworthy to have been governed as rational, responsible beings; and herein lies some explanation, though by no means all, of that secret sympathy with the movement of '48 which even now continues to weaken public order abroad. Much that was contended for in '48 seems to an Englishman his birthright; and the most convincing proof that Freiligrath and his party were not wholly in the wrong, is that their demands have been in part satisfied and the world is but little the worse for it, nay, in some respects, is very much the better. At any rate, we have taken one step forward in exchanging a Metternich even for a Bismarck; and the remedial legislation upon which so many governments have been engaged, and of which we may say that it is only beginning its career, is ample testimony to the wrong and the suffering against which men like Freiligrath protested in such passionate strains. What they really desired was government by law, which Aristotle calls the best rule of a State, instead of government by caprice, whether cruel or kindly. It is not an English heart that will condemn such aspirations; nor will the Catholic Church. Complete freedom

of the press is not, in Catholic eyes, an unmixed good; but there may be press regulations (and such, I think, was the German censorship in the years I am speaking of), that are, practically, an unmixed evil, that hinder no real mischief and irritate public opinion to madness. As in the press, so in every department of life, Freiligrath beheld the rule of the stick and the sabre; and against it he wrote with an unwise but not with an unjust indignation. He worshipped "Freedom and the Right;" but he came reluctantly to believe that neither Freedom nor Right would be granted peaceably, and that the sword must win them, if they were to be won at all. His answer to political tyranny was Republicanism; his remedy for the growing misery of Europe and the world was Socialism. Unwise and ineffective both; yet indicating the problems of modern life with such tremendous emphasis as to compel attention and insist upon some adequate solution of them from the powers that be. We may safely conclude, indeed, that whilst Democracy and Socialism are in themselves hopelessly impracticable, the Parliament of Man that shall meet hereafter will have taken a lesson from them, and realized the good they were aiming at in its more fortunate constitution.

In sending his book out to do battle for Law and Liberty, as interpreted by the new principles, Freiligrath described it on the title-page as "a bold shot discharged into the choke-damp of these latter times." It was bold in more ways than one; for it was a Confession as well as a Credo, and recorded the growth of his convictions whilst proclaiming that they were now unalterable. But it persuaded the more easily that it left nothing to explain and nothing to retract. It was such a book as Richter would have called "almost a battle," addressing itself to present problems with a scorn that knew no bounds of the ancient and inherited wisdom of governors, the *quam parva sapientia* that survives to us from the days of Oxenstiern. It announced that men were ready to cut the knot with a sword of sharpness. Written in a mood of highest exaltation, and as if upon a desperate venture, its eloquence was that of a general haranguing his army, or a rebel chief erect on the barricades, and at once a mark to the enemy and a standard and rallying-point to his followers. It would be difficult in modern literature to find a specimen of the poetry of action, as I may call it, so sustained and earnest; so stirring a piece of battle-music, continued as upon flute and clarion, whilst the conflict was raging. Thus, accordingly, it is to be judged, not as poetry made at leisure, or rising in the brain of a man that looked on from a safe distance, but like the songs of Tyrtæus, by the enthusiasm it evoked and the overwhelming tumult of feeling that created it. We may

turn its pages and read there, not one, but a hundred hymns of battle, as defiant and wildly heroic as the "Marseillaise." And then there are tones of softest pity inspired by the *Hungersnoth*; by such pangs as took hold of the strongest men when they saw children crying for bread and there was none to give them. Government gave them stripes, and the poets could give them only their songs, in those hard famine-years that led up to '48. All Europe was ringing with rebellious speeches, or murmuring elegies of lament, such as "The Song of the Shirt," "The Bridge of Sighs," and the threnodies of Victor Hugo that Freiligrath has rendered into graphic German. He wrote much himself on behalf of the hunger-stricken,—*"Vom Hartze," "Aus den Schlesischen Bergen," "Des Kaiser's Segen,"* poems in which the pain goes almost too deep for words, and, as in the "Bride of Lammermoor," makes one sorry to have read what one cannot remedy. It was a great Book of Lamentations to which Freiligrath added his note—the book in which all the poets of our century have uttered their Alephs and Ghimels of revolutionary hunger-pangs. For nothing will hasten a revolution like the want of food and fire. And here would be the place to quote Carlyle's "Chartism," "Past and Present," "Latter-day Pamphlets," with their bitter truth and sharp biting rhetoric; or Kingsley's "Yeast" and "Alton Locke," as samples of the spirit that prompted Freiligrath to arrest this wide-flowing eloquence and fix it in a series of pictures, easy to remember and extremely hard to refute. Nay, impossible to refute, for the pictures were not only pleadings but evidence too! The very music of the verses, headlong and irresistible, rang like the overture to Revolution. From such music to barricades in Berlin, and the march of a nation upon its rulers' palaces, there was but a step.

The effect of his book in Germany could not be doubtful. In Freiligrath the multitude read their own waverings, aspirations, arguments, and obstinate though secret hopes. Many found in him the prophet they had long been seeking, the herald of that Future that was awaiting them, had they but courage to hasten it onward, and to make an end of feudalism and its monstrous offspring, the military absolutism that kept them hungry and naked. Freiligrath became at once the leading German poet, more popular than any poet had been since Schiller. But to be popular was, in the eyes of his Government, treason. He knew it well, and waiting for no decree of banishment, withdrew to Brussels. There he conversed much with a circle of dangerous friends, the Karl Marxes and the Heinzes, who, as champions of a crude Socialism, were preaching incessantly that chaos is the beginning of Creation. His own motives were certainly pure, and his

disinterestedness great; but it is written "the truth shall make you free;" and Socialism and Republicanism are but far off guesses at truth and by no means the last word of wisdom. Enough on this head. By-and-by, the poet and his wife had their home at Rapperschwyl, on the Lake of Zurich, whence, with ever-increasing vehemence, he wrote against the Kings and Ministers of Germany. It was always the same strain, bold and pathetic, upbraiding his countrymen because they would still be patient, reminding them of their slain at Leipzig, of the War of Independence and its broken promises, and asking them to raise the German tricolor in one last effort. He was a perilous guest in Switzerland; and in 1846 he drew on once more the shoes of travel, and came with his wife and new-born daughter to London. By singing he could not earn his bread; but he was the same man of business as in Amsterdam; and he contrived to live. It was his pleasure, meantime, to watch the political horizon as it grew darker and darker. At length his prophetic *Ca Ira* was exchanged for unbounded delight in the present victory, when, on February 24, 1848, the thunder-cloud burst. With overflowing rapture he dashed off a welcome to the barricades in the spirited refrain "*Im Hochland fiel der erste Schuss,*" which, though not great poetry, is full of fire and life, nor can be read now without a quickening of the pulse such as all good singing calls up. To live out of the conflict he found impossible; in May of that year he was at home in Germany, at Düsseldorf on the Rhine, praying with all his heart that the Republic, "the child of golden hope," might now at length see the light and live immortal. He wrote and sang with unparalleled energy and courage. Few poems have such passion stirring in them as his "Address from the Dead to the Living," and few have had such immediate effect. All Germany was roused to admiration or hatred, for events had sundered it into rival camps. The authorities, thinking with the club of Hercules to dash out the brains of Apollo, indicted Freiligrath for sedition, of which in those days the penalty was death. Happily for him, the trial was at Düsseldorf, and by jury. Guilty or innocent, he could not well have been condemned without indicting half the nation; nor was Rhineland in love with its Prussian bureaucracy. Amid a scene of great enthusiasm the poet was acquitted, and, with shouting and "*Lebe-hochs*" innumerable, was drawn as on a triumphal car to his modest dwelling. The acquittal came like a glint of autumn sunshine across fields of disaster. For all the courage and the barricades of '48 availed nothing against the massive march of Russians into Hungary and of Imperial Austrians into Northern Italy; against the soldier Radetzky or the conspirator Louis Napoleon. Such bitter lamentations as "*Wien,*" "*Ungarn,*" "*Blum,*" "*Réveillé,*" were evi-

dence that the iron had entered into the poet's soul. But he abated no jot of heart or hope, whatever he might feel: never did he write with such desperate frankness as in the "Farewell Address" of the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* at Cologne, which he had helped to carry on, and which died, as he expressed himself, with the shout of rebellion upon its lips. Alas! what can courage achieve, divorced from wisdom! It is easy to rebel: so hard to reform. At the height of this unrest he published a further collection of poems, entitled "Aftermath," and "Between the Sheaves," the last being an appropriate description of his own writings as they were interspersed among the numerous translations, mostly of a social or revolutionary cast, with which he had busied himself. But he could stay no longer on German soil. A second time he set his face towards London, and arrived for the term of a long exile in May, 1851. Hardly was he landed, when the second part of his "Songs of Revolution" was confiscated by the Prussian authorities, and a charge of high treason brought against his absent self. To that he made a bold contemptuous answer in "The Revolution," a poem that closed this passionate series, to be succeeded by long silence, and the most astonishing change of fortune in Germany. Next year, also, he was charged with complicity in a democratic plot, of which it does not need to say he was wholly innocent. Freiligrath neither planned nor plotted; but spoke his mind, and was willing to take the consequences. But he might look on himself now as exiled for life.

One need not share altogether in the poet's ideal, much less have joined the party whose voice he became, to estimate his greatness aright, or to grasp the significance of his poems. Though Freiligrath had been deluded by an utterly false ideal,—and I do not think he was,—or involved in actions and tendencies as disastrous as they were unjustifiable,—and this I think none but an extreme partisan will deny;—yet the clearness with which he saw what he believed, and the power that expressed it in so striking a form, must give him a long-enduring place in his native literature. For literature is the reflection of all that men have thought and acted in their day; and it is of worth so far as with passion and accuracy it delineates the facts of life. For us that would turn our gaze upon "the chronicle of wasted time," what so vivid or interesting in its presentation of the past, as the "Book of Confessions" by Freiligrath, or his "Later and Latest Poetry," considered as the glass wherein we may behold whatever he saw? Nay, his aspirations, though unrealized, are still facts of history. When he beheld in the visionary "An den Birkenbaum" the last battle that is ever to be, the day of the Kings against the Peoples and the Peoples against the Kings,—a battle of Armageddon in another than

the scriptural sense,—he gathered up for posterity a world of hopes and fears that we must not forget and may well take home to ourselves. He was a true chronicler of his age, and seized its spirit with a freedom and boldness that few could have ventured upon. All his life through he uttered in song the feelings that made his men mental. Other men make speeches and keep diaries; but in him experience became poetry. And therefore his verse had nothing in it of the *dilettante*; it was not, as the Germans speak, *Pfuscherei*,—the botched painting of an artist that paints to sell,—but living, earnest, manly, if not always wise or well-considered. In the midst of action he wrote an abstract of the century, which does not yield in interest, nor altogether, one may say with Gutzkow, in genius, to the Revolutionary Epic of Victor Hugo.

We must pass over nearly twenty years. Freiligrath, though not idle, was mostly silent, earning his bread with sorrow, and not finding the burden of the time a light one. He suffered, and beheld suffering all round; in England, spite of its free Government; in London, spite of its untold riches. He became more of a Republican and Socialist than ever. But with advancing years his style softened to a clear, affectionate manner of speech, nervous and delicate, entirely free from the blaze of colour that announced his arrival among the poets. Heine's amused and amusing satire on "The Blackamoor Chief,"—the unkindly "Atta Troll,"—would have found no purchase in the later poems of Freiligrath. His convictions did not alter, but he no longer felt bound to deliver them. He came to love England, and has written much and gracefully on the incidents of his family life amongst us. Into London society he did not intrude himself; on the contrary, he has spoken almost too sharply of that charming Hans Christian Andersen, whose delight at finding himself a lion was, like his fairy-tales, naïve and hearty. Freiligrath lived, for the most part, amongst his countrymen, and was loved by them as he deserved. In America his renown increased greatly; for the causes that drove him into exile were, and are, still in action, leading to that immense migration of Germans across the Atlantic that grows with the growth of military institutions and industrial serfdom at home. The emigrants naturally honoured him as *their* poet, as one that had fought and suffered to keep them in their old cities by Elbe and Rhine. In the Fatherland he was a universal favourite with the young, and admitted, even by his enemies, to have done his nation credit; for he is one of the best known of German poets.

So when trouble came upon him, and it seemed, in 1867, that he must seek a precarious living in his old age, the German people combined to make him a home, and to welcome his face

among them. No King, perhaps, would have offered him a pension; neither was there, as among the Athenians, a prytaneum, or public table, for those that had served their country faithfully. But the German nation, to whom he had long been dear, might bestow on him a tribute such as he without shame could accept. He returned home in June, 1868. His journey along the Rhine was a beautiful and poetic progress, in which the greeting he received became ever more loving and honourable, for it was bestowed by men of all opinions, and might be called the verdict of Germany, declaring that he had spent, as befitted the first of her living poets, a noble, unselfish life. After moving hither and thither for a space, he settled in Stuttgart. To his beloved early home in the Teutobergian Forest he paid a visit in 1869. I have spoken of the poem that tells us how he felt on beholding again the woods and hills of Detmold, and the quiet, pleasant plains; and how he thought once more of Hermann and the Archivrath Clostermeier. He little dreamt, perhaps, as he looked over the beautiful country, that a second Hermannschlacht, with all its far-reaching consequences, was near at hand. But when 1870 came, and Prussia proved herself to be a modern Götz von Berlichingen, with an iron hand that could and would protect the Germans, though smiting them occasionally a little hard, Freiligrath was ready as of old, and sang his "Hurrah, Germania," like a soldier marching to his first campaign. He sent, likewise, his eldest son to the front, but to tend the wounded and wear the Red Cross instead of the sword. For the Republic he yearned even now; but in the hour of national wisdom and insight that united "the seven princes" of Germany, Brandenburg with Suabia, and Bavaria with Saxony, the poet had an insight of his own, and could exclaim with fervour that now the German's Fatherland was all Germany from north to south. The collected edition of his poems, issued "in the year of honour, 1870," he dedicated with a full heart to the country he had loved from youth to grey hairs. Nor was it "without the Divinity" that his closing eyes should behold Germany united, if not altogether free—a queenly woman, as he sings, crowned and with victorious sword in hand, but in the weeds of mourning still, and longing for the day when she might restore her sword to its scabbard and put on the raiment of peace. He was not to see more of the time to come; the destiny of that famous German nation is not clear even yet to those that love her. To the social enigma no answer has been given. But Freiligrath, in his old age, confessed that something, though not all, had been accomplished of his early hopes; that, if Germany was neither the Promised Land nor the Garden of Eden, it had changed greatly for the

better since those days of humiliation when the sword of France and the sceptre of Austria made it the least among nations. He had not attained his ideal; but the dreams of his youth were not wholly unfulfilled. What of the morrow? he asked. Now that Prussia, in the eyes of Europe, is Germany, will it become German indeed, and put on the large humanity, the fine old German heart and spirit, without which it may inspire fear but cannot conquer love? It was not for Freiligrath to know. With whatever mistakes in judgment, he had, in the honourable sincerity of his life, in the true brotherly tone and simple purity of his writings, done his utmost towards uniting the people into a nation upon the noble pattern of the ancient "*Deutsche Treue*." His work was accomplished. At an age that still promised happiness and gave scope for moderate and seasonable activity, he was summoned away. He died, suddenly and painlessly, of heart disease, March 18, 1876. He had not completed his sixty-sixth year. The mourning of Germany was such as became a great nation at the tomb of a great poet, of one whose life and writings combine to show us, emphatically, a man; tender-hearted, brave, and loyal; neither a misanthrope nor an inhuman fanatic, but cheery and practical in his own calling; and if too sanguine of the virtues that would create a golden age of Freedom and Fraternity, yet in this to be pardoned, as a poet whose vision must ever include the Divine possibilities still left in our nature.

What he wrought in song of his own composition I have already noted. It remains to indicate, with the utmost brevity, his success and exceedingly wide range as a translator. He has taken in hand the most renowned and difficult of English poets, beginning with Shakespeare's "*Venus and Adonis*," and coming down to Longfellow's "*Hiawatha*," to Bret Harte and the extraordinary writer of prose-poems who styles himself Walt Whitman. Again, he has rendered into expressive German many of the Poems and Ballads of the "*Oriental Sketches*," and the "*Autumn Leaves*," of Victor Hugo, a feat which those that are well read in the originals will regard with astonishment, so difficult is the undertaking, and achieved with such apparent ease. In like manner, the gay and passionate verses of Alfred de Musset are turned with a poet's skill, and, if they lose in petulance, they must needs gain by their translation into a more rhythmical language than their own. For no one will deny the sweetness and feeling of the German ballad. To Felicia Hemans and Thomas Moore the attention paid by Freiligrath seems disproportionate; but he has made up in part by his dainty renderings from the contemporaries of Shakespeare, from Sir Philip Sidney, Spenser, and Lord Surrey. Tennyson, again, has excited his wonder, and we have many characteristic early

poems, in which the German renders back the richness and stateliness so familiar to the Laureate's readers. Robert Burns is tender and jovial in German as in his Lowland Scotch; and the democratic appeal to Nature in "A man's a man for a' that," was sure to waken the deepest echo in Freiligrath's breast. Accordingly, not only did he translate it with almost equal spirit in "Trotz Alledem," but he gave his own version of it for German revolutionaries in the Book of his Confessions, and so it has begun a fresh life among strangers, who have shown they can welcome it kindly. But I must end here. The significance of Freiligrath's translations is that they held a practical purpose in them, like all he did, and were intended to bring about a closer intimacy between the men of all countries to whom a change in the policy and social organisation of Europe seemed indispensable. They were meant to further that alliance of nations, *from beneath*, which is surely and swiftly growing, and of whose consequences no man living can see the end.

WILLIAM BARRY, D.D.

ART. IV.—ADRIAN IV. AND IRELAND.

1. *Analecta Juris Pontificii*. Mai-Juin, 1882. Paris: Victor Palmé, Editeur.
2. *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*. Nov. 1872. Art. I. "Bull of Adrian IV."

FOR more than two centuries England justified its claim to rule Ireland on the authority of a well-known "Bull" of Pope Adrian IV. By this instrument the first and only Englishman who sat in the chair of St. Peter, Nicholas Breakspeare, who took the title of Adrian IV., gave the sovereignty of the island to our English king, Henry II.; and, although at the present day, and indeed since the close of the fifteenth century, this grant has nothing to do with the relations existing between the two countries, still the question of the genuineness of the "Bull" possesses an historical interest for the people of both nations.

From time to time the "fact" that an English Pope made a donation of Ireland to his own countrymen is used by un-Catholic Irish Nationalist writers for the purpose of trying to undermine the inborn and undying love and devotion of the Irish people for the sovereign Pontiffs. These attacks were met by the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* in the article named above, in which Dr. Moran, the learned Bishop of Ossory, adduced many powerful,

if not conclusive, reasons for rejecting the "Bull" as spurious. English historians have universally taken the genuineness of the document for granted; and Dr. Lingard, for example, thus describes the origin and purpose of Pope Adrian's grant:*

The proximity of Ireland to England, and the inferiority of the natives in the art of war, had suggested the idea of conquest to both William the Conqueror and the first Henry. . . . Within a few months of his (Henry II.) coronation, John of Salisbury, a learned monk, and afterwards Bishop of Chartres, was despatched to solicit the approbation of Pope Adrian. The envoy was charged to assure His Holiness that Henry's principal object was to provide instruction for an ignorant people, to extirpate vice from the Lord's vineyard, and to extend to Ireland the annual payment of Peter Pence; but that, as every Christian island was the property of the Holy See, he did not presume to make the attempt without the advice and consent of the successor of S. Peter. The Pontiff, who must have smiled at the hypocrisy of this address, praised, in his reply, the piety of his dutiful son; accepted the asserted right of sovereignty which had been so liberally admitted, expressed the satisfaction with which he assented to the king's request, and exhorted him to bear in mind the conditions on which the assent had been grounded.

Irish historians also appear generally to have taken the same view as Dr. Lingard expressed in the foregoing passage, and to have had little suspicion about the authenticity of the "Bull." On the contrary, the "Student's Manual of Irish History," published in 1870 by Miss Cusack, declares that "there can be no doubt whatever of the authenticity of this Bull," and this would seem to be the general verdict of Irish authorities until comparatively recent times.†

The Abbé MacGeoghegan, it is true, in his "History of Ireland,"‡ appears somewhat inclined to discredit the document, though at the same time he takes special pains to defend the Irish clergy and people against the censures implied by it. It was only in the year 1872 that the first indictment of the evidence upon which the "Bull" had been accepted as genuine, was drawn up by Dr. Moran, and published in the pages of the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*. To the arguments against the "grant" stated in that article, the editor of the *Analecta Juris Pontificii* has added fresh and almost conclusive evidence of the forgery of what has been so long left unquestioned and accepted as genuine by historians.

* "Hist.," vol. ii. p. 177, 5th ed.

† See also speeches in Ireland and elsewhere, on the Pope's recent "Circular to the Irish Bishops," and Mr. Justin H. McCarthy's recently published "Outline of Irish History," where the authentic character of the Grant is assumed.

‡ Duffy, 1844.

The following account is given by the author of the researches in the *Analecta* of the reasons which determined him to undertake the study of the question :—

Many years ago, an Irishman living at Montreal, in Canada, wrote to me for the purpose of calling my attention to the subject of Adrian IV. and his pretended donation of Ireland to the English. He begged me to treat this important question for the honour of the Holy See, and to clear the name of Pope Adrian, upon whom this grave accusation had rested for so many centuries. At the time I was travelling, but happening to stop some time in a city rich in libraries, I commenced my researches, and conducted them to some length. When obliged to continue my journey, I entrusted my papers to the librarian; and on my return, after an absence of two years and half, I learnt, to my great regret, that the librarian had died, and that all my notes had disappeared. I was, consequently, obliged to begin again; but I have been fully compensated for the mischance by an unhopèd-for discovery, that of the true letter of Adrian.

The circumstances under which Henry II. is said to have asked and obtained this famous "Bull" are well known. He was anxious in his restless spirit to have occupation for his arms. The slave trade against which the Conqueror and Bishop St. Wulstan had striven, and which they had for a time succeeded in suppressing at Bristol, was again carried on during the disturbed times of Rufus and his brother, the first Henry, and was allowed to grow unchecked during the civil dissensions of Stephen's reign. Thus it came to pass that Ireland, on the accession of Henry II., was full of Englishmen who had been kidnapped and sold into slavery. This would have furnished a pretext sufficient for war, had a pretext been needed by the ambitious mind of the English king; and shortly after his accession to the throne John of Salisbury was, according to his own account, despatched to Rome to obtain the Papal sanction and blessing for the proposed expedition to Ireland. Adrian IV. was then Pope, and from him was obtained, as is supposed, the famous grant, by means of which Henry and his immediate successors were created sovereign princes over the island. Those among Irish historians who have accepted John of Salisbury's account of the donation have considered that Adrian was purposely deceived as to the state of the country and the necessity of the English interference by the king's envoy, and have regarded the "Bull" as a document granted in error as to the real circumstances of the case. Dr. Lingard takes a view less creditable to the reputation of the Pope, when he represents him as smiling "at the hypocrisy of the address" made by John of Salisbury, while still acceding to the request he proffered in behalf of his royal

master. It can be now shown, almost conclusively, that though a request of the nature described by Salisbury was indeed made about this time to the Pope, he was not the envoy sent to make it, and the answer was very different to that of the supposed "Bull," which we now give in the words of Dr. Moran's translation.

Adrian Bishop, servant of the servants of God, to our most dear Son in Christ, the illustrious King of the English, greeting and Apostolic Benediction.

The thoughts of your Highness are laudably and profitably directed to the greater glory of your name on earth, and to the increase of the reward of eternal happiness in heaven, when as a Catholic Prince you propose to yourself to extend the borders of the Church, to announce the truths of Christian faith to ignorant and barbarous nations, and to root out the weeds of wickedness from the field of the Lord; and the more effectually to accomplish this, you implore the counsel and favour of the Apostolic See. In which matter we feel assured that the higher your aims are, and the more discreet your proceedings, the happier, with God's aid, will be the result; because those undertakings that proceed from the ardour of faith and the love of religion are sure always to have a prosperous end and issue.

It is beyond all doubt, as your Highness also doth acknowledge, that Ireland, and all the islands upon which Christ the Son of Justice has shone, and which have received the knowledge of the Christian faith, are subject to the authority of S. Peter and of the most holy Roman Church. Wherefore we are the more desirous to sow in them an acceptable seed and a plantation pleasing unto God, because we know that a most rigorous account of them shall be required of us hereafter.

Now, most dear Son in Christ, you have signified to us you propose to enter the island of Ireland to establish the observance of law among its people, and to eradicate the weeds of vice, and that you are willing to pay from every house one penny as tribute to S. Peter, and to preserve the rights of the churches of that land whole and inviolate. We, therefore, receiving with due favour your pious and laudable desires, and graciously granting our consent to your petition, declare that it is pleasing and acceptable to us, that for the purpose of enlarging the limits of the Church, setting bounds to the torrent of vice, reforming evil manners, planting the seeds of virtue, and increasing Christian faith, you should enter that island and carry into effect those things which belong to the service of God, and to the salvation of that people; and that the people of that land should honourably receive and reverence you as Lord; the rights of the churches being preserved untouched and entire, and reserving the annual tribute of one penny from every house to S. Peter and the most holy Roman Church.

If, therefore, you resolve to carry these designs into execution, let it be your study to form that people to good morals; and take

such orders both by yourself and by those whom you shall find qualified in faith, in words, and in good conduct, that the Church there may be adorned, and the practices of Christian faith be planted and increased, and let all that tends to the glory of God and the salvation of souls be so ordered by you that you may deserve to obtain from God an increase of everlasting reward, and may secure on earth a glorious name throughout all time.

Given at Rome, &c.

This document is not dated, but John of Salisbury, who claims to have been the ambassador who obtained it for Henry II., gives the year 1155 as the date when it was granted. There are however grave, if not overwhelming, reasons for questioning the value of this testimony, since the biography of Salisbury makes it exceedingly improbable that he was ever entrusted with such a mission to Rome. Educated out of England, which he left in 1137, John of Salisbury did not return to his native country till 1149, and then only for a very short time, as he can be proved to have returned almost immediately to the Continent, where he became occupied in teaching at Paris. It is hard to believe that Henry would have made choice of an unknown and untried man to conduct so important and difficult a piece of diplomacy as negotiating with the Pope about the expedition to Ireland. This much is certain indeed that Henry did, at the beginning of his reign, send ambassadors to Adrian, who was then almost at the close of his pontificate; but this mission was given to three bishops and an abbot—namely, Rotrodus,* Bishop of Evreux, of whom we shall have more to say; Arnold, Bishop of Lisieux; the Bishop of Mans; and Robert, Abbot of S. Albans. John of Salisbury, if he were with this embassy, could not have played the important part he claims to have done, but ~~would have gone~~ only in the capacity of a simple clerical retainer. It is a curious fact that the date of this mission to the Pope from Henry is the same as that claimed by Salisbury for his visit, A.D. 1155; and it is most unlikely that the English king would have sent two different embassies at the same time. The old chronicles give as the object of the visit of these prelates to Rome at this time the wish of Henry to obtain from Adrian absolution from an oath made by him to his father Geoffrey. Apparently other English business was treated of at the same time, as we judge from a letter bearing the date of February 27, 1155, written by Adrian to the Scotch bishops. Nothing whatever appears as to the proposed expedition to Ireland.

Other circumstances also tend to throw discredit upon the account given by John of Salisbury. When he finished his work

* "*Gallia Christiana*," tom. ii. pp. 557 and 776.

called "*Polyeraticus*," he dedicated it to Thomas, afterwards S. Thomas à Becket, then Chancellor of England, who at that time was with his royal master at the siege of Toulouse. This was in the year A.D. 1159; and in that year, apparently for the first time, Salisbury was presented to Henry by S. Thomas. If, as we may suppose from this fact, he has been up to this time unknown to the king, it is most improbable that four years previously the same monarch had entrusted him with so private and confidential a mission to Rome.

Moreover, although Salisbury speaks in the "*Polyeraticus*" of his having passed three months at Beneventum with Pope Adrian—a fact rendered itself most unlikely by reason of the details he gives of the extraordinary familiarity with which the Pope treated him—he makes no mention whatever in that work of the important grant of Ireland accorded to his petition. Such an omission is all the more curious because the work in question was intended by its author as a means of securing the favour and patronage of the Chancellor; and had Salisbury been the means of obtaining for England so signal a favour, this mere fact would have been a certain pass to the countenance and protection, not alone of S. Thomas, but of King Henry himself. This omission is sufficient to make us suspect either that the chapter in Salisbury's subsequent work, the "*Metalogicus*," in which mention is made of Adrian's grant, is not his work at all; or that the grant was inserted by him at the instance of the king, and to gain his favour.

It is fair to say that some consider it probable that John of Salisbury was known in England before he became secretary to S. Thomas as Chancellor in 1159. It is thought also that he was secretary to Archbishop Theobald, the predecessor to S. Thomas in the See of Canterbury; but this belief is founded upon the fact that there are in Salisbury's works many letters written by Archbishop T. to Pope A., which may equally stand for Archbishop Thomas and Pope Alexander as for Archbishop Theobald and Pope Adrian. It is true that the last chapter of the "*Metalogicus*" declares that he was the secretary of Theobald, as well as mentioning the "*Bull*" of Adrian; but grave suspicions are entertained as to the honesty or genuineness of this part of Salisbury's work. As this concluding chapter in the "*Metalogicus*" is rightly considered the most important evidence upon which the authenticity of the "*Bull*" rests, it will be necessary to consider it at some length. It has been sometimes supposed that Salisbury wrote the chapter containing the important declaration of Pope Adrian's grant to him in order to favour the designs of Henry on Ireland; and that the price of this deceit was the Bishopric of Chartres bestowed upon

him by the king. There is very little doubt that the character of John of Salisbury is not altogether such as to place him beyond suspicion. Some of his letters show that he could play a double part, and was in reality not the straightforward friend of his master S. Thomas that he pretended to be.* We are, however, inclined to think that the editor of the *Analecta* is right in exonerating Salisbury from the charge of fraud, and in supposing that the last chapter of the "Metalogicus" was an interpolation at some subsequent period.

It is undeniable that the forty-second chapter of the work has absolutely nothing to do with the rest, which had for its object the defence of the study of logic and metaphysics. The forty-first chapter finishes this subject in a natural and Christian manner by a quotation from the Book of Wisdom, and it is a strange contrast in the next chapter (forty-second) to come upon a lament over the siege of Toulouse and the evils likely to arise out of the quarrel of the two kings, oddly mixed up with records of a most unlikely familiarity existing between himself (Salisbury) and Pope Adrian. The Pontiff is represented as insisting on eating off the same plate with him and drinking from the same cup, while he is supposed to have declared publicly that he loved Salisbury more than his own mother and brother. These curious details are immediately followed by the declaration of Adrian's gift of Ireland, to which is added a repetition of what he had said in the prologue about his occupation as chancellor and secretary to the Archbishop of Canterbury. The whole chapter is thus so strange in itself, so different in style to the other writings of John of Salisbury, and so oddly tacked on to a work on philosophy, that it is highly probable it was not his work at all. This probability is increased by the fact that the circumstances of the interview with Pope Adrian described in the "Metalogicus" differ so much from those in the "Polycraticus," where no mention is made of Adrian's donation; nor of the "fine emerald ring" sent from the Pope to Henry to convey some strange sort of investiture. Moreover, the hand of the impostor is betrayed by one or two expressions such as "*usque in hodiernum diem*" and "*jure hæreditario possidendam*." Lastly, if the last chapter of the "Metalogicus" is genuine, it was written about the year 1159, since the illness of Archbishop Theobald, who died in 1161, is mentioned. At latest the date of the work is 1160; while it is a matter beyond dispute that no mention whatever

* John Bale, a Protestant, in a biographical notice attached to an edition of the "Metalogicus," Leyden, 1639, says: "*Archiepiscopo Thomæ quandoque familiaris fuit et in exilio comes: sed non propterea omisit suas obicere pervicaces in regem benignum dementias.*"

was made by Henry of this "grant" of Ireland by the Pope till at earliest A.D. 1175,* or fifteen years after it was published in the "Metalogicus." This is inexplicable, except on the ground that the chapter is a subsequent interpolation in order to give colour to Henry's claims on Ireland. We must here note that the possession of such a "Bull" would have been most useful to Henry in 1167, when his followers first joined Dearmaid, in order to justify English interference; it was of vital importance when he went over to receive the homage of the Irish, and could never have been withheld or concealed at the Council of Cashel in 1172, at which the Papal legate presided. Such silence can only mean that the "Bull" did not exist, and as yet Henry was unable to forge it for a reason which will be obvious later.

It was said† (observes Fr. Burke, the Dominican orator,) that Henry kept the letter a secret, because his mother, the Empress Matilda, did not wish him to act upon it. But if he had the letter when he came to Ireland, why didn't he produce it? That was his only warrant for coming to Ireland. He came there and invaded the country, and never breathed a word about having the letter to a human creature. There is a lie on the face of it.

From what has been said, it will be allowed that, at best, John of Salisbury's works do very little towards establishing the authenticity of Adrian's Bull. It can also be shown that other authorities for it are not more reliable. Salisbury, though speaking, as we have seen, of the existence of the Papal grant, if the genuineness of the last chapter of the "Metalogicus" be conceded, still does not give its text; and it was at least thirty years after Adrian's death that the "Bull" itself first appeared in the "*Expugnatio Hibernica*" of Giraldus Cambrensis. It is important to estimate the value of this testimony, as we believe it can be shown that every subsequent English chronicler who mentions it has simply accepted it on Giraldus's authority. Giraldus was twenty years of age when, in 1150, he went to study in Paris. Twenty-five years later (1175) the Archbishop of Canterbury sent him into Wales and named him Archdeacon of Brecknock; and it was not till 1184 that Henry II. took any notice of him. He was named chaplain of the Court, but for some reason or other got no other preferment, though actively and by his pen he served the king's purposes both in Wales and Ireland. His fixed idea was to remove his native country from the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and apparently to get himself appointed Archbishop of St. David's. With this object in view he refused two bishoprics—Bangor in 1190 and Llandaff in 1191—

* "*Cambrensis Eversus*," vol. ii. p. 440, note.

† "The Sophistries of Froude Refuted"—"The Normans in Ireland."

as well probably as others. In 1198 he got himself named to the See of St. David's, and set out immediately to Rome to obtain from Innocent III. the realization of his pet projects. The Pope would have done what Giraldus wished; but the King and the Archbishop of Canterbury strenuously opposed the scheme, and it fell through, and Giraldus returned, enraged against the King and Court, without having effected his purpose.

He devoted the rest of his life to writing the "*Expugnatio Hibernica*," publishing three editions of it—the first in or about the year 1188, and the last, dedicated to King John, in 1209. It is to some date between these two that the publication of the "Bull" of Adrian IV. is to be referred. Another copy is also found inserted in his autobiography ("*De rebus a se Gestis*"), which was written in 1195.

There is, however, little reliance to be placed in the works of this author as regards historical facts. In his "*Expugnatio*" he candidly declares that truth was not his only object, but that he took up his pen to glorify Henry II.,* "*Topographicam Hibernicam in partris vestri laudem triennii labore digessi.*" In fact, according to the late editors of Giraldus's works in the "*Rolls*" series (Dr. Brewer and the Rev. J. Dimock), it is fair to regard the Irish history as having been written with a purpose—that is, to win the king's favour, and hence justly to be accepted with suspicion, and looked upon more as an epic poem than as sober relation of fact. From the tone of mind Giraldus manifests, it is not at all unlikely that he would accept unquestioned any document which would favour the pretensions of his royal master, or promote the interests of the Welsh adventurers in Ireland. The preface to tom. v. of the "*Opera Giraldi Camb.*" completely and for ever demolishes his claim to be considered an historian. From it we quote the following:—

In the fifth chapter of the second book the early manuscripts give, under the year 1174 or 1175, a privilege long before obtained from Pope Adrian IV., authorizing Henry II.'s invasion of Ireland, and a confirmatory one of the then Pope, Alexander III., with some prefatory matter principally relating to the persons employed in bringing the privilege for publication into Ireland at this time, and to the agency of John of Salisbury in having procured the first from Pope Adrian IV. in 1155. All this in the early manuscripts is clear and consistent; agreeing perfectly, moreover, with the evidence of contemporary authorities, and as regards the account of the procuring of Adrian's privilege fully corroborated by John of Salisbury himself. But the later manuscripts omit Alexander's privilege and all mention of him, and give Adrian's privilege only. The prefatory matter had to be altered accordingly. In doing this they marvel-

* Opp. tom. i. p. 70.

lously contrive to make Henry in 1172 apply for and procure this privilege from Pope Adrian, who died in 1159; and with equally marvellous confusion they represent John of Salisbury, who had been Henry's agent in procuring the privilege in 1155, as sent, not to Ireland, but to Rome, for the purpose of publishing it at Waterford in 1170 or 1175. But the cause of the suppression and the germ of the blundering in the prefatory matter were both perhaps supplied by Giraldus, in his copy of this chapter, as given in the "*De Instructione Principum*." He there states, in introducing Alexander's privilege, that some asserted it to be a forgery; and hence, perhaps, its suppression afterwards in the "*Expugnatio*," by some rectifier of his history of Henry's papal rights over Ireland. . . . *

I think I have said enough to justify me in refusing to accept Giraldus' history of the Irish and of their English invaders, as sober, truthful history. . . . Truth was not his main object: he says he compiled the work for the purpose of sounding the praises of Henry II.†

It would, indeed, almost seem as if succeeding English annalists were suspicious of Giraldus as a writer of sober history, as his record of events is made very little use of in other chronicles. The influence, however, of the publication of Adrian's "Bull" by Giraldus can be traced to the historical writings of Matthew of Paris, through the records of Ralph de Diceto,‡ who compiled his work about A.D. 1210. Matthew of Paris contributed more than any other to spread the "grant" of Adrian; but his mention of it in no way adds to the authority in support of its genuineness. He did not live till nearly a century after Pope Adrian; and in his "*History*" he for the most part, till the year 1235, only makes a compendium of Roger Wendover, his fellow religious at St. Albans, whose chronicle again only professes to be, down to the thirteenth century, an epitome drawn from other sources, and is thus worthless as an independent witness.

Besides the Bull of Alexander III., confirmatory of the "grant" of Adrian IV., given in the works of Giraldus, and, as remarked by Dr. Brewer, rendered doubtful even on the authority of the same author, there are three letters attributed to the same Pope which have reference to the invasion of Ireland. They were first published in 1728 by Hearne in the "*Liber Niger Scaccarii*"—the Black-Book of the Exchequer—and are addressed respectively to the Irish Bishops, to the English king, and to the Irish princes. Dr. Moran remarks that "they are certainly authentic." They all bear the same date of the 20th September, are written from Tusculum, and are attributed to the year 1170. Although

* Preface, tom. v. pp. 69, 70.

† *Ibid.* Pp. 42, 51, &c.

‡ "*Imagines Historiarum*." Raoul de Diceto.

the author of the article in the *Analecta* does not agree with Dr. Moran as to the authentic character of these documents, he admits that they, at least, form some very powerful arguments against the genuineness of Pope Adrian's Bull. In the first place, they completely ignore its existence, and although entirely taken up with the affairs of Ireland, recognize no other title or claim of Henry to dominion in that country except "the power of the monarch, and the submission of the chiefs." They speak moreover, of the Pope's rights over all islands, and ask Henry to preserve these rights. On this matter the *Analecta* points out that in the whole Bullarium there is no authentic document containing this claim. Again, no mention is made of Peterpence, which Adrian is supposed to have charged Henry to establish in Ireland by his Bull, and this although Alexander was writing twenty years after Adrian, and specially mentions certain papal rights. This would prove that the "grant" of Adrian was unknown in Rome as completely as in England and Ireland. Such a deduction is confirmed by the action of Pope John XXII. with the Ambassadors of Edward II. at the beginning of the fourteenth century. King John in 1213 had given England over to the Holy See, to be held by him and his successors as a fief from the Pope. Neither Edward I. nor Edward II. troubled himself about the matter, till in A.D. 1316 the latter sent ambassadors to John XXII. on his accession, to offer a thousand pounds sterling promised by John, and to excuse the English for past neglect in the matter of this tribute. No distinction is made in the payment between that for England and Ireland, and the fact that the Pope did not take advantage of so favourable an opportunity for reminding the English king that he had not done homage for Ireland, nor paid tribute for it, seems to show that the "Bull" of Adrian was unknown at the Court of John XXII. It is certain also that historians of this time were ignorant of the existence of such a document, for during the residence of the pontifical Court at Avignon two * *Lives of Pope Adrian IV.* were written. One was composed in A.D. 1331, and the second in 1356, and in neither is there any mention of this important act of the Pope, although the authors find a place for many less important documents.

It is true that Baronius inserts the "Bull" in his *Annals*, and his authority is consequently claimed for the authenticity of the document, especially as it is given with the additional information that his copy was taken "from a Vatican manuscript." Until lately this note had been taken as proof that an authentic

* Muratori, "*Scriptores rerum Italicarum*," tom. iii.

copy was to be found in the Roman Archives. Dr. Moran, however, completely disposes of this evidence.*

During my stay in Rome (he says), I took occasion to inquire whether the MSS. of the eminent annalist (Baronius), which happily are preserved, indicated the special "Vatican Manuscript" referred to in his printed text, and I was informed by the learned archivist of the Vatican, Monsignor Theiner, who is at present engaged in giving a new edition and continuing the great work of Baronius, that the "Codex Vaticanus" referred to is a MS. copy of the "History of Matthew of Paris," which is preserved in the Vatican Library. Thus it is the testimony of Matthew of Paris alone that here confronts us in the pages of Baronius, and no new argument can be taken from the words of the eminent annalist. Relying on the same high authority, I am happy to state that nowhere in the private archives, or among the private papers of the Vatican, or in the "Regesta," which Jaffe's researches have made so famous, or in the various indices of the Pontifical Letters, can a single trace be found of the supposed Bulls of Adrian and Alexander.

We have been obliged more than once to refer to this Bull of Alexander III., which has been considered by most historians as absolutely certain proof of the authenticity of Pope Adrian's original "grant." The fact is that the second Bull rests on no better, if as good, evidence as the former which it is supposed to confirm. Giraldus Cambrensis states that it was granted by Alexander III. in 1172 to Henry, in confirmation of Adrian's original donation of Ireland to England. The author of the "Macariæ Excidium" (p. 247)† considered that this fact "set at rest for ever all doubt as to the genuineness of the 'grant' made by Adrian IV." This second Bull, however, rests on no other authority than Giraldus, who himself throws some discredit upon the document. It was originally published as part of the "Expugnatio Hibernica," though many later editors have separated it from that work. In another tract, "De Instructione Principum," written towards the end of his life, Giraldus refers to the Bull in doubtful language. "*Sicut a quibusdam impetratum asseritur aut confingitur: ab aliis autem unquam impetratum fuisse negatur*"—"Obtained, as some assert or imagine, while others deny that it was ever obtained." On the original and sole authority for it, then, the genuineness is at best doubtful, and it becomes a very poor prop to support the claims of Adrian's "grant." To this we may add that the date and style of Alexander's Bull tends to throw discredit upon it. The three letters of the same Pope referred to are dated from Tusculum, in

* *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, ut sup. p. 61.

† *Apud Dr. Moran, Ecclesiastical Record*, p. 59.

A.D. 1172, where we know from history that Alexander then was. The Bull, on the other hand, is supposed to have been issued from *Rome* in 1172, to which city Alexander did not return till six years later, when the disturbances which drove him into exile were quelled.

It is thus clear that the evidence upon which the existence of the confirmatory Bull of Alexander rests, is not only doubtful at its source, but the place from which it is dated betrays the fact of forgery. And, moreover, it is very improbable that Alexander would have been induced to give such a letter to Henry. The Pope must have known well that in 1159 the English king had supported the anti-pope Octavianus, and, again, in 1166, another Guido against his own undoubted claim to the Papacy. This was well known, as Matthew of Westminster says that Henry forced every man, woman, and child in England to renounce his allegiance to the true and go over to the anti-pope. Only two years before the king had appeared as the bitter persecutor of S. Thomas and the abettor of his murder. It may consequently be argued with reason that Pope Alexander would not have been likely to issue a "Bull" in favour of Henry's pretensions to become the apostle of order and religion in Ireland. He must, indeed, have known the king too well to trust him to act honestly, having already had samples of double-dealing in the long quarrel between the Archbishop S. Thomas and his sovereign. A notorious instance of Henry's capability of deceiving took place at the time of the coronation of the young prince, which was carried out while the Archbishop was out of favour at the Court. Nine years before, when the See of Canterbury was vacant, Henry had obtained from the Pope a grant allowing him to get any prelate to perform the ceremony; the reason assigned for asking this favour being that the coronation would take place probably before the See of Canterbury was filled up, and that the king wished to defeat any claim of the Archbishop of York to perform the ceremony. On the ground of this permission Henry now sought to make the Archbishop of York usurp the undoubted right of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Alexander, at the instance of S. Thomas, wrote several letters* forbidding any prelate, and particularly his Grace of York, to usurp the office of crowning the prince. There is notwithstanding, preserved among the papers of S. Thomas, a mandate from the Pope addressed to the Archbishop of York, ordering him to perform the ceremony. This document is a manifest forgery,† and is worth recording as evidence, if any were required, that Henry was quite capable of

* "Ep. S. Thom." ii. 45, 47.

† See Lingard, "History," vol. ii. p. 153 note (5th ed.)

manufacturing or adapting documents to serve his own purposes, and that consequently we should be justified in accepting with caution the alleged "Bull" of Alexander or that of Adrian, which it was supposed to confirm, unless they were supported by independent testimony.

Giraldus Cambrensis, it is true, asserted that both these Bulls were produced in a Synod of Irish clergy at Waterford, in A.D. 1175, and most historians have looked upon this assertion as a proof that they must both have been authentic. It would of course be fair to argue from their production at this assembly only their existence; but Dr. Moran has shown that at best it is extremely unlikely that any such synod was ever held at this time. In Irish annals there is no record of such meeting, which, indeed, the very disturbed state of the country would have prevented at that time. In the same year, A.D. 1175, Henry seems to have appointed the first Bishop of Waterford, and so it is possible that a meeting of the Anglo-Norman clergy, assembled for the purpose of election or confirmation, may have been magnified by Giraldus into a national Synod. In that case the production of the Bulls before an assembly of this character would have no special significance.

We may here note a strong confirmation of our doubts as to the authentic character of Pope Adrian's "grant," even if the subsequent "Bull" of Alexander is not also affected. Directly the murder of S. Thomas became known, Henry crossed over to Ireland with the object apparently of preventing the anger of the Pope finding him out by letters of excommunication or interdict. For five months a strict watch was kept on all vessels coming from the Continent, and not a ship was allowed to reach the Irish coast, even from England, without the king's knowing that it was not conveying any Papal letters. Directly a favourable message was brought to him at Wexford he set out at once, and, crossing England, passed over into Normandy. There, in the cathedral of Avranches, on the Sunday before the Assumption, 1172, Henry swore on the Gospels, in the presence of the legates, bishops, barons and people, that he was not guilty of the murder of the Archbishop. This oath, taken under such solemn circumstances, included the placing of the kingdom of England under the Pope, and the oath of fealty for it to Alexander.* Had Ireland at this time been really given to England by the Holy See, under such circumstances as these it would have been mentioned. This, however, is not the case. "*Præterea*

* This clause in the oath is not found in John of Salisbury's account; but Baronius inserts it as found in the Vatican Archives. Also Muratori, "*Rerum Italicarum Scriptores*," tom. iii. 463.

ego," runs the oath, "et major filius meus rex juramus, quod a Domno Alexandro Papa, et ejus Catholicis successoribus recipimus et tenebimus *regnum Angliæ*, et nos et nostri successores in perpetuum non reputabimus nos *Angliæ* veros reges donec ipse nos Catholicos reges tenuerint." In the following year Henry wrote to Pope Alexander by his secretary, Peter of Blois, and referred to his holding England as a fief under the Holy See, but neither in this is there any mention of Ireland.* These two facts are strong confirmation of any suspicions of the genuineness of Pope Adrian's Bull.

We have shown that the evidence in favour of the authentic character of the Papal grant of Ireland to the English Crown must be accepted with extreme caution, if not with positive suspicion. The authorities upon which it has been so long received by English historians as a strange but true fact, prove, on examination, to be hardly reliable sources of information. Many external circumstances, as well as the inherent intrinsic improbability of the "grant," confirm the impartial mind in objecting to receive it as undoubted history. Moreover, the labours of the editor of the *Analecta* have now made it possible to show with reason that Adrian IV., so far from giving any encouragement to Henry in his designs on Ireland, in reality refused, when asked, to be a party to the enterprise, and pointed out the injustice of it. The idea of effecting the conquest of the island had suggested itself to the Conqueror and to Henry I., and it was but natural that the project should revive in the restless mind of Henry II. It must have been evident, however, to him that an English Pope would of necessity be cautious in favouring any pretensions of his own countrymen against a neighbouring country. The knowledge that Adrian's approval would in all probability be withheld, if the idea was started as an English scheme, seems to have obliged Henry to look for some other sovereign to help him in obtaining the authorization of the Pontiff for his design, and Louis VII. of France was clearly the only prince in a position to render him this service. On the theory that for this purpose Henry wanted to make a tool of Louis, we can explain a fact that has appeared to puzzle annalists—namely, why it was that these two kings, who had been for a long time avowed enemies, suddenly, and by the advances of Henry, became fast friends, just at this very period, A.D. 1158. After many years of war and contention Henry met Louis at Rouen, and not only made peace, but espoused his son to the infant daughter of the French king. The Pope wrote to the Chancellor of Louis to convey his congratulations to the two sovereigns on their com-

* Lingard, vol. ii. p. 191, note.

plete reconciliation. The two proceeded together to Paris, and afterwards made a joint pilgrimage to Mount St. Michael's, in Normandy.* So complete was their reconciliation that at this time they despatched a joint mission to Rome to ask Adrian's blessing and approval of a hostile expedition they were intending to make together. The choice of an Englishman as ambassador seems to point to the fact that the projected enterprise was of more importance to the English than to the French king. Rotrodus, the envoy selected,† was at that time (A.D. 1158) Bishop of Evreux, and had been one of the witnesses of the reconciliation between the two kings.‡ He was much attached to the interests of the English king, and had, from the time of his coronation, at which he assisted, been employed in several missions for his royal master. Amongst others, as we have noted before, he was in the embassy despatched to Rome by Henry in 1155. It was thus a courtier of Henry who was sent on this joint mission from the two monarchs.

Rotrodus arrived in Rome at the close of the year 1158, or the beginning of the following year, and informed the Pope of the project entertained by Henry and Louis. What this project was does not absolutely appear, but there can be little doubt that it was really the invasion of Ireland upon which the mind of Henry was intent. In order to give colour to the pretensions it was necessary to represent it as being intended in reality as a crusade in favour of religion. The Pope, however, would not enter into the designs of the two kings, and refused to be a party to such an injustice. He not only refused the request of Bishop Rotrodus, but wrote to Louis at some length to point out the reasons that compelled him to take this course. On this letter can be based many arguments to show that the attitude of Adrian towards the proposals of the English king as regards Ireland was one of strong disapproval, and that granting that this letter refers to Ireland, it would be impossible for Adrian to have issued, very much about the same time, the "Bull" of donation at the request of John of Salisbury.

In the first place, the Pope's letter shows clearly enough that his consent had been asked solely on the ground that the expedition had a religious character, and the fact of the reply being addressed to Louis would probably only prove that Henry had taken care not to be too prominent in the business for fear that the real motive might become too apparent to the English Pope. Adrian proceeds to say that he could not give consent to any

* Migne, "Patrol." tom. clx. p. 484.

† "Gallia Christiana," tom. ii. p. 776. See also the Pope's letter in reply.

‡ "Gallia Christiana," tom. iv. p. 633.

project of such a nature, unless he were certain that the people and clergy of the country wanted foreign interference. This, he it remarked, is a very different sentiment to that with which the same Pope is credited in the alleged "Bull." The various dangers which Louis is likely to run are then pointed out to him by the Pope, and for every reason he concludes not to give him any "Bull" encouraging the project till such time as he has warned the people of the kingdom of the intention of the two kings in order to see whether they will co-operate with them. In conclusion, the Pontiff begs the king to reflect well on the matter, and not to undertake the enterprise before consulting the bishops and clergy of the country.

It is as well at once to declare that the great difficulty in fixing the reference of this letter to the design of invading Ireland is the fact that the country is not mentioned by name. Unfortunately, it was a common custom in the transcription of documents to write only the initial letter of proper names. Thus, in this letter the envoy is called "R." Bishop of Evreux, and the country the two kings were anxious to obtain the Pope's approval to invade is only "H," which may stand equally well for "Hispania" and "Hibernia." We are thus left to the internal evidence of the document itself to determine to which of these two countries it has reference. Dr. Lingard was apparently aware of the existence of the letter,* but it did not suggest itself to his mind that it had any reference to Ireland. He says:—"When Louis a few years later (1159) meditated a similar expedition into *Spain*, and for that purpose requested the consilium et favorem Romanæ Ecclesiæ, the answer was very different. Adrian dissuaded him because it was "*inconsulta ecclesia et populo terræ illius*."

It is, however, clearly shown in the *Analecta* that it is impossible that this letter of Adrian, addressed to the two kings, can have any reference to Spain, while every circumstance in it tending to fix the special country, gives weight to the opinion that it was Ireland about which the Pope wrote. In the first place, the document refers not to a kingdom (*regnum*) but a country (*terra*). Now Ireland was not recognized as a kingdom officially till the sixteenth century, and in all formal papers before that time it is constantly spoken of as a country (*terra*) merely. Spain, on the other hand, was at this time divided into three kingdoms—Castile, Aragon and Galicia; and the most powerful, the king of Castile, had the title of Emperor. King Louis of France had only a year or two before the date of the letter (1155) made a pilgrimage to St. James, and was well received by his father-

* "History," vol. ii. p. 178, 5th ed., note.

in-law the Emperor of Castile.* Hence, not only have we the official title of Spain to be a kingdom at the time when Adrian wrote, but it is impossible to suppose that Louis could have been so ignorant of the feeling of a country in which he had not long before been journeying, and over which his own father-in-law reigned as Emperor.

Again, the country referred to in Adrian's letter clearly had many princes or chiefs, which was quite true of Ireland, but not of Spain, about the state of which the Pope could not be ignorant. It also, undoubtedly, must have possessed its own episcopal hierarchy, capable of free deliberation; for Adrian advises Louis and Henry to consult the bishops and clergy as to their wish to receive foreign intervention in their affairs. The Church in that part of Spain, at this time overrun by the Moors, had almost disappeared, and for the rest it would have been quite unnecessary to ask the advice of the Spanish bishops as to punishing their oppressors. On the other hand, the Holy See must have been well acquainted with the flourishing state of the Church in Ireland at this period. During the hundred and fifty years which preceded the reign of Henry II., numerous and well-attended Councils had been held for the maintenance of discipline and regulation of morals. Only a few years before Henry made his first attempt on the country, several great and renowned Irish saints occupied Sees in the country, and a great council was held at Athboy at which 13,000 representatives of the nation attended to hear what the Church commanded. That Adrian must have known the state of the Church is rendered all the more likely since he had studied in Paris under a celebrated Irish professor, Marianus, afterwards a monk of Ratisbon, for whom he conceived a great affection. It was only to be expected, therefore, that if he had this knowledge of the Irish Church, he should require that the bishops and clergy be consulted as to the propriety of such an invasion as the French and English kings contemplated.

It must be remembered, also, that Adrian desires that the people of the country should be consulted, a thing impossible in the portions of Spain in possession of the Saracens. He also, throughout, repeats his doubts as to the utility and necessity of the enterprise proposed by the kings, which would certainly not have been the case had their wish been merely to drive the infidel out of Spain. It is obvious that Adrian, like all his predecessors, would have been only too glad to grant protection to the kingdoms of France and England, had the wish of the kings been merely to fight against the Moors in Spain.

* Robertus de Monte. Migne, "Patrol." tom. clx. p. 478.

Lastly, a comparison of the alleged "Bull" of Adrian and the authentic letter brings out one or two strange facts. In the first place, the document, as given by Giraldus, does not express the name or even initial of the prince to whom it was granted: "Adrianus episcopus servus servorum Dei, carissimo in Christi filio illustri anglorum regi salutem." Next, the preamble of the "Bull" is almost word for word the same as that of the letter written to Louis VII., in 1159, and although it might happen that a few words of two official documents would be the same, there is no other example of such a singular similarity, extending as it does over ten or fifteen lines. As this curious fact is the basis of a theory, we shall state in brief, to account for the forgery of the "Bull" of Adrian, it is worth reproducing the two documents in order that our readers may judge for themselves.

LETTER TO LOUIS VII.

Satis laudabiliter et fructuose de Christiano nomine propagando in terris, et æternæ beatitudinis præmio tibi cumulando in cœlis, tua videtur magnificentia cogitare, dum ad dilatandos terminos populi Christiani, ad paganorum, barbariem debellandam et ad gentes apostatrices, et quæ catholicæ fidei refugiant nec recipiunt veritatem, Christianorum iugo et ditioni subdendas, simul cum charismo filio nostro Henrico illustri Anglorum regi, in H. proferare intendis, et studes assidue (ut opus hoc felicem exitum sortiatur) exercitum et quæ sunt itineri necessaria congregare. Atque ad id convenientius exsequendum, matris tuæ sacrosanctæ Romanæ Ecclesiæ consilium exigis et favorem. Quod quidem propositum tanto magis gratum acceptumque tenemus, et amplius sicut commendandum est, commendamus, quanto de sinceriore charitatis radice talem intentionem et votum tam laudabile processum credimus, ac de majori ardore fidei et religionis amore

"BULL" TO HENRY II.

Laudabiliter satis et fructuose de glorioso nomine propagando in terris, et æternæ felicitatis præmio cumulando in cœlis, tua magnificentia cogitat; dum ad dilatandos Ecclesiæ terminos fidei veritatem, et vitiorum plantaria de agro Dominico extirpanda, sicut catholicus princeps intendis; et ad id convenientius exsequendum, consilium Apostolicæ sedis exigis, et favorem. In quo facto, quanto altiori consilio et majori discretione procedis, tanto in eo feliciorem progressum te, præstante Domino, confidimus habiturum; eo quod ad bonum exitum semper et finem solent attingere, quæ de ardore fidei et religionis amore, principum acceperunt, etc. Significasti sequidem nobis, fili in Christo carissime, te Hiberniæ insulam, ad subdendum illum populum legibus et vitiorum plantaria in de extirpanda, velle intrare, etc. Nos itaque, pium et laudabile desiderium tuum cum favore congruo prosequentes, et petitioni bonæ benignum impendentes as-

propositum et desiderium tuum
principium habuerunt.

sensum, gratum et acceptum
habemus, ut pro dilatandis Ec-
clesiæ terminis, pro vitiorum re-
stringendo decursu, pro corri-
gendi moribus, et virtutibus
inserendis, pro Christianæ reli-
gionis augmento, insulam illam
ingrediaris.

It is almost impossible to compare the two documents here given without coming to the conclusion that the similarity is not the result of a mere accident. The idea consequently suggests itself as possible that the text of Adrian's actual refusal, as conveyed to the kings in the letter brought back by Rotrodus to Louis, was made to serve as the basis of the forged "Bull." What is certain about the matter is, that Louis and Henry having applied to the Pope for his approbation of a proposed invasion of a country called by its initial letter "H," the Holy Father refused to grant any such approbation, and grounded his refusal upon reasons similar to those by which he is supposed, about the same time, to have been induced to grant permission to Henry to invade Ireland. The two documents are strangely like in form and expression, and every circumstance, by which the country referred to by the letter "H" may be identified, points to the conclusion that it also was meant to refer to the proposed Irish expedition. Of course, had Adrian really refused the permission asked for, as he clearly did in his letter to Louis, the French king would have known that any pretended permission was a forgery; and had the refusal been intended to prevent any expedition to Ireland, the "Bull," which is supposed to have sanctioned it, could never have been produced during the lifetime of the French king. A reference to dates will show that this is so, and that all mention of the existence of the document was carefully avoided before the year A.D. 1180, when Louis died.* The silence which was kept for so many years about so important a document, and one which would have been so useful to Henry, has been often remarked upon as suspicious, and has puzzled many historians to explain. May it not be accounted for by the knowledge that such a forgery would be at once detected by Louis?

In fact, although the secret of the negotiations of Rotrodus with Adrian in behalf of Henry and Louis was kept so well, that the text of the Pope's refusal was until lately almost unknown, still

* In A.D. 1177, Henry was chosen to arbitrate between two Spanish kings. In this office he styled himself "King of England, Duke of Normandy and Aquitaine, and Count of Anjou." No mention is made of Ireland (Rymer, tom. i).

the annalist of Archin who continued the chronicle of Sigebert appears to have had some suspicion of the fact. Speaking of the year A.D. 1171, about the preparations made by Henry for the invasion of Ireland, he says:—"Henry, king of England, puffed up with pride, and usurping things *not conceded*; striving for things he had no business to do, prepared ships and called together the soldiers of his kingdom to conquer Ireland."

Whether this theory as to the origin of the "Bull" be correct or not, it can safely be said that the evidence upon which the authenticity of the document has so long been held, is at best very doubtful, and should be accepted with extreme caution. A careful examination will, we believe, induce most inquirers to reject the "Bull" as an undoubted forgery, and to consider it more than probable that Pope Adrian IV., so far from granting any approbation to Henry in his designs on Ireland, or making any donation of that country to the English crown, in reality positively refused to be a party to such an injustice.

FRANCIS AIDAN GASQUET, O.S.B.

ART. V.—JANE AUSTEN.

THOSE of our readers who have visited Winchester Cathedral may perhaps have had their attention directed to a plain black marble slab let into the north wall of the nave of that fine building. This modest monument is all that marks the spot where the remains of the bright and talented, the lovable and well-loved Jane Austen are interred; and for many years it attracted but little notice. To-day, however, few visit the building without requesting to be shown "where Miss Austen is buried;" and at length, we think, even the verger, who not very long ago asked an inquirer after the grave, "Pray, sir, can you tell me if there was anything remarkable about that lady, so many people want to know where she is buried," must realize that the plain slab marks a spot of greater interest than many of the large and ambitious monuments which stand near. We read, in Mr. Austen Leigh's Memoir of his Aunt, that it was Lord Macaulay's intention to have written a life of Miss Austen, which, with criticisms of her work, he would have prefixed to a new edition of her novels. With the proceeds of its sale he had purposed to erect a suitable monument in Winchester Cathedral to her memory. His death prevented this plan from being carried into effect, which to many, no doubt, is cause of regret. For our-

* Migne, "Patrologie," tome clx. p. 307.

selves we cannot but see in the simple black slab, which yet is worthily set in one of the grandest monuments of English Catholic art, a fitting record of one who never sought public distinction or popularity, and whose life and character were as unassuming as the plots of her stories were quiet and unsensational, and whose very genius lay in the faithful portrayal of homely and every-day scenes.

For half a century Miss Austen was little more than a name to the multitude of her readers, and few were acquainted with any particulars of the life of one whose novels were yet the delight of an ever-increasing number of those who could appreciate subtle and delicate humour, pure English, and healthy pictures of English upper and middle-class life in the beginning of this century. We owe a debt of gratitude to her nephew, Mr. Austen Leigh, for having lifted the curtain, and for giving us a picture of Jane Austen, which he has also been kind enough to frame in its appropriate surroundings, many of which he drew from his own memory. Without an effort to realize the life of the last generation, we can hardly, with any approach to truth, imagine Miss Austen's; and Mr. Austen Leigh's digressions are, therefore, doubly welcome.

That the last fifty years have changed our domestic and social conditions more than any previous period of the same length is a truism which we all accept, but one which such descriptions as Mr. Austen Leigh gives us of English life at the beginning of the century helps us more fully to master. As we tear through the country in an express train, on a journey perhaps only thought of and decided on an hour before it commenced, it is difficult to realize the slow pace, the amount of thought given to, and the time consumed by the same journey when undertaken by our grandparents. So, too, when we settle ourselves comfortably in an armchair, for an hour's reading, we do not often compare our present luxurious resting-place with the hard, stiff, and upright-backed chairs, against which our grandmothers did *not* even rest, whilst the ornaments and numberless useless nicknacks of a modern drawing-room seem to have been altogether absent from their rooms. Mr. Austen Leigh tells us that a small desk and a still smaller work-box were all that, as a rule, each lady possessed, and these were naturally more useful than ornamental. The valuable china, which is hidden away in such large quantities in English country homes, was the ware actually in use by the family; and the idea that the proper place for a handsome china plate was to hang suspended by a wire against the drawing-room wall, would, we suspect, have appeared far-fetched a hundred years ago. Considering the value of much china, which we ourselves have seen in unpretending old-fashioned houses, we are

not surprised to hear from Mr. Austen Leigh that the lady of the house would often herself wash up the tea-service, after it had been in use, rather than allow anything so precious to be touched by servants. Again, when our tradesmen call regularly each morning to know what may be required for the day, and when the most careful housewife need literally "take no thought for the morrow," we are apt to forget the care and forethought that were necessarily taken by a lady, half a century ago, if she wished her family to be comfortable. Of all such changes Mr. Austen Leigh discourses pleasantly, and his description of country life in Jane Austen's day is a useful help to us, and allows us to enlarge in our own minds the slight sketch of his aunt which is all that it is in his power to give.

Jane Austen was born on December 16, 1775, at the parsonage of Steventon, near Basingstoke, in Hampshire, of which parish her father was rector. He belonged to an old and respectable, but hardly an aristocratic, family, and was himself in infancy left an orphan. Owing, however, to the kindness of an uncle, he seems to have been cared for as a child, and to have been provided for early in life by the purchase of the living of Steventon. This living, with the neighbouring rectory of Deane, presented to him by his cousin, must have placed Mr. Austen in comfortable, if not affluent, circumstances; and we hear of no trials from straitened means, nor any pecuniary cares having fallen to Jane's share, nor even that the profits of her writings were ever much sought after or thought of by her. The Hampshire downs, near Basingstoke, are not beautiful; though when we now visit the neighbourhood and walk over the desolate and bare fields, we must not forget that they probably were never so ugly as to-day. Most English downs, a hundred years ago, were one unbroken green expanse; no ruthless plough had yet disturbed the soft turf, which the slow growth of years had left fine and mossy, as no other grass of which we know; and the soft undulating lines of the slopes, which are supposed to have been left by the receding waters of pre-historic days, were yet unbroken. Though no country can well be uglier than cultivated downs, yet we may imagine that in Jane Austen's day she may have been able to enjoy a walk, or still better, a canter across miles of unbroken and open country, which, in spite of being treeless, was not without a beauty of its own, and one in which atmospheric changes afford great and pleasing variety. Still, there is no doubt Steventon does not lie in what may be called a "pretty country." Nor were the neighbours remarkable for culture or intelligence. Indeed, if we may judge of them by the anxious inquiry made by a many-acred squire of Mr. Austen, their ignorance must have been greater than that of any class now

living. He brought the following problem to him for solution :— "You know all about these sort of things. Do tell us. Is Paris in France, or France in Paris; for my wife has been disputing with me about it?" The Austens, no doubt, were of a different intellectual calibre, and Mr. Austen Leigh assures us that the family talk was full of life and fun, and that Jane found plenty of fuel for her genius in her everyday life. If we except Miss Austen herself, however, none of the family appear to have been especially talented. We read, indeed, of a witty great-uncle, Dr. Leigh, who was master of Balliol College, Oxford, for over fifty years, and whose *bon-mots* and short repartees were known far beyond the bounds of the university, in the latter half of the last century; but though her two brothers were distinguished naval officers, and the mere fact of her finding a congenial companion in her dearly loved sister Cassandra, is an evidence of the intelligence of the latter; yet the positive talent of the family seems to have been concentrated in Jane.

Her childhood and youth were passed in as commonplace and ordinary a manner as are those of most clergymen's daughters. Her family was all in all to her, and the outside world was very little. Indeed, her own life seems often to be reproduced in her stories, where no external excitements, no thrilling events happen, but which are yet as full of genuine human interest, as must be all true painting of human lives. Her father and mother, five brothers and one sister, the last the best loved of all, formed Jane's family circle, which, however, was gradually enlarged by the marriage of her brothers. For the first five-and-twenty years of her life the rectory of Steventon was her home, and we are told no details of any journeys from her, though she visited cousins both in Berkshire and at Bath during this period.

Mr. Austen Leigh's picture of life a hundred years ago can here supply us with much wherewith to fill in this scanty outline. When we read of ladies personally superintending the curing of the home-killed pig, or the making of the elderberry wine, we feel sure that Jane was too good a daughter to have allowed her mother to labour unassisted at these household duties. Indeed, though we fail to remember any instance in her tales where in the person of her heroines she descends into the kitchen, she yet, *in propria persona*, is not above writing a long letter, the real purport of which she tells us, is contained in the postscript, where she asks for a receipt for orange-wine. However, although Jane may have busied herself in household duties more than is usually done by a nineteenth-century young lady, yet the home at Steventon was enlivened by more intellectual pursuits. We read of frequent private theatricals taking place, organized probably by one of her cousins, who had been educated

in Paris. This lady had married a French Count, who perished by the guillotine during the Revolution. She escaped from France, found a home in her uncle's rectory, and afterwards married, as her second husband, Jane Austen's brother, Henry. From the first her society must have been a great and pleasing addition to the quiet family in Hampshire, where her varied experience and very different, if not superior, Parisian education, must have brought fresh and enlarged views of life and interest into a peaceful English country home. The prologues and epilogues for these performances were written by Jane's eldest brother, and are said to have been both vigorous and amusing. She herself seems first to have tried her power of writing by composing short, nonsensical plays, which no doubt were received with affectionate mirth by the partial home critics for whose eye they were alone intended. She also appears in very early life to have written short tales, for by the time she was sixteen a considerable number were already finished. Of these, Mr. Austen Leigh assures us that, although the plots may be flimsy and slight, they were always written in pure and simple English; and that even then her style was entirely free from the pretensions and over-ornament which are so common a failing with youthful writers. Although, therefore, we may picture Jane to ourselves as romping with, as well as kindly advising, her little nephews and nieces; as helping her mother and elder sisters in their household duties; as tending, and perhaps physicing with home-prepared medicines, her poorer neighbours; for, although of this side of a clergyman's daughter's duties, strange to say, we hear nothing, we feel sure so kind a heart as hers cannot have been witness of poverty and suffering without making an effort to relieve them—we may yet be certain that for many hours each day she must have sat before "the little mahogany desk," her bright wit taking shape, her busy brain creating, and her pen slowly (for we can hardly fancy her perfect style of composition being of quick growth) rounding sentence after sentence of those tales which will delight their readers as long as the English language exists.

In this quiet way the first years of Jane's life slipped away, till, at the age of five-and-twenty, her father having resigned his living, the whole family removed to Bath. Although she appears to have visited the city before, the minute knowledge of Bath and its neighbourhood which she shows in more than one of her tales must be owing to her four years' stay in the place; for it was her home from 1801 to 1804, when her father died there. Here she appears to have gone a good deal into society; and, no doubt, many of the eccentric ladies and life-like gentlemen in her stories may owe their origin to some evening party at which Jane was

present, whose members would have been not a little startled if they had been told all that the bright hazel eyes of the tall, slender girl were quietly taking in, and all the mental notes which she was making of the conversation, which would possibly make them immortal in the character of a Thorp, or a Morland, or a Bennet. From Bath the ladies of the Austen family moved to Southampton, but here they remained only a short time. In 1809 we find them once more settled in a Hampshire village, Chawton, near Alton. This was Jane's second, as well as her last home; for her stay both at Bath and at Southampton she considered as mere visits. At Chawton she resumed her habit of writing, which had been interrupted during her sojourns at Bath and Southampton; and here she wrote or rearranged all the books by which she is known to fame. Except for a few visits to London, she hardly ever left this second home, until, in the last stages of her fatal illness, she was persuaded to move to Winchester, in the hopes that the care of a celebrated doctor in that city might cure her. It was, however, in vain. She died quietly and peacefully in lodgings in College Street, Winchester, on the morning of July 18, 1817, only forty-two years of age. Such is a brief outline of Jane Austen's life; and this, with a few letters, is all that Mr. Austen Leigh can tell of his highly gifted aunt.

Miss Austen's literary fame during her lifetime was of slow growth. Had even her partial friends been told that so competent a critic as Lord Macaulay considered that, in one respect, and that no insignificant one, she was amongst those few whose genius approached Shakespeare, they would have been surprised. This flattering comparison is made a second time by Archbishop Whately, in an article in the *Quarterly Review*, published in 1821. We will quote his words as evidence that very shortly after her death her works were fully appreciated:—

Like Shakespeare, she shows as admirable a discrimination in the character of fools as of people of sense—a merit which is far from common. To invent, indeed, a conversation full of wisdom or of wit, requires that the writer should himself possess ability; but the converse does not hold good; it is no fool that can describe fools well, and many who have succeeded pretty well in painting superior characters, have failed in giving individuality to those weaker ones which it is necessary to introduce in order to give a faithful representation of real life; they exhibit to us mere folly in the abstract, forgetting that to the eye of the skilful naturalist the insects on a leaf present as wide differences as exists between the lion and the elephant. Slender and Shallow and Aguecheek, as Shakespeare has painted them, though equally fools, resemble one another no more than Richard and Macbeth and Julius Cæsar; and Miss Austen's Mrs. Bennet, Mr. Rashworth, and Miss Bates are no more alike than her

Darcy, Knightley, and Edmund Bertram. Some have complained indeed of finding her fools too much like Nature, and consequently tiresome. There is no disputing about tastes; all we can say is, that such critics must (whatever difference they may outwardly pay to received opinions) find the "Merry Wives of Windsor," and "Twelfth Night" very tiresome, and that those who look with pleasure at Wilkie's picture, or those of the Dutch school, must admit that excellence of imitation may confer attraction on that which would be insipid or disagreeable in the reality. Her minuteness of detail has also been found fault with, but even where it produces, at the time, a degree of tediousness, we know not whether that can be reckoned a blemish which is absolutely essential to a very high excellence. Now, it is absolutely impossible, without this, to produce that thorough acquaintance with the characters which is necessary to make the reader heartily interested in them. Let anyone cut out from the "Iliad," or from Shakespeare's plays everything (we are far from saying that either might not lose some parts with advantage, but let him reject everything) which is absolutely devoid of importance and interest in *itself*, and he will find that what is left will have lost more than half its charms. We are convinced that some writers have diminished the effect of their works by being scrupulous to admit nothing into them which had not some absolute and independent merit. They have acted like those who strip off the leaves of a fruit tree, as being of themselves good for nothing, with the view of securing more nourishment to the fruit, which in fact cannot attain its full maturity and flavour without them.

When these lines, however, were written, Miss Austen's reputation was fast growing; and the days when a publisher hesitated and even refused to publish her works was over. The want of appreciation at first shown by more than one of these gentlemen we cannot but think surprising. In 1797 Mr. Austen offered "Pride and Prejudice" to Mr. Cadell, a London publisher of high calibre. The proposition to publish it was declined by return of post, though in explanation, if not in excuse, we may add that Mr. Cadell had not then read the manuscript. But what are we to say to a publisher at Bath, to whom "Northanger Abbey" was sold for £10, and who, on second thoughts, so little liked his bargain, that he decided to abide by the first loss of £10 rather than risk any greater expense by publishing the book, and the charming tale lay hidden away in his drawer for years. It is, moreover, no thanks to him that it ever saw the light, for the work was not published until Miss Austen again became possessed of it. After four of her works had been published, and each one had been followed by a steadily growing success, she was anxious to recover the manuscript of "Northanger Abbey." One of her brothers negotiated with the Bath publisher, and found him willing

and ready to relinquish his manuscript on receiving back his £10. When the bargain was concluded, Mr. Austen had the satisfaction of informing the unappreciative publisher that the work he had so lightly valued was by the authoress of "*Pride and Prejudice*," an already famous novel. We trust that he suffered a pang worthy of his sin; for it is not easy to forgive a want of enterprise that so nearly cost us the loss of all acquaintance with the Tilneys, Thorps, and Morlands. Miss Austen does not appear to have suffered keenly from this early neglect. Indeed, she possessed a cheerful and humble mind, which could never resent that which was a slight on herself. Moreover, we cannot help suspecting that she may have been sustained by a secret knowledge of the real worth of her writings; not by conceit, which supposes an undue valuing of our own performances, but merely by the just appreciation which her keen critical faculty must have given her of their actual merit. A good judge in such matters, and a man of remarkable intelligence, was once heard to say that he had established a new test of ability in his mind—viz., Whether a person *could* or *could not* appreciate Miss Austen. We cannot but believe that so clever a woman as our authoress was amongst the former, and that she must have suspected that if neither publishers nor the public cared for her novels it was not with *her* that the fault lay.

The usual complaint made with her writings was the *common-place* nature both of her characters and of the incidents of her stories. An earlier critic than Archbishop Whately in the *Quarterly Review* complains that she devotes too much care to the portraying of "fools," amongst whom he would class such delightfully humorous and living personages as Miss Bates and Mr. Wodehouse. They no doubt are not very wise; but is not the picture of their every-day village life worth volumes of unreal description, after the well-known "two cavaliers on white horses" style, and touching the comparative merits of what may be called the romantic and the every-day class of fiction, it may be worth while to quote the opinion of the greatest master of the former, Sir Walter Scott. The following extract is taken from his diary for March 14, 1826:—

Read again, for the third time at least, Miss Austen's finely written novel of "*Pride and Prejudice*." That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements and feelings and characters of ordinary life which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The big bow-wow strain I can do myself like any now going; but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary common-place things and characters interesting from the truth of the description, and the sentiment, is denied me. What a pity such a gifted creature died so early!

Although written in the early years of this century, in tone and sentiment Miss Austen's stories seem rather to belong to the temper of the eighteenth century, a period when the realistic school both in art and literature was alone appreciated, when the romantic element was wanting to every phase of life; an age which, as we have been lately told, "accepted domestic materialism as the final cause of the entire universe." They were written in, and paint the feelings of, the days before Sir Walter Scott had stirred our enthusiasm for the Middle Ages, an enthusiasm of which we still reap the benefit, and which, although he may himself speak slightly of it as "the big bow-wow strain," influenced the national religion in the form of the Tractarian movement, English architecture in the Gothic revival, and English art in the pre-Raphaelite school of painting. Although there had been novels of the romantic school written before Miss Austen's day, they were not of such pre-eminent talent as to create the taste which has revolutionized our national culture. Mrs. Radcliffe's romances bordered too much on the burlesque and caricature to exercise any lasting influence. It required the genius of the great Scotch novelist, the philosophical revolt of Coleridge, and the weariness of a whole class with the common-place, to work the revolution which reached its high tide shortly after the middle of this century, and which has, if we may judge by much contemporary art and literature, already exhausted itself.

But in every age romance has great attractions for the young; and when we consider the early age at which Miss Austen's masterpieces were written, their entire freedom from the romantic element is surprising. It is usual that the interest in, and careful observation of the minutiae of every-day life is only acquired late in life. Young ladies are apt to be captivated only by the flash of great incidents, as their brothers are by the flash of military events. Later on our taste becomes more mellowed and purer, our observation more acute and nicer, and we then discover noteworthy traits and circumstances in the characters and lives of our common-place neighbours which before were hidden from us. Indeed, our earliest impressions of life may be compared to our first view of a picture or landscape, when the salient features alone catch the eye. Then as we look longer we discover more and more to interest us, and each moment unveils some new object taking shape either in the hazy distance or in the deep shadow of a foreground. Jane Austen, however, seems to have pierced both haze and shadow at an early age; for "*Pride and Prejudice*" and "*Sense and Sensibility*," those perfect photographs of every-day life, in which no uninteresting incident is related, and yet none which might not easily befall any upper or

middle-class family in England, were both written before she had reached the age of two-and-twenty.

The only story in which Jane Austen touches on the popular taste of the day, fostered by Mrs. Radcliffe, is in "Northanger Abbey," and she only does so to turn it into ridicule. This tale, although amongst the latest published of her writings, was amongst the earliest written. In it we are taken to a real old abbey, and the heroine is overjoyed at finding a real old oak chest, in which, on opening it, she discovers what she fondly hopes are real old and secret papers. At the moment of this discovery, a storm bursts over the abbey, her single candle is extinguished, and—— Had we been in Mrs. Radcliffe's hands we may imagine the further and thrilling horrors of the situation. In "Northanger Abbey," however, the climax is quickly followed by a melancholy and disenchanting anti-climax. The heroine gropes her way to bed, sleeps soundly, and on the following morning a bright sun discloses the floor strewn with the old washing bills of the last occupant of the room. In this story Mr. Austen Leigh sees the last remains of Miss Austen's childish style of writing, which, instead of presenting faithful copies of Nature, were generally burlesques, exaggerating and ridiculing the improbable events and sentiments which were described in the popular novels of her day. In no other work do we see any trace of this. We are taken in succession to smiling parks and sunny mansions, to cheerful cottages and commodious houses in London and in country towns; but we visit only one abbey, no old castles or moated granges, still less any sombre dungeons or wild and solitary spots in the recesses of a lonely forest.

Before she reached twenty Miss Austen's genius seems to have received its decisive and final bent. The three stories already mentioned—viz., "Northanger Abbey," "Pride and Prejudice," and "Sense and Sensibility," were written before she left Steventon, and strange to say, during the nine years which elapsed between her doing so and her settling at Chawton, her pen was completely idle. This is curious, and we cannot account for the fact, for during these years she had plenty of leisure, and she wrote with so much ease and facility, that during the five years she was at Chawton she not only revised for the press the novels she had already written, but she also began and finished "Mansfield Park," "Emma," and "Persuasion." It is worth mentioning that these stories were written in the family sitting-room, amidst constant interruptions, with servants and visitors (who yet were never allowed to guess what Jane was busy over) coming and going, and nephews and nieces playing round her and disturbing the process of composition. Poor children! They little guessed the mischief they were doing, for their kind aunt never scolded

or even shewed any sign of impatience, however sorely she may have been tried. Her first work on settling at Chawton was the final correction of "Pride and Prejudice" and "Sense and Sensibility." This occupied a year, and "Sense and Sensibility" appeared in 1811. Her books now followed one another in quick succession, and the four published during her lifetime were given to the public between that date and 1816. The profits which she herself realized hardly amounted to £700. "Persuasion" and "Northanger Abbey" were published only after her death.

Although from the first her novels were favourably received by the public, yet Miss Austen in no way became famous during her lifetime. She was sought after by no contemporary literary celebrities, and was never in the company of any who could be compared intellectually with herself. One only mark of distinction was vouchsafed her—viz., a request, or rather we should say, a permission, from the Prince Regent, who was a great admirer of her writings, that her forthcoming novel, "Emma," should be dedicated to himself. This was accordingly done; but otherwise Jane Austen seems to have been left unnoticed by all who were celebrated for genius, or noticeable from rank. Had she been brought into contact with Southey, S. T. Coleridge, Sir James Mackintosh, Lord Holland, or Macaulay (to mention but a few of those whose appreciation of his aunt's writings is noticed by Mr. Austen Leigh) how much enjoyment would she not have both given and received? But she never lived in the literary world, and her fame may be considered to be mainly posthumous.

Before speaking of her books in detail, we may be allowed a few words on their general characteristics. We have already called them life-like and vivid pictures, or, more truly speaking, unidealized photographs of upper and upper middle class everyday life, as seen by one who appreciated most keenly its humorous side. We are never taken amongst the very great nor amongst the very poor; nor are we ever asked to sympathize with any higher joy or any deeper sorrow than the gain or loss of a lover. We encounter no scenes which move our deepest feelings, nor troubles which we cannot but share, so sympathetically are they drawn. Indeed, we do not think a single death is mentioned in any tale, if we except the convenient one of Mrs. Churchill in "Emma," a lady whom we know only by hearsay, and whose removal is necessary for the happiness of a pair of interesting young lovers. With unmoved face and calm voice the most impressionable might venture to read Miss Austen's novels aloud from beginning to end; no deeper emotion than those of amusement and interest would be excited. The plots are generally straightforward and simple; and they avoid any complicity of motive or complication of circumstances, in which it is impossible

that all should act rightly, or such entanglements as leave a stain on all who are involved in them. They are absolutely free from the morbid sympathy with ill-doing, which is described as being but half voluntary, or with sins committed from the "highest motives," which is so common in the novels of to-day, and which has the mischievous effect of obscuring the definite distinction between right and wrong, and blurring the sharp line always drawn in a well-instructed conscience between virtue and vice. It may be that life was simpler and that motives were less involved in the eighteenth century than they are to-day; but we cannot believe that had she lived in any age Miss Austen would ever have placed us in such positions as those so well loved by George Eliot, who often, as in the "*Mill on the Floss*," asks our sympathy for wrong-doing, and disgusts us with the unaimable sternness of conscientious rectitude. Though there may be an occasional coarseness of expression, which can be explained by the different standard of language a couple of generations ago, yet Miss Austen's works are essentially healthy and pure. Nor is the vulgarity of some of her characters (and in each of her tales there is at least one vulgar person who serves as a foil against which the refinement of the others shines out more prominently) other than that which it in no way degrades a lady to draw; no slight test in itself. Indeed, Miss Austen never paints vulgarity without its comic side being so decidedly the most prominent, that we must generally decide that the scene or person, is even more amusing than it is vulgar. Miss Austen's stories are decidedly healthy reading; and this alone, when comparing them with the works of many living authors, or, we fear, still more authoresses, is a feature which, we hope, will induce parents to place these novels, rather than more modern ones, in their daughters' hands. That young people require amusement is a truism, and that they can be amused without being contaminated is certain when these books are borne in mind. That they deal mainly with the vicissitudes of lovers and the chances of love is, of course, as they are novels, necessary. But this necessity granted, nothing that could offend a fastidious taste is recorded. Of course, the young people fall in love with one another, and the interest of the plot consist in the happy *dénouement* of their love. But we have no descriptions of headlong passion, which, in the author's eyes, seems so overpoweringly strong as to warrant a disregard of all decorum and self-respect, and to make its victims careless, not alone to propriety, but even to elementary virtue. In one story alone, "*Sense and Sensibility*," is such an inordinate attachment described; and there the girl is very far, indeed, from being held up as an object of admiration, or even of more than momentary pity. Her selfish folly is

made evident, and it is only after she has cured herself of her reckless passion that she is allowed to settle happily with a man whose quiet and disinterested attachment throughout the story has been a contrast to the heartless flirting of the lover on whom she believed she had bestowed her heart for ever. Once Miss Austen's heroines are married, and we have no description of scenes in which they receive with pleasure the attention of any man other than their husband; nor are we asked to sympathize with those who morally, if not actually, overstep the line between virtue and vice, on which they have been hovering through three volumes. Can as much be said of nine out of ten of the popular novels to be seen on the tables of average English ladies?

Genius has been defined as "a power of taking infinite pains." If this be true, then none can hesitate to award to Miss Austen a very large share of genius; for there is not a line of her works which is carelessly or hastily written, nor a character, however slightly it may be sketched, which has not evidently been drawn with deliberate thought and care. Not that the style is ever laboured, or the skill which has been bestowed on it too evident, for Miss Austen is mistress of that highest form of art, which conceals art itself. But the excellence of the writing will be at once apparent to any who should strive to improve on the style, and to give her meaning in fewer or better words. They would find it almost impossible.

One special charm of Miss Austen's books is the way in which they help us to picture the lives of our grandparents. What Trollope's stories of the family life of to-day will be to our grandchildren, Miss Austen's are to us; and though we can hardly imagine changes as great happening within the next fifty years as those which the last half century have witnessed, yet we all feel how useful the popular novelist whom we have just lost will be to the future Lord Macaulay or Mr. Green in their descriptions of the social side of our contemporary history. In Miss Austen's realistic pictures of life, we are transplanted into the early years of this century, and we breathe the quiet and leisurely atmosphere of that period. The absence of all haste, bustle, or undue excitement in the lives of our heroes and heroines is noteworthy. It is evident they never had to scramble to catch a train, or to rush to despatch a telegram; and does not the want of any such hurrying imply a very different phase of existence to that of to-day? There seems to have been far more time for everything in those days, and yet, strange to say, everything took a much longer time in the doing. To-day a post-card answers the purpose of an elaborate long letter, generally a model of good English and almost a composition in itself; a sewing-machine will, in ten minutes, do the work of an afternoon; and a bicycle

will take us a five-mile walk in not much longer a time. And yet life seems to have been so much roomier in those days; individuality had time and space in which to develop; folly had every opportunity of exposing itself; and wisdom had every chance of making itself known. People must have been very patient then; they evidently listened to one another in a way which made real conversation possible, and even absolute folly was allowed to utter itself without interruption, whilst it rounded its lengthy periods, the correct English of which almost makes us forgive its poverty of idea. Fancy a pompous clergyman to-day being allowed to deliver himself of the following long speech of Mr. Collins', spoken in an evening party, and apparently listened to without any interruption or great surprise by the whole company: "If I were so fortunate as to be able to sing, I should have great pleasure, I am sure, in obliging the company with an air, for I consider music as a very innocent diversion, and perfectly compatible with the profession of a clergyman. I do not mean, however, to assert that we can be justified in devoting too much of our time to music, for there are certainly other things to be attended to. The rector of a parish has much to do. In the first place, he must make such an agreement for tithes as may be beneficial to himself and not offensive to his patron. He must write his own sermons, and the time that remains will not be too much for his parish duties, and the care and improvement of his dwelling, which he cannot be excused from making as comfortable as possible. And I do not think it of light importance that he should have attentive and conciliatory manners towards everybody, especially towards those to whom he owes his preferment. I cannot acquit him of that duty, nor could I think well of the man who should omit an occasion of testifying his respect towards anybody connected with the family;" and, with a bow to one member of the family to whom he himself owes his living, and who chanced to be present, Mr. Collins concludes a speech which we need hardly say to-day would have speedily been cut short, and the poor man's self-assurance at any rate endangered.

In Miss Austen's day the immediate neighbours were the all-important people to those living in the country. They were content to be amused by country friends, to be cured by country doctors, to be advised by country lawyers, and to be dressed by country milliners. To-day all this is changed, and it is to London that the same class look for amusement, for treatment, for advice, and even for clothes. How little did the inventors of railways understand the revolution they were preparing in our social life! We have heard that in the early days of railways it was expected that once the lines round London were finished,

everybody would live in the country. It seemed self-evident that all would wish to combine the pleasures of country life with the business of London, when such combination should be possible. As a fact, the reverse has been the result; and instead of London being taken into the country and ruralized, the country is more and more being absorbed by London. It affects those at a distance each year more decidedly, till we find ourselves as completely surrounded by London culture, London comfort and London ideas in a country-house in Devonshire, as we do in Hyde Park. This has its disadvantages, amongst which the disappearance of marked individuality and originality is not the least. When every part of the country and every characteristic of its people is formed after the same model, much sameness is a necessary result. In Miss Austen's tales we are hardly conscious of the existence of London. In one tale "*Sense and Sensibility*," the greater number of the characters, it is true, do pass one winter there, but otherwise the metropolis is hardly ever mentioned. Bath, the provincial capital, both in "*Northanger Abbey*" and in "*Persuasion*," plays a considerable part in the stories; but in nothing does the beginning of this century differ more with its close than in the relative importance which London, and the centralization of all interest in one spot, play in the latter period and their insignificance in the former.

As we have already stated, the common-place nature of Miss Austen's tales was an early objection made to them. At best, it was said, they are but as so many Dutch pictures: they are exquisite copies of scenes too homely to be of universal interest, which are worthy of comparison with pictures where we have to deplore years of skill wasted over the delineation of a recently killed pig, the leaves of a cabbage, or a bunch of carrots and turnips which are being cooked by a woman, the main interest of whose appearance lies in the wonderfully realistic painting of her neckerchief. To this, however, we may answer, that human nature differs in an essential manner from the material world. It is simply not worth while to spend time and skill in painting things so destitute of all intrinsic beauty as joints of meat, vegetables, and cooking utensils; that even after we have reproduced a leg of mutton so exactly that a dog might be deceived and snap at it, or painted the light shining from a copper kettle so that we may almost fancy we see ourselves reflected in it, we have succeeded in doing nothing which in any way either elevates or benefits mankind. We have merely exhibited ingenuity and skill. But, in successfully describing even the most common-place of our fellow creatures it is different. "*The proper study for mankind is man.*" Mrs. Bennet may be vulgar, and Lydia Bennet may be unutterably foolish; but neither are unnatural

improbabilities, and they at least serve as a contrast against which the superiority of the other characters in the novel stands out in relief. Again, Mr. Collins' pompous peculiarities which are exaggerated to the borders of caricature, are most mirth provoking. Under every form human nature is worth drawing, and even when nothing is to be found in a character by the mere reading of which we feel elevated, it may yet teach us a lesson as exhibiting what to avoid; and if it cannot show us how noble a woman or a man can be, we may yet learn how meanly it is possible for them to behave. It were better in all cases that the truth were known; and if in fiction we only studied characters whose aims were lofty, whose tastes were refined, and whose conduct was entirely praiseworthy, we should be living in an ideal world, very far indeed removed from actual life. In truthful and painstaking pictures of every-day characters, placed in every-day scenes, and living every-day lives, human nature is best studied, and as it is in giving us such that Miss Austen pre-eminently excels, her books will be valued as long as the study of our fellow-creatures interests us.

"*Pride and Prejudice*" is perhaps the best known of Miss Austen's novels, and as it is impossible for us to give any outline of all her tales, we will select this one, as being the most characteristic, and allow our readers to gather from it some idea of her general style and manner. It is invaluable as a picture of family life in the beginning of this century; and in it we may see not only wherein our ways and habits differ from those of eighty years ago, but also the general likeness of human nature in every age. For example, we are to-day constantly hearing of the sins and enormities committed by the "girl of the period," of her fastness, wilfulness, and her disregard of all the restraints of propriety. But in Lydia Bennet, a girl of a past generation, we see the picture of a young lady whose folly could hardly be exceeded, and whose absolute viciousness is, we trust, rarely equalled in these days; whilst no mother now living, let her anxiety to dispose of her daughters be never so great, can exceed Mrs. Bennet in her match-making schemes.

The story is mainly concerned with the fortunes of the Bennet family. It consists of parents and five daughters, in the two elder of which are united all the virtue and good sense, and the greater share of the beauty which are wanting to the rest. Mr. Bennet has had the misfortune to marry an underbred and uneducated woman, and being a man of good parts himself, he soon discovers that his only chance of a peaceful, if not a happy life, lies in isolating himself as much as possible from his family, and he therefore spends his life in his library. His wife and daughters, however, contribute to a certain extent to his grati-

fication, for being a man of keen and caustic humour, although he can neither admire nor approve of them, he is yet able to enjoy their absurdity, which he is ever busy in drawing out and encouraging when he is in their company. Mrs. Bennet's main object in life is to marry her daughters—advantageously if possible, but, at any rate, to marry them; and the story opens with the advent of an agreeable and wealthy young man, who takes a house in the neighbourhood, and who, Mrs. Bennet at once determines, shall become the husband of one of her daughters. He so far meets her views as to fall in love with the eldest, Jane, and for a time all looks propitious for Mrs. Bennet's scheme. Meanwhile, two events happens: a regiment of militia is quartered in the neighbouring town, and a distant cousin of Mr. Bennet's, on whom, failing sons, his property is entailed, writes to propose a visit. For this cousin, Mr. Collins, although he is unknown to her, Mrs. Bennet has always entertained an inveterate dislike, caused merely by the fact that her home, Longbourn, is to become his on the death of her husband. His letter, however, proposing a visit, somewhat disarms her, for in it he expresses a wish "to make amends," in some mysterious way, to his young cousins for inheriting to their detriment, their father's property. Mr. Collins' letter is sufficiently pompous and absurd to give rise to the expectation of keen amusement which the foibles of his fellow-creatures always cause Mr. Bennet. To his second and favourite daughter, Elizabeth's question: "Can he be a sensible man, Sir?" he answers, "No, my dear, I think not. I have great hopes of finding him quite the reverse. There is a mixture of servility and self-importance in his letter which promises well. I am impatient to see him." Nor is Mr. Bennet disappointed. Mr. Collins arrives, and his object is not long in disclosing itself. He means "to make amends" to the family for inheriting the property by marrying one of the daughters. This is his business. His pleasure seems to consist in discoursing in lengthy speeches and with extravagant sentiments of gratitude on the unparalleled excellencies of his patroness (for he is a clergyman), Lady Catherine de Bourgh; of her condescension and other amiable qualities; of the magnificence of her house and park, and of the charms of her daughter.

"Lady Catherine has one only daughter," he explains at dinner, "the heiress of Nosings, and of very extensive property."

"Ah!" cried Mrs. Bennet, shaking her head, "then she is better off than many girls. And what sort of a young lady is she? Is she handsome?"

"She is a most charming young lady, indeed. Lady Catherine herself says that, in point of true beauty, Miss de Bourgh is far superior to the handsomest of her sex; because there is that in her

features which marks the young woman of distinguished birth. She is unfortunately of a sickly constitution, which has prevented her making that progress in many accomplishments which she could not otherwise have failed of, as I am informed by the lady who superintended her education, and who still resides with them. But she is perfectly amiable, and often condescends to drive by my humble abode in her little phaeton and ponies."

"Has she been presented? I do not remember her name among the ladies at Court."

"Her indifferent state of health unhappily prevents her being in town; and, by that means, as I told Lady Catherine myself one day, has deprived the British Court of its brightest ornament. Her ladyship seemed pleased with the idea; and you may imagine that I am happy on every occasion to offer those little delicate compliments which are always acceptable to ladies. I have more than once observed to Lady Catherine, that her charming daughter seemed born to be a duchess, and that the most elevated rank, instead of giving her consequence, would be adorned by her. These are the kind of little things which please her ladyship, and it is a sort of attention which I conceive myself peculiarly bound to pay."

"You judge very properly," said Mr. Bennet, "and it is happy for you that you possess the talent of flattering with delicacy. May I ask whether these pleasing attentions proceed from the impulse of the moment, or are the result of previous study?"

"They arise chiefly from what is passing at the time, and though I sometimes accuse myself with suggesting and arranging such little elegant compliments as may be adapted to ordinary occasions, I always wish to give them as unstudied an air as possible."

Mr. Bennet's expectations were fully answered. His cousin was as absurd as he had hoped, and he listened to him with the keenest enjoyment, maintaining at the same time the most resolute composure of countenance, and, except in an occasional glance at Elizabeth, requiring no partner in his pleasure.

Mr. Collins' correct views on the privileges of seniority would have determined him to select Jane as a wife, from amongst his young cousins; but on hearing from her mother that she is likely to be soon engaged to Mr. Bingley, he at once transfers his attentions to Elizabeth, the second both in age and beauty, and in liveliness and intelligence the superior to all. Although Elizabeth is "fancy free," we need hardly say that Mr. Collins is not likely to succeed in inducing her to marry him. He proposes, nevertheless, in due form, and can hardly be induced to believe that Elizabeth's decided refusal is other than the hesitating acceptance, which is all the answer which her modesty will allow her to make. To a very decided request from Elizabeth that he will never again mention the subject, he answers: "I am far from accusing you of cruelty at present, because I know it to be the established custom of your sex to reject a man on the first

application; and, perhaps, you have even now said as much to encourage my suit as would be consistent with the true delicacy of the female character."

Elizabeth's mother, however, is not so easily convinced that a positive refusal is only "an elegant female's" roundabout device for making sure of a second proposal; and on hearing an account of the interview from Mr. Collins, is seriously alarmed lest the cup of happiness actually at her lips—the having a daughter married—should be dashed to the ground by Elizabeth's unaccountable perversity. In fear, and trepidation, she rushes to her husband, in order to beg that he will "speak to Lizzy about it, and tell her that you insist upon her marrying him." Elizabeth is summoned, and upon Mrs. Bennet declaring that should she persist in her refusal, "She will never see her again," Mr. Bennet pronounces the following characteristic verdict: "An unhappy alternative is before you, Elizabeth. From this day you must be a stranger to one of your parents. Your mother will never see you again if you do *not* marry Mr. Collins; and I will never see you again if you *do*."

Mr. Collins consoles himself by marrying Elizabeth's intimate friend, who is less particular than herself, and thus ends his project for "making amends" to his cousin's family for inheriting his property. Meanwhile, Mrs. Bennet's hopes of marrying her eldest daughter to Mr. Bingley, are hardly prospering any better. Mr. Bingley has with him two sisters and a friend, a man of even greater wealth and consequence than himself; and it is he who supplies the book with the first word of its title, "Pride," whilst Elizabeth's feeling for him furnishes the second, which is "Prejudice." Mr. Darcy certainly does not appear in a very favourable light during the first portion of the book. He gives himself all the airs of a man of fashion, and treats with open contempt the provincial society in which he finds himself placed, a contempt which however well it may be merited by the greater part of the Bennet family, is too plainly expressed to be well-bred. He scorns Elizabeth's beauty within her hearing on the occasion of the first ball at which they meet, and for the future she and the rest of the neighbourhood resent his behaviour by simply ignoring his existence. Circumstances, however, throw Elizabeth and Mr. Darcy together; and so little is he used to being slighted, that her indifference has all the piquancy of novelty, which first attracts him; and this, joined to much beauty and a liveliness which amuses him, captivates him in spite of himself. He is still, however, so much disgusted with the rest of her family, with the exception of Jane, that on discovering that Bingley is becoming seriously attached to her, he considers the evils of such a connection so great, that he carries off his friend before he has

actually committed himself; and the family which had caused such great expectations on its first arrival, leave the neighbourhood in much the same condition as they found it. The regiment of militia, however, stay on yet a while, and the younger Miss Bennets continue to commit every act of indecorum and indiscretion which it is possible for the presence of a single regiment of officers to allow of.

Months go by, and Elizabeth is induced to pay her friend, Mrs. Collins, a promised visit, and to be a witness of all the comfort and snugness which she has refused. She also makes the acquaintance of the alarming though condescending Lady Catherine de Bourgh, who is discovered to be an aunt of Mr. Darcy's. Whilst Elizabeth is staying at the Rectory, he is visited by his aunt at the park; and as the greater part of Lady Catherine's condescension consists in forcing the party at the Rectory (though it must be owned Mr. Collins is quite ready to be forced) to place their evenings at her disposal, and either to help her to form her card tables, or otherwise to make themselves socially useful; Elizabeth and Mr. Darcy are constantly thrown together. Whilst this has the effect of making Mr. Darcy's inclination for Elizabeth stronger than ever—and he ends by being absolutely in love with her—it in no way diminishes Elizabeth's dislike of him. Indeed, by an accidental discovery that it was he who had separated her sister from her lover, Elizabeth's dislike is still further heightened. Just after she has learnt this fact, and when her whole nature is hardened against the man, Mr. Darcy astonishes her by making her an offer of marriage. The moment is inauspicious, and his manner and words are hardly conciliatory. Feeling certain of success, he is at no pains to conceal how much against his grain is the idea of marrying her, and how keenly alive he is to the disadvantage of being connected with her relations. Beginning his proposal with, "In vain have I struggled," he concludes his answer to Elizabeth's reproaches at having separated her sister from the man who loved her with—"Towards *him* I have been kinder than towards myself." Elizabeth naturally resents the insults with which his expressions of love are mingled. Indeed, the whole scene reads more like a quarrel than a love scene; and, considering Mr. Darcy's words, on the part of Elizabeth, a legitimate quarrel; and we feel that her concluding words, which at length produce some effect on Darcy—"had you behaved in a more gentleman-like manner"—are not unmerited.

Besides his haughty and uncivil manner, and even more blameworthy than his conduct to her sister, Elizabeth thinks she has further reason for condemning Darcy. She believes him to have acted in an unprincipled manner towards one of the officers quar-

tered near her home, a certain Mr. Wickham. The latter is a great favourite with Elizabeth, and she is doubly interested in him by his telling her of the harsh treatment he has received from Mr. Darcy. The son of Darcy's family steward, and his father's godson and favourite, Wickham represents himself as having been deprived of all the benefits the father had intended should be his, by the son. The elder Mr. Darcy had specially promised him a family living as a provision for life; when, however, the living falls vacant, which it does after Mr. Darcy's death, the son, in spite of his father's wishes, bestows it elsewhere, and the injured Wickham has to fall back on the army as a profession. This story has been known to Elizabeth for some time; she had been told it by Wickham, and had gladly believed it, on the first evening of their acquaintance; for, as she had always disliked Darcy, and been prejudiced against him, she had been happy to discover so good a reason for her feeling as was given her by Wickham's ill treatment. When Darcy proposes, therefore, she explains to him, that not only would his insolent manner and his behaviour to her sister have prevented her listening to his addresses, but that his usage of Wickham had forfeited even her common respect.

At the time Mr. Darcy offers no explanation; but on the following day he finds an opportunity of giving Elizabeth a long letter, in which, without renewing his offer, he explains his conduct both to her sister and to Wickham. His excuses in the first case are rather lame, and consist in his assurance that, believing Jane herself to be indifferent to Bingley, he had seen no harm in persuading his friend that such was the case, and in therefore preventing his returning into her neighbourhood and proposing, after he had once left it. Concerning Wickham, however, it is different; and, if he is to be believed, far from having sinned against him, Darcy had behaved with forbearance and generosity towards a worthless scamp, whose handsome person and agreeable manners constituted his sole merit. At first, Elizabeth is incredulous; but by degrees the truth of Darcy's account is forced upon her, and she is convinced that she has been mainly influenced by her prejudice against Darcy in her judgment of him. She sees him, however, no more, and shortly afterwards returns home. Here she finds her younger sister in a state bordering on despair, for the regiment which has so long absorbed all their interest is ordered to Brighton, and the dismal prospect is before them of having to spend the long summer months without there being a single red-coat to enliven the neighbourhood. This terrible future is averted, however, for Lydia, the youngest and wildest of the girls. She receives an invitation from the colonel's wife to spend the summer with her, and this

invitation, in spite of Elizabeth's warning to and remonstrance with her father, as to the danger of Lydia's seriously misconducting herself, she is allowed to accept. Mr. Bennet listens to Elizabeth attentively, but merely replies: "Lydia will never be easy till she has exposed herself in some public place or other, and we can never expect her to do it with so little expense or inconvenience to her family as under the present circumstances;" and on Elizabeth's still urging him to prevent a visit so full of risk, he concludes his refusal with, "At any rate, Lydia cannot grow many degrees worse without authorizing us to lock her up for the rest of her life."

Lydia, therefore, leaves home in rapturous spirits, and Elizabeth soon after accompanies an uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Gardener, on a tour into Derbyshire. Here she finds herself in Mr. Darcy's county, and is soon close to his property, which, on being assured that its owner is not in the country, she is induced, at the pressing wish of her aunt, to visit. Who can doubt the result? Of course, Mr. Darcy returns unexpectedly; and, just after they have been listening to his praises from his housekeeper, who assures them of his perfections as a landlord, a brother, and a man, they meet him himself in his grounds, and Elizabeth finds herself as much surprised by the change in his behaviour as she had been by the housekeeper's unqualified praise. All pride has vanished, and his manner is civil and cordial, not only to herself, but to her uncle and aunt, which, considering his former treatment of her relations, is still more astonishing. His sister arrives on the following day, and at once calls on Elizabeth and her party, and schemes for constant meetings during their stay in Derbyshire are being arranged, when sudden and distressing news brings their visit to an abrupt termination. Elizabeth hears from home that the terrible Lydia has eloped from Brighton with Mr. Wickham, and grave doubts are felt as to his having any intention of marrying her. Elizabeth is wanted at home at once. Mr. Darcy is with her when she receives her letter, the purport of which, in her agitation, she cannot conceal; and they agree that, from the knowledge which they both have of Wickham's character, the worst results are to be feared. Elizabeth reproaches herself keenly for not having disclosed all she knew of Wickham when last at home, a reproach which his subsequent conduct shows Mr. Darcy thinks he ought to share. He had known Wickham to be a scamp, and yet he had not denounced him when he appeared in a neighbourhood where he was a stranger, and had so fair a field for his ill-doings open before him, and Mr. Darcy therefore feels responsible for the mischief which has followed his being admitted into respectable society. Elizabeth hurries back to Longbourne, and finds her home in a distressing state of confusion. Her father is

away in London, vainly trying to discover the whereabouts of the runaway couple. Her mother has taken refuge in illness, and is keeping her room; and whilst her eldest sister is still hoping for the best, the younger ones are sulking. For some days nothing is heard. Mr. Bennet returns home, leaving the search in the hands of his brother-in-law. After a short suspense, Mr. Gardener is able to send news of the fugitives. He has discovered them living in London, unmarried, and Lydia indifferent to her position. Wickham, however, is prepared to marry her, Mr. Gardener says, if Mr. Bennet will consent to make certain trifling promises, which seem, under the circumstances, so moderate, that Mr. Bennet can only conclude that Lydia's kind uncle has made it worth Wickham's while to marry her. Of course the father consents, and he spends the rest of the day in wondering how he is ever to repay Mr. Gardener.

On hearing the news of Lydia's approaching marriage, Mrs. Bennet speedily becomes her own self again. Her indisposition vanishes, and her delight that at length she will have a daughter married, swallows up all the shame attending the circumstances of the wedding. "To know that her daughter would be married was enough. She was disturbed by no fear for her felicity, nor humbled by any remembrance of her misconduct. 'My dear, dear Lydia,' she cried, 'this is delightful indeed! She will be married! I shall see her again! She will be married at sixteen! My good, kind brother! I knew how it would be. I knew he would manage everything. How I long to see her! to see dear Wickham too! But the clothes! the wedding clothes!'" &c. &c. We cannot linger over Mrs. Bennet's folly, Mr. Bennet's perversity, or more fully describe Lydia's impudent frivolity, when, against her father's wish, she is received as Mrs. Wickham, at Longbourne. *She* at any rate is unchanged, and on entering the dining-room exclaims, "Oh, Jane, I take your place now, and you must go lower, because I am a married woman." Lydia and Wickham shortly after leave, and we see them no more, and Mr. Bingley and Darcy reappear. Mr. Darcy continues to behave as amiably as he had done in Derbyshire, and Bingley, it is evident is still in love with Jane, and Darcy having removed his embargo, before long they are engaged. Then comes a highly humorous visit to Longbourne from Lady Catherine de Bourgh, who has been alarmed for her nephew by the rumours which have reached her of his admiration for Elizabeth, but which we have no space to describe. This is shortly followed by a second proposal from Mr. Darcy to Elizabeth, an offer couched in very different terms and made with a very different manner to the first. Elizabeth has now no hesitation in accepting him. Her prejudice has for a long time been dying away, and indeed

on discovering that Lydia's real preserver was none other than Darcy himself, who—by paying Wickham's debts and otherwise assisting him—had brought about the marriage, it had been changed into deep gratitude and affection. And so the book closes with Mrs. Bennet's joy and delight, that she can at length boast of having three daughters married.

We have spoken at some length of "*Pride and Prejudice*," because it is characteristic both of Miss Austen's merits and of her shortcomings. It is life-like, well-written, and sparkles with epigram and wit, and is a model for novels of its class; but we ourselves cannot reckon the class of fiction to which it belongs as the highest, for in no sense can it be said to appeal to universal human sympathy in every age and in every country as do the works of the highest genius. If all interest and every problem of life were centred in the behaviour of young men and women in easy circumstances between the ages of twenty and thirty, then we need ask no more. But when we see that even in the upper classes all events in life do not finish like the third volume of a novel; when we consider the fierce passions to be fought against, and the noble self-abnegation daily to be seen, in others besides young lovers, we feel that there is a wider side to life on which Miss Austen never touches. The date of her writings may to some extent account for this; and her own quiet life may explain it. In the past generation ladies of her class were content to lead lives which, whilst perfectly innocent, would to-day be considered by many uninteresting, and even unworthy. It was not an age of deep spiritual feelings and longings, of undefinable yearnings, which, even though they may now be caricatured by a sickly and sentimental æstheticism, have yet a true side in our nature. Notwithstanding the existence of exceptions, whose charity, like Mrs. Fry's, almost approached the heroic, but who during their lifetime were often more criticised as eccentric than admired for their devotion; all that was asked of a good woman a hundred years ago was that she should avoid gross faults, attend her parish church on a Sunday, and, if she lived in a village, be charitable to the poor.

Although, when she wrote, the Wesleyan movement had already stirred the religious sense of the nation, the circle in which Miss Austen lived and from which she drew her characters seems to have been wholly unmoved by the spiritual and devotional feelings which it excited. Miss Austen was the daughter of a clergyman, and of a man who actually resided in the parish for the ministering to which he was paid (an unusual fact a hundred years ago), and therefore one of whose piety and respectability we have reason to think well, and her letters occasionally show that religion was more than a mere name to her.

Yet, after studying her six stories, would any one suppose that Christianity was the great fact of the last eighteen hundred years?

We are no advocates of what are styled religious novels; they are generally mere tirades of unreal sentimentality, often written mainly to air the author's special and generally heretical views or crotchets on some particular question. But there is some medium between the obtrusiveness of the one, and the utter want of all feeling of the spiritual or supernatural in Miss Austen's work. Nothing could give us a more complete, though unconscious, picture of the religion of the upper classes a hundred years ago, than do these tales; a period in England during which we literally believe religion to have been more absolutely dead, than in any other Christian century or country since the dawn of faith. We are far from wishing to find incongruous expressions of piety in novels; yet "out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh," is always and everywhere true. Let us best judge Miss Austen by the books of to-day, when, whatever may be the faults of the age, religion, at any rate, excites a keen interest. Two of the most decidedly popular writers of to-day are Miss Yonge and George Eliot, names no doubt of very unequal power, but which can be yoked together for our purpose. We are no particular admirers of Miss Yonge's school of religious thought; there is no doubt too much of an atmosphere of mere "church decorations," and all the unreality of High Anglicanism in her books; yet, that religion underlies the lives of those she paints, and that a genuine even if limited piety speaks to us through her favourites is undeniable. Religion is either denied or accepted, it is crushed out or it vanquishes, but it is not ignored. Indeed, the outer life of her characters is often the mere veneer of their real and religious natures, which appears at every break or emergency in their conventional existence. George Eliot again, though viewing both life and religion from an opposite pole to Miss Yonge, still less ignores the spiritual side of life. She had developed her own views both of religion and philosophy; and she used her tales, specially her later ones, merely as a lay figure may be used to display drapery, as a means to exemplify and popularize her ideas. Her novels are mere parables, by which she hoped to teach certain deep spiritual realities, which she believed to be truths, and to pour forth the message which she imagined she had to deliver to her generation.

But, innocent and healthy as are Miss Austen's books, might they not have been written by a kindly and upright-minded woman, who had never even heard of Christianity as a revelation? And do they not paint a state of society to which all religion seems foreign? We see this the more distinctly as she is

fond of introducing us to clergymen. We believe there is one in each of her tales; and, as Lord Macaulay has remarked, each one stands out as a distinct individual, differing from the others in all but as belonging to the same profession, and, we may add, in the small demand their profession apparently makes both on their time and their thought. In the summary which Mr. Collins gives of the duties of a clergyman, which we have already quoted, the only duty which we can distinguish from those of a layman is "the having to write his own sermons." Had he said, "write his own articles," the life depicted would have done for any *littérateur* living in the country. Of Mr. Elton, in "Emma," much the same might be said. He is sociable and active; he dines out and attends balls; and though he certainly shares with the modern curate the doubtful honour which appears to be attached in perpetuity to the office of a young Protestant clergyman—viz., that of being the favourite of *all* the young ladies of a neighbouring boarding-school, there is little else about him to remind us of his supposed sacred office. In "Northanger Abbey," the hero is also a clergyman. We are informed of it as a fact ascertained by the heroine's *chaperone*, but like her, when she meets him first at a Bath ball, we should never have guessed that such was the case, had we not been told of it. He comes and goes from Bath in a free, unfettered manner; and when the scene shifts to his father's home, Northanger Abbey, he is still always present except when he rides over to his parish to perform the short Sunday service. In "Mansfield Park" and in "Sense and Sensibility," we are introduced to two men, who, during the greater part of both books, are only intending to take orders; and in fairness we must add, that the hero of the former does annoy the lady to whom he is attached by taking this step. She is a lively flirt, and she fears that with a clergyman for a husband she would not be allowed a life of such reckless and perpetual gaiety as with a layman. This is the only indication which we have that there was a limit to the pleasure-seeking worldliness of an English clergyman in the eighteenth century.

We may therefore say, in conclusion, that although we can recommend Miss Austen's stories as likely in no way to injure or corrupt the young, they will exercise no more elevating influence over them than that of healthy amusement. It is true, that no religious sensibilities can be hurt by reading these books, for in them no Christian truth is denied, nor is any Catholic custom lightly spoken of; but this arises not so much from respect either for religion or for the Church, as from the ignoring of both. Their value for Catholics is therefore a negative one. But considering that the greater part of modern English litera-

ture is the work of Protestants, and that no small portion of it is positively offensive and dangerous reading for Catholics, we cannot afford to despise books of so high a calibre which possess even this qualified merit. We trust therefore that the handsome and complete *edition* of Miss Austen's works which Messrs. Bentley & Co. have lately published, in six volumes, and which is called the "Steventon" edition, may find its way into many a Catholic library.

ART. IV.—THE TSAR AND HIS HOLY SYNOD
IN 1840.

Notes of a Visit to the Russian Church in the Years 1840, 1841. By the late WILLIAM PALMER, M.A. Selected and arranged by CARDINAL NEWMAN. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1882.

ALL English-speaking Catholics must be grateful to His Eminence Cardinal Newman for publishing what we may term a legacy of the late Mr. William Palmer, an account at once so interesting, so life-like, and so succinct, of one of the three "Branch" Churches. The Russian Church is the modern representative of Eastern Christendom as compared with its other division, the Greek Church, whose spiritual life has been well-nigh stifled out of it by the Grand Turk. With regard to the view taken of Eastern Christendom by our Anglican fellow-countrymen, *omne ignotum pro magnifico* is most specially pertinent. It embodies to them the ideal position and capability of being Catholic without the Pope. In the course of a volume of 554 pages a typically Catholic mind, fettered and hampered in the bondage of an Erastian communion, photographs the present aspect of the Russian Church. The hours are declining, the shadows of evening are gathering, and there is no prospect of a new dawn after the darkness.

Believers in the branch theory will at once realize Mr. Palmer's position and the motives which actuated him in seeking communion at Petersburg. His conscience sought for the magnificent though indirect testimony to the English Church which a passport to the sacraments in Russia would have given to him. Together with this triple division of the Seamless Garment, and by a strange anomaly of mind, he fully recognized what has come to be known as geographical Christianity. He would have only one orthodox church in each place, which goes far towards making nationality paramount in religion. This was the one weak point

in a mind otherwise deeply and profoundly Catholic, and he gives the view clearly in a letter to the Ober-Prokuror of the Holy Synod. "As regards myself personally, I think it right to add, that from the time I have come within the dioceses of the Russian bishops, I recognize no other church as true and legitimate in these countries, nor adhere, in will at least, to any other jurisdiction than theirs. Not as if I came from any heresy, or schism, seeking to be reconciled by the Church of God which is in Russia, but being a Catholic orthodox Christian, as I trust, and coming from a Catholic and orthodox and apostolical church, I seek from the legitimate and canonical bishops of the country, in whatever country I may be, and from each one of them in his own diocese, the common right of communion."* It is well to remember that this explanation occurs in the same letter as the following magnificent profession of Catholicity: "I well knew that I had been baptized, not into any English, or Roman, or Western, or Eastern, but into a Catholic or Ecumenical faith, religion and church."† This ideal existed in his mind before he contemplated it on earth, filling the world from end to end with the majesty of a divine presence; but it was a peculiar property of his own, not bestowed upon him by his communion. An adulteress, who has cast off the true matrimonial yoke to seek strange lovers, can no longer teach obedience to her legitimate lord and bridegroom.

There is some fatal wound in a communion when it becomes a body instead of *the* Body, when it sacrifices catholicity to nationality, and zeal to liberalism; when it is prouder of its title than of its essence, and more eager for an antiquated conservatism than for natural development. The Church, which Mr. Palmer went to contemplate, was like a majestic oak, which lightning from heaven had long ago stunted in its growth. There it stands, no longer sheltering the creatures of God's creation in its outspreading boughs, but a sad memorial that Troy was. The growth of the Russian Church unto its final stature as the chief representative of Eastern Christendom, was a very gradual one, and all along its fortunes were more or less influenced by the rulers, who also were striving after a firm footing in their huge empire. During the early centuries of Christianity in Russia (988-1250) the spiritual power was represented by a hierarchy with a single metropolitan, subject to the Patriarch of Constantinople, but fairly independent of the Russian princes, whom it guided. In 1327 the Prince of Moscow requested the Metropolitan Peter to transfer his residence from Vladimir to

* "Notes of a Visit to the Russian Church," p. 129.

† P. 126.

Moscow, and it was through the influence of the Primate and his successors that the power became concentrated in one autocratic ruler. Very gradually grew the Russian hierarchy's independence of Constantinople, but after 1328 the Russian Bishops were wont to elect their own Primate, who was confirmed by the Patriarch of Constantinople. Lastly a new phase was entered upon from the reign of John III. (1462-1505), by which the Synod of the Bishops elected the Metropolitan, and the Grand Prince gave to him the staff of confirmation. "Thus from 1462 to 1589 the Metropolitans of Moscow and all Russia were *de facto*, but not *de jure*, independent of the chair of Constantinople."*

But as the Church had helped on the establishment, or rather the dominion of the Grand Princes of Moscow, so the Primate became, to a certain extent, and contrary to the ancient canons, a sort of king amongst the bishops. The enormous size of Russia, and the vast dioceses formed a hindrance in the way of frequent Synods. The bishops, therefore, used to leave their written consent to what the Metropolitan, aided by a few bishops near at hand, should enact, provided that it was not contrary to the faith or to the canons. It is a signal instance of the fatal working of a practice, which was begun with good intentions, being itself intrinsically weak. All spiritual power grew to be concentrated in the Primate, to the detriment of clergy and people, till in the seventeenth century it was a bitter fact that the Church had become, so to speak, one neck for the State to strike off when it felt so disposed. The weakening of the Patriarch or his fall, meant the weakening and the fall of the spiritual power. No country can be governed by two despots. In this race for dominion all chances of mastery lay with the Tsar. He began by using the outward forms of courtesy with the Patriarch, and at first the two were polite to each other for mutual convenience. But in course of time the balance of power showed itself in the aggressive acts of the Tsar, who began to nominate directly to dignities and offices. He did more than this. He sanctioned a code of laws by which the State not only appropriated Church property, but placed the clergy, and even the Patriarch himself, under the jurisdiction of the secular courts. It was at this juncture of affairs that the Tsar Alexis Michaelovich, in 1652, insisted on making Nikon patriarch. Nikon understood this dignity in a Catholic sense, and fearing lest he should not be allowed to exercise it according to his conscience, demurred. Pushed on by Alexis, he finally exacted a vow from the Tsar and his Synclere that they would obey him in all things spiritual, suffer him to correct abuses, and to govern the Church according

* Preface to "Per Crucem ad Lucem," by T. W. Allies, vol. i. p. 56.

to the canons. After three years of office a torrent of worldliness and hatred broke over the Patriarch's head. No heretical body, as such, can fight the battle of St. Thomas of Canterbury, and the proof of it lies in the fact that Nikon's struggle benefited his own soul alone, and not his communion, whose patriarchs after his time degenerated into mere tools, and finally became simply impersonal in Peter the Great's Holy Synod. Fifteen years of degradation and imprisonment (from 1666 to 1681), an obscure tomb, and a memory scarcely handed down to posterity by his own people, were the portion of this great man, one which is only possible in an heretical communion; for if in the bosom of His Church Almighty God allows the confessor to sow in tears, those who follow reap in joy, and its treasury is never defrauded of the fruit of one single combat. Nikon was deposed in a Synod attended by two of the four Eastern Patriarchs, and ratified by them all. He had no See of St. Peter to espouse his cause as the cause of God, but only the "Ecumenical Patriarch, receiving his pastoral staff from the Grand Turk."* We say that in the Catholic Church so noble a combat as that of Nikon would have produced a golden harvest. In the Tsar's Communion "the outward form of the hierarchy and of the Church, after it had been thus nationalized and enslaved to the State, remained at first the same as before, but the true life and spirit were gone."†

Worse was to come. The Holy Synod was shadowed forth in the Tsar Alexis' doings, but invented and "stitched together" by his son the Tsar Peter. On the death in 1700 of the last of the Patriarchs of Moscow, he by an *oukaz* appointed "an Exarch Guardian and Administrator of the most holy patriarchal chair." After keeping the See vacant for twenty years, he explained the nature of its new administrator. This was nominally a bench composed of "one President, two Vice-Presidents, four Counsellors, and four Assessors,"‡ in reality an instrument by which the whole spiritual power was lodged in the sovereign of all the Russias. The presence of a personal Primate was studiously avoided in this collegium, and the Presbyters purposely made to outnumber the Bishops. Peter had found a bishop willing to act as his tool in the process of making up, and one day he said to his creature, "Will our *Patriarch* be finished soon?" "Yes," answered Theophanes, "I am just putting the last stitches into his gown."§ There is a curious similarity between heretical bodies. Peter's Holy Synod, and Elizabeth of England's bishops, whom she threatened, mere woman that she was, to unfrock, belonged to the same family.

* *Ibid.* vol. i. p. 60.

† *Ibid.* p. 61.
§ *Ibid.* p. 62.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 64.

Impersonal as was this Bench, Peter instituted an *Ober-Prokuror*, a special officer of his own, who should act as the Tsar's Eye over its fettered proceedings. In Mr. Palmer's time the post was occupied by Count Pratasoff, with whom he had many conversations and arguments. What strikes us as most inexplicable in the career of the patriarch Nikon, is that in his devotion to the great cause of the Church he should not have sought communion with the Mother and Mistress of all Churches. He protested that by the establishment of State supremacy in the Church, the scriptures, the law of God and the canons were "trampled under foot," and in his "Replies" in 1663, he argued forcibly that such "State supremacy, to say nothing of any ulterior development in time to come, if maintained and continued, was an *apostasy* even from Christianity itself, vitiating the whole body of the Russian Church from the least of its members to the greatest."^{*}

The best aspirations of the individual are quenched and defeated in an apostate Church, which lives, as it were, in a perpetual state of spiritual interdict. God's anger is over it. The effects of the Russian interdict upon its people are twofold: the lukewarm fall away, and the pious become superstitious. There is, on the one hand, amongst the lower orders, an excessive attachment to the outward forms of religion, and amongst the higher, a liberalizing tendency, which emulates Protestant sectarianism, declares itself desirous of the religion of the heart, and loses the fire and charity of the apostolic spirit. Whether or not Seraphim, the Metropolitan of Petersburg, was merely a "cypher," as the Sergiefsky monks in their longings after a real Patriarch pretended, the words which he was wont to utter in condemning the Latin doctrine of the *Filioque*, "our Church knows no developments,"[†] are intensely insignificant. To own to a want of proper development, which manifests the working of active life in spiritual bodies, is to admit the presence of crystallization, an arrest of life.

As the basis of his argumentative operations Mr. Palmer took with him to Petersburg the "Thirty-nine Articles," with a Latin commentary by himself, but apart from the serious nature of his talks with various personages in the Russian Church, much and varied is the information which he picked up in daily intercourse with people of all classes. He noted it down at the time, and thus a clear notion is formed of the practical working of religion among them, which a grave history might well have failed to convey.

* "Notes of a Visit to the Russian Church," p. 101.

† P. 327.

What will at first strike the most casual observer is the small capital, if we may use the expression, which they make of the very seven Sacraments themselves. They do not sin through want of reverence, rather it is an excess of fear which keeps out perfect love, instead of the reverse. The consolation of possessing Our Lord in the Holy Eucharist is overshadowed by the cruel discipline of yearly communion, for, in point of fact, the outward observances which belong to a participation of the Blessed Sacrament are such as to make this greatest favour depend on the capability of fasting three or four times during the previous week, and on being present at services faithful to antiquity in their length, but totally unsuited to modern requirements. Under Mr. Palmer's sharp-shooting, the Russian authorities had to put off some of their traditional and shadowy vagueness. Whilst Metropolitan and *Ober-Prokuror*, Peter's strange creature, discovered the slovenly teaching of Anglicanism on the subject of the Eucharist, though it came to them through the clear medium of Mr. Palmer's mind, and denounced it as "a terrible heresy,"* they gravely did Rome the compliment of siding with her in the matter of Transubstantiation, but as men who had never before viewed the subject as one which had to be decided upon at all. Pressed as they were by a battery from without, it would have been derogatory to their communion to have exhibited a want of definition in a matter so grave. As far as belief in the Blessed Sacrament goes, they are, then, strictly orthodox, but their practice, as we have said, is exceedingly faulty. Their growth was stunted, not in the early ages of the Church, when daily communion was the privilege of all Christians, but in medieval times, when the fire of charity had grown cold, and popes sighed over the degeneracy which could only be restored by contact with the heavenly flame of love exhibited in the Blessed Eucharist. The guard of honour which is found in the true Church round the altar has given way to a married priesthood, who, struggling with wives and poverty, must of necessity give the marrow of their lives, not to the things of God, but to the narrow cares of housekeeping. Scanty means may be accepted in the spirit of penance by an ascetic, but a married priest can no more command piety in his home than he can in the world at large. If he keeps ordinarily good, and if he avoids the snares encompassing any marriage which is contracted with few worldly goods, he is worthy of commendation. The superabundant energy which a Catholic priest would give to the service of the altar is swallowed up in petty cares, and then he must walk on the beaten way, resting satisfied with

* P. 180.

the yearly sacraments of his parishioners. If, in the Russian Church, priests are a caste of peasant birth, so is the virginal life which is the exclusive inheritance of the regular or black clergy. M. Fortunatoff, the pope with whom Mr. Palmer passed some of his time at Petersburg, is a fair type of the average Russian priest. He was the son of a priest of the diocese of Vladimir, and from eight to fourteen years of age was in one of the district clerical schools, then for six years more in the diocesan seminary. Vladimir and Scondal own the largest seminaries in Russia, containing 1,000 students, of which number only 600 were in-boarders in M. Fortunatoff's time. Being the son of a priest, and poor, he had an allowance of fifty roubles a month from the clerical education fund, out of which he had to find clothes and lodging. The next step in his career was the Spiritual Academy at Petersburg, which he entered at twenty, and went through the usual four years' course. Here he was pursued by abject poverty, slightly relieved though it was by his capacity for singing, and so earning a little additional money. Most of the students became secular clergy, either professors or parish priests; vocations to the religious state are in a very small minority. The dogmatic training offered by the Academy is in keeping with the whole character of a Church which rests chiefly, if not entirely, on tradition, and has no living theology of its own. The students are allowed to draw very largely from German and French works, there being no school proper to Russia, so that the clerical mind becomes either stunted or goes out into the worst forms of pestilential liberalism in religion, and the primary teaching of catechetical truths amongst the people is entirely lacking. A priest, M. Mallof, who was introduced to Mr. Palmer as above the average type of pope, remarked to him in course of conversation, "*You have, I suppose, education for your clergy? We have scarcely any. There are two parties among us; and there are some of the clergy, thank God, who seem sincerely to seek Christ, but I fear the greater number are mere bigots to their outward forms, and think all religion to consist in them. The people, for instance, would think a priest without a beard to be a heretic.*"* Mallof's statement was confirmed by a great lady, the Princess Potemkin, who was sincerely desirous of introducing Church principles amongst her country tenantry.

There is no catechetical instruction in our Church, she said, the religion is *only handed down, one does not know how*;† the people learn from one another, and from their customs. It is scarcely possible

* P. 177.

† The italics are ours.

to give you an idea of the want of religious teaching. Certainly I can say for myself that the doctrine of salvation by Christ alone was new. I see now that it is not, and ought not to be thought opposed to Church doctrine; but unless it be taught to the people, ceremonies and forms, the *cultus* of the Blessed Virgin and Saints, will overthrow it and obscure it.*

Tradition left to itself is a process in which life declines, for inversely as the wicked goddess Fama grows, the mere traditional knowledge of divine things waxes dimmer and fainter from age to age. But to return to M. Fortunatoff. During his so-called training his greatest wealth was an allowance of £9 a year, and then, according to his notions, he lived well. At this juncture he took upon himself ordination, and a wife with no private resources, and they were living with their two children in a four-roomed house at Petersburg when Mr. Palmer made his meritorious stay with them. He thus records some of his nocturnal sufferings:

The first night I slept not a wink. When I confessed this to the priest, he said, "I guess what it is;" and taking a lighted tallow candle, he examined the crevices and corners of the room, and found long clusters of the vermin wedged in and hanging together like bees in a hive. They frizzled and fell into the candle, and almost put it out. This clearance is no doubt much, but still my nights are bad enough. There is a shallow round brass pan set on a chair for washing; a great bottle of water, a drinking-glass, a candlestick, and a small deal table at the window; a second chair, and an old cupboard, complete the furniture. Cleaning of shoes or washing of linen there is here none.†

Poverty need not entail so great a disregard of the proprieties of life as Mr. Palmer describes, but for us this detail is only important as bearing testimony to the unkempt state of the Russian clergy. M. Fortunatoff was a worthy man withal, "thoroughly Russian, quite ignorant of everything foreign, good-natured, open, talkative, simple-minded, by no means wanting in intelligence, quite free from liberalism and from any sort of private views." Yet between the narrow means imposed upon a family-man, and that mere conservatism which is cramping the very life of the Russian Church, there was no scope for the apostolic spirit. M. Fortunatoff's penitents sought him out chiefly in Lent, when, according to his own account, "there may be sometimes a thousand to confess in one day, or at least in two or three days, in one week; and it is unavoidable that there should be many bad confessions."‡ He denounced the practice of

* P. 540.

† P. 288.

‡ P. 320.

frequent communion, because, he said, "you cannot serve God and Mammon," and by "Mammon" he understood business or occupation. Carried out in all its bearings this theory precludes the great majority of men from following the divine ideal set up by Our Lord in the words, "Be ye perfect as your Heavenly Father is perfect," and a frequent participation in the Holy Eucharist. Our richest source of grace is thus confined to a very small minority, not necessarily holy because not engaged in worldly business. The outward preparation required by custom recalls M^{de}. de Sévigne's remark on one of the Jansenist productions, "*De la Communion fréquente*," which she wittily turned into "*De l'infréquente Communion*." It consists in fasting for a week beforehand, confession, and in attending the Church services three times daily. What this implies no Catholic ignorant of the state of the case would ever conjecture. Matins are sung at four or five A.M. and last three hours; then comes the Liturgy or Mass for another two, and lastly, hours and vespers, properly occupying three, which sometimes precede, sometimes follow, the Liturgy. A great many concessions have to be made in practice to bring these services at all within the compass of modern capacity, but the lower orders cling as tenaciously to the outward forms as if they constituted an integral part of doctrine. To make, therefore, the offices as short as seven hours daily the priests have, in truth, to perform them in a very slovenly and unsatisfactory fashion. The *Kathisms* of the Psalter, and the hours and the greater part of the *Kanons* and some other portions of the service, are read with the utmost rapidity possible; antiphons are sung once instead of several times, and quickly; reading is substituted for singing, and many appointed lectures are omitted, and still, where the higher orders are in the habit of attending, the priest has to use his own discretion as to a further curtailing of the ritual. It may well be surmised that only the very devout go to church, and that the higher orders, in face of so impossible a religion, are fast becoming Protestantized by their contact with German Lutherans or Freethinkers at Petersburg. The same difficulties attend the law of fasting, which nominally is never relaxed. The peasants fast with the same tenacity with which they attend a portion of the services, Matins for instance, peculiarly adapted to them on account of the earliness of the hour, and Mr. Palmer relates a curious anecdote as illustrative of their narrow ways of passing judgment.

There are two roads from Petersburg to Archangel, one well known and the other less frequented by foreign merchants and traders. By some chance, not very long ago, a German took the

less frequented road. It was during the great Lent. Arriving at a village, he went as usual to the starost, or head-man, to quarter him somewhere where he might pass the night, paying for what he needed. The old peasant told him that he would himself take him in, that he was welcome, and need say nothing about payment; there was stable-room and fodder for his horses and plenty of bread and salt. So the horses were stabled, and the stranger was soon seated in the house, where the best they had, but that only fast fare, was set before him. The German, however, did not relish this fare, and getting out of a basket of his own some cold pork, he began to eat. The Russian looked at him as if he scarcely believed his eyes, and then, drawing a hatchet from his girdle, without a word, he cleft the man's skull. For this he was knouted and sent to Siberia; but the villagers were far from regarding him as a murderer.*

With regard to the seven Sacraments, M. Fortunatoff complacently remarked that "they existed and we had them from the beginning, and at length the Pope counted them for us. Well, that is no great matter."† The Church, however, is wise with the wisdom of the Holy Ghost, and since the Pope has stopped "counting" for the Easterns, they are only faintly conscious of the treasures which they possess in the crown of seven. The Tsar is now the "counter," and if, as the great patriarch Nikon declared, his supremacy in things spiritual was "an *apostasy* even from Christianity itself," he cannot valiantly carry on the Pope's work. When a mind sincerely Catholic comes to realize that such reformers or schismatics, who have revolted from St. Peter's See, have by no means done away with the power of the Keys as abnormal, but simply transferred their allegiance, either adjudging it to themselves or to the representative of the temporal power under whom they live, there is for that man no longer shadow of hesitation as to whose banner he shall choose. When the original union of Church and State of which we have spoken had run its course and given way to the dominion of one, the Tsar Alexis may or may not have said, like others before and after him, that the authority of the Pope was sinful and worthy of being swept away from the face of the earth. However that may have been, he simply transferred to himself Our Lord's gift to St. Peter, and, by a terrible blasphemy in action, called upon his subjects to respect his power to bind and to loosen. We know, too, of an Anglican clergyman, to whom the account of the simple transfer to Henry VIII. of the Papal authority was the ray of heavenly light which led to the mid-day warmth and peace of the Catholic faith.

* P. 57.

† P. 324.

The sacraments are worked feebly wherever a plausible liberalism is superseding charity, and the great idea of the Church, that fundamental dogma of Catholic life, is departing. The same condition of inanity may be reached either by negligent Catholics through their own fault, or by the rigidity of heretics, who, having a great part of the Sacramental system, fail to use the means of grace in the Catholic manner. The latter are a living illustration of the importance of belief in the Church, with which inheritance of faith no heresies can come. What interest has the Tsar raised on the treasure of the spiritual supremacy by himself given into his own imperial keeping? During the whole of his stay in Russia Mr. Palmer was endeavouring to make the Russians confess themselves to be Catholics, and to give such name to the Latin Church as should convict it of heresy and schism. He was not successful, neither could he pass off upon them the title-deeds which his eminently Catholic mind assumed for itself. Questioned one day as to his creed, he replied: "I am a Christian, and my Church not Greco-Russ, but Catholic and Apostolic;" whereupon a Russian priest, who was present, drew the instructive conclusion, "He is then Catholic, and under the Pope."* We think we are not mistaken in asserting that not once in the course of this volume does any one of the eminent persons with whom he came in contact do spontaneous homage to his Church by calling himself freely a Catholic. There is always a flaw in their profession of faith. It is "Greco-Russ," "Orthodox Church," "Eastern Catholic," or some statement which belies St. Augustine's title-deeds. But how should the word be preserved there where the thing is no more? In contradiction to the plain terms of the Creed, the Metropolitan of Moscow assured Mr. Palmer that the Church "*ought* to be one, but it is *not*."† Even when in communion with the centre of unity it is the tendency of particular countries for their Church to become national. Josephism in Austria, Gallicanism in France, were incipient heresies, informal rather than formal, because they were not pushed to their final consequences, separation from the Mother of all Churches. The Josephites and the Gallicans were jealous of interference from without, and were thus disposed to overrate the power of the sovereign in matters spiritual. Anglicanism consummated nationality in religion, and Anglicans abroad are the illogical observers of geographical Christianity. The Tsar's supremacy has borne the same evil fruits in Russia. In London, as Cardinal Newman has observed,

* P. 536.

† P. 351.

the Russian does not ask for the Catholic, or *Capholic*,* but for the Russian Church, and his so acting bears testimony to the national character of his communion. This feature is often the most prominent one in their very belief. "From ignorance they (Russian chaplains abroad) too often have no idea of their religion beyond that of nationality," so testified M. Mouraviëff, Unter-Prokuror of the Holy Synod; "and when out of their own country, among Protestants, they think it fine to be like gentlemen, like ministers or pastors, and they cut off their beards (this, however, they are allowed to do), and wear a lay dress."† In this capacity it would not be their character as priests which would strike others. In a nondescript crowd they may be Russian or anything else: they are not first and foremost priests. As Mr. Palmer remarked of the English Church when a Russian lady was deprecating their supposed want of nationality: "In religion it has been our ruin; it has made us all but apostatize from the true faith, and we in England are struggling now to crawl out of that pit into which I hope you may never fall deeper than you have fallen already."‡

Liberalism is another dissolving element of a Church or communion. Its formula is in this wise: all religions are good, provided that we seek Christ, and whether we seek Him in our hearts or through outward forms is a small matter! With all their tenacity of rites and sacraments the Russians are profoundly liberal in this sense, and although we may not of course admit the testimony of a single priest as conclusive proof of the fact, it is remarkable that a certain pope at Petersburg should have used these very words of liberal formula to Mr. Palmer, that they were echoed by great ladies, and borne through the religious atmosphere of the place as a pervading ingredient. The pope we allude to was M. Mallof. "There are Christians everywhere" (*i.e.*, in all the Churches and Sects), he told Mr. Palmer, "the great thing is the religion of the heart."§ M. Skreepitsin, as forming one of the staff of the *Ober-Prokuror*, speaks with more authority. His words are chronicled. "Our Church has, and we have, one good point; that is its *tolerance*. We are not like Rome, which anathematizes all others; we have our own rite, but can be at peace with others, for they are all essentially one. *The same Christ is worshipped by us all*, and all things else are matters of comparative indifference."|| Such was the logical consequence in the body of what the Metropolitan

* The Russians make a fine distinction between *Capholic* and *Catholic*, *Capholic* as applying to themselves, and *Catholic* to the Latins. His Eminence Cardinal Newman here remarks that "*Capholic* is as local as *Russian* is, and far less intelligible."

† P. 167.

‡ P. 403.

§ P. 175.

|| P. 373.

of Moscow had ventured to lay down as a fact—viz., that, “the Church ought to be one, but it is not.” Tolerance of this nature in a communion is a confession of abject weakness. It reduces dogma to a matter of opinion, and suffers fellow-men to labour under soul-destroying ignorance without making an effort to enlighten them. “Such moderation is cruel to others and suicidal towards herself” (the Russian Church), was our Anglican’s comment on this pusillanimity, which so often puts on the garb and language of charity. Liberalism in religion has become obnoxious to all Catholic minds, but where it is found in a church at large, as it is at Petersburg, it becomes worse than repulsive. It is a mark of error as opposed to the true charity of the Church, which burns to enkindle the holy fire Our Lord came to spread upon earth. From the time when a body ceases to say of itself, “I alone am the Catholic Church,” it no longer calls forth ardent love or bitter hatred, and to be well hated for the sake of Our Lord has always been the privilege of the Truth. To be liked well enough by members of its own communion, without exciting ardent love, to be courted and vaunted by other national churches, to have lost the power of anathematizing error, these are the marks of decrepitude and decay in a spiritual body. The Russian standing-point with regard to the Latin Church is in itself equivalent to a surrender of the fortress of Catholic Truth. Mr. Palmer saw the weakness of their position, and pointed it out to them, but could not obtain a satisfactory answer. “Either,” he argued, “the Latins are in heresy or they are not, and if they are, you ought to anathematize them.” The power to pronounce anathema belongs to the one Body on earth which teaches and speaks with authority, is hated by the world as intolerant, and loved by its own as the mother of divine charity.

There are many proofs in this volume that the Russian Church neither claims to be the whole truth nor anathematizes the Latins, who do claim it, and that besides the existence of the deadly poison of Liberalism, or as a natural consequence of it, the apostolic spirit is no more. What would have been the true Mother’s reply to so burning an appeal as this from a man thirsting after the visible Church upon earth?

If you are a part only, where is the whole? Show us that mother which we confess in the Creed, and to whom obedience from you and from us is alike due. There cannot be a part without a whole. There is one Communion claiming distinctly to be the whole, and in point of extent and numbers having better claim than any other, which is named the Catholic Church by your own lips, and by those of all her other enemies, and she boldly says that you belong to her; that you are a separated *part*, a dislocated limb, a

rebellious child, a sheep that has strayed. Does not your conduct and language justify her? You admit that you are only a part; she says that she is the whole. You seem to confess it; for you call her Communion "the Catholic Church," and you can never bring yourselves to say distinctly what is that *whole* of which you are a *part*. Does not this look as if you were indeed what she says you are? You may say that you call yourselves *Capholics* and the Latins only *Catholics*. We, too, make sometimes a similar defence of ourselves—viz., "*They* are only Roman Catholics, but *we* are the real Catholics." But in spite of all such excuses their is a real weight in popular language.*

The authority thus appealed to coldly replied, "Come to us if you like, but stay away if you like. You can save your soul without embracing the Greco-Russ religion, and that, after all, is the thing of greatest moment. All we can say is that we are faithful to Greek orthodoxy and the ancient canons, because they are our birthright. Other men, who are not so privileged, may find the road to heaven without them." These were the sentiments they expressed—not in so many words, but in the apathy which allowed them to forbear from showing the slightest zeal to convert Mr. Palmer to Greek orthodoxy. To act upon the principle of nationality in religion is to make it a caste or an estate, which it falls not to the lot of every man to enjoy. Probe this evil, and we find it is a want of the theological virtue of faith, which outward forms are insufficient to feed. Contrasted with this branch of the Greek Church, probably with the Greek Mother herself, Protestant Dissenters make a fine show of proselytizing ardour. The difference between it and the apostolic spirit of the true Catholic is, that the British Nonconformist's zeal proceeds often from an intense belief in himself, whereas the Catholic's is built up upon the divine claims of his Church. The Dissenter, indeed, professes to say that there are many roads to heaven, yet he acts as if he were leading the way; and that which the Dissenter claims as a personal grace, the Catholic attributes to his communion.

It is different with the Russian, for he believes neither in himself nor in his confession so much as to make joining his party or his Church a matter of salvation. His formularies tell him that for a man to "flee, as from the flood into the ark, from heresy and the way of damnation into the true Eastern Church, out of which no one can possibly be saved," is a matter of deep thankfulness to Almighty God; but since the day on which the Russian Church renounced its claim to be heard as forming part of the only Ark, the formulary has become a dead letter and the

* P. 248.

thankfulness obsolete. Mr. Palmer has chronicled this mortal apathy, and it will bear witness to the sickness of the body:—

Your own forms for receiving proselytes set up for you just as exclusive a definition as that of the Latins, only you are inconsistent, he told the Princess Dolgorouky. "You all of you disbelieve the sense of your own books and formularies, and your danger lies in this, that when your common sense has carried you out of the exclusive Orthodox-Catholic Eastern definition of the Church, you know not where to stop; and so your practical disallowance of the formal pretensions of your own Church degenerates into liberalism and indifference. Here, for instance, *I have not met with a single person who has shown solicitude to bring me to the orthodox communion for the salvation of my soul.*"*

We are not only what we call ourselves, we are also in a measure what the world calls us. It was Joseph de Maistre's argument, long ago, when he said that a man's going to Madeira and calling himself a Howard would not make him one. Mr. Palmer's volume has a very special pertinence for Englishmen, as portraying the view taken of Anglicanism by the strongest branch of Eastern Christendom—a branch, too, which Anglican sympathies, always true in their instincts, are ready to cherish. The Anglican at Petersburg is much in the position of Joseph de Maistre's Howard at Madeira; and by Anglican we mean one who fully believes in the true Orders and Catholicity of his communion, in the feasibility of the Branch theory, and in that distorted notion of a Church, universal yet geographical, apostolic whilst governed by the secular power. We venture to say that such a man is not in reality a typical Anglican. He does not truly represent the Erastian nature of a communion built up on a royal supremacy of the civil power which has displaced the sacerdotal idea. Thus it happens that, whilst many men intend by Anglicanism to notify their belief in the Church, they are expressing a dogma which they have not received from the English Mother. They are external Catholics, for they grope after that which makes the Catholic; not belief in any one particular dogma, but a full apprehension of the great doctrine of a visible and teaching Church on earth. That there should be errors and misconceptions in the manner of grasping is human and accessory. The foundation is there and is ready for the builder so soon as the right architect shall appear.

The Russian authorities carefully abstracted Mr. W. Palmer from his communion, though it was a puzzling process. He possessed an astonishing knowledge of the Howard pedigree, but not for this was he necessarily a member of the family. He had

* P. 377. The italics are our own.

indeed acted as many Anglicans do act under the circumstances, taken the letter of the Prayer-book, and filled in the outline partly by private study, partly by listening to the suggestions of his own Catholic aspirations. To claim for himself, as an Anglo-Catholic, participation in Eastern communion, and in so doing to shed honour on his Church, was his praiseworthy aim at Petersburg. One remark occurs to be made at the outset. If Mr. Palmer's logic should have acted as a whetstone to Russian apathy clothed in blind conservatism of outward garments, the unanimous opinion expressed about the wholly adulterous nature of his English Church might, if God had so willed it, have been a guiding light in the path which led him only fifteen years later to the true Mother.

Mr. Palmer one day met at dinner the French ambassador, M. de Barante, who, questioned as to what constituted the peculiarity of the English Church, made this reply, "Simply this—that it has preserved the Hierarchy; in all the rest they are like the other Protestants."* It is a significant fact, too, that the English who die at Petersburg, are buried in the German or Lutheran cemeteries. In Mr. Palmer, then, the various personages in authority saw a man with profoundly Catholic instincts on most subjects, coming from a body hitherto known to them only as a hierarchy without Catholic teaching, as M. de Barante expressed it. How were they to reconcile his assertions with the bastard origin and Protestant characteristics of a State establishment, about which history had already spoken in unequivocal terms? They judged him and his claimed right of communion by the written formula of Anglicanism, the Thirty-nine Articles, not by the Latin commentary, which expressed his personal interpretation. To cite only one instance in which he and the Articles are completely at variance: "In the English Liturgy," he says, "both the Mystical Lamb is truly immolated, and there is a sacrifice propitiatory, both for the living and the dead."† The 31st Article runs:—

The offering of Christ once made is that perfect redemption, propitiation, and satisfaction, for all the sins of the whole world, both original and actual; and there is none other satisfaction for sin, but that alone. Wherefore the sacrifices of Masses, in which it was commonly said, that the priest did offer Christ for the quick and the dead, to have remission of pain or guilt, were blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits.

The whole difference between the Russian and the Anglican Churches is the retention in the one of a great part of the

* P. 413.

† P. 154.

sacramental system. The loss of it in the other explains the contempt which it excites in the orthodox Russian mind. The men who fail to see that it was not what they call "the great question of the Procession," which caused their own separation from unity, but human passions, are not slow to discover the nature of the Anglican schism. The Metropolitan of Moscow, Philaret, Count Pratasoff, Ober-Prokuror of the Synod, M. Mouraviaff, Unter-Prokuror, and the Sergiefsky monks, were all unanimous at least in not recognizing the Church there where it is not. There was a negative force against false claim, which was good as far as it went, whilst the Metropolitan, Philaret, frankly met Mr. Palmer's grave expounding of the Branch theory by saying, "I cannot in the least understand that: a heretic in one place is a heretic everywhere." The Unter-Prokuror expressed his perfect apprehension of the circumstances when he said, "It is painful to contemplate, but manifestly it was a violent eruption into the Church of laymen who mangled and altered their religion to suit their own purposes. Union with such a Church is impossible."* Again, in return for his clear definition of the term Catholic, Mr. Palmer would be met by the objection, "But you are only an individual, what do your Bishops say?" or, "If this is really the teaching of your Church, why are the English here so ignorant and Calvinistic?" The admissions which were thus forced from Mr. Palmer are somewhat ludicrous, making still more striking the sharp contrast between the individual man and the Anglican communion. Alluding to the Episcopal Bench, he was obliged to own that it would be easier to name "the *least* than the *most* Catholic bishop," that "very nearly all the men of the last generation speak of their Church as Protestant and call it the Established Church, or even the Establishment or our Protestant Establishment;"† and of the Anglican mother herself the Sergiefsky monks drew from him the humiliating confession that with regard to the Invocation and Relics of Saints, and in "numberless other things the Anglican Church has by successive violences and other influences been stripped perfectly bare."‡ The sharpest stroke of all was perhaps not the formal refusal to admit him to communion, for his conversations with the Metropolitan, Philaret, must have prepared him for this issue, but the suggestion that the Pope, as the Western Patriarch, was, if anybody, the only fitting person to bring about a reconciliation, either individual or collective, between East and West.

There are palpable analogies between heretical bodies, and one of the most prominent is the large amount of negation and denunciation on which they live. Thus the Russian Church,

* P. 364.

† Pp. 170, 171.

‡ P. 213.

nominally governed by the Holy Synod, which was "stitched" together by Peter the Great, has lost the conception of unity and is only able to say where it is not. When called upon to make a decision it might well answer, with an exclusiveness not apostolic: "We are what we are—viz., the Orthodox Eastern Church. If it came to the point we would sooner acknowledge the Latin than any other portion of the Church." The Pope's Communion being, as a Russian pope* put it, *presque hérétique*, well expresses the Greek mind in its regard. It is ashamed and powerless to anathematize, so it compromises by a "presque." As a body which still possesses so large a portion of Catholic truth, the Russian Church shelters itself in ambiguity where other heretical communions would boldly deny. Has not the English Church lived and flourished by openly denouncing the Pope as the Man of Sin, and the Church as the Scarlet Woman? The principle of negation has been its life, for if we look for what the king's spiritual supremacy built up, we find a bare semblance of hierarchy founded on a single axiom: "Curse the Pope; this do, and thou shalt live." Whilst the Easterns are feebly ambiguous with regard to the Pope's position, Mr. Palmer shows them to be perfectly alive to the violent nature of the Anglican schism. They see in others what they fail to apprehend in themselves—a breaking away from the centre of unity—and all that was involved in England's great revolt is as clear as day to them—viz., a renunciation of Sacramental life, of the Eucharistic Sacrifice, and of the whole sacerdotal idea. What occurs to those who are neither Greco-Russ nor Anglican, but Catholic, is the curious spectacle of two communions, equally schismatical, though by no means equally heretical, nor, in some particulars, fit to be compared; the one dying of stagnation, nourished as it is by true Orders and Sacraments; the other famishing for want of definite religious belief. Many noble aspirations are born in Anglicanism. Sons and daughters rise up in her bosom, asking her for the milk of Catholic doctrine which she cannot give to them. Her storehouses are empty, her sacraments tottering and insecure, her "life is an Act of Parliament."† The peculiarity of her position presents an extraordinary snare even to the elect, for we may thus designate hosts of men and women whose deepest conviction it is that she forms part of the whole Catholic Church on earth, whereas of sacerdotalism she possesses only the outward semblance, the hierarchy. The Catholic ideal is filled up by her Catholicizing members, but they do not draw from their Anglican Mother's source. Their

* M. Mallof, p. 177.

† Card. Newman, "Anglican Difficulties."

teacher is the Holy Spirit, who plants in every heart which is sound and upright a yearning for His truth. Hence the perpetual discrepancy which meets Anglicans of Mr. W. Palmer's stature between its formularies and its practice, between the communion's Protestant interpretation of religion and the individual's own apprehension of the Church as set forth in the Gospels and spoken of by St. Augustine and the Fathers as *toto orbe diffusa*. Strangely enough, the lifelong estrangement of master minds in Anglicanism from the Catholic Church often has its explanation in their intense belief in it, a belief so strong that they apply to the stepmother what St. Paul said of the true Mother: "Though we or an angel from heaven preach to you any other gospel than that ye have received, let him be anathema."

The angel is to be interpreted by these visible things of which our world is composed: barren sanctuaries, whitewashed walls, no perpetual sacrifice, neither priesthood, Orders nor Sacraments, nor Invocation of Saints, nor definite teaching. So persistent is the Catholicism of these men that they still cling to the communion which has given them a doubtful baptism, and sent them forth into the world with few weapons other than the divine ideal engraved by the Holy Spirit in their hearts. The day on which such an Anglican learns what he is called by what to him is a large portion of the Church, or, in his language, a Branch of the Vine, should contain in its radiance the bright light of dawn. Let the Russian Church be what it may, a State communion resting no longer on the Grand Turk at Constantinople, but on the Tsar of all the Russias; let it, despite its true orders and sacraments, be "an apostasy from Christianity itself," its testimony as a religious body is unanimous against the Anglican Church. Philaret was, it must be noted, far more lenient than the first authorities of the Eastern Church to whom Mr. W. Palmer afterwards submitted the Articles. At Constantinople they were pronounced to be "thirty-nine heresies." The Metropolitan of Moscow saw in them many "erroneous propositions such as could not be allowed by us," and he distinctly refused Mr. Palmer's claim to be admitted to communion. "You are the excellent defender of a bad cause"* was his manner of expressing his opinion of the creed and of the man who applied to him in virtue of a Catholicity which existed not in it, but in that man's own heart.

Possibly this volume may suggest a new mode of writing history, one more vivid, more trustworthy, and less arduous than that to which we have been hitherto accustomed. To string

* Pp. 395, 396.

together facts, dates, wars, and events of a given era is to history what the scale is to music. It gives you the factors with which melody is made, but it has in itself neither harmony nor melody. Mere chronological order in history without the knowledge of men is barer of interest than a mathematical problem. These pages will most surely serve as precious landmarks in Russian Church history, not the less valuable because they serve to measure more familiar scenes. In judging a communion in which a State supremacy, superadded to a separation from the centre of Christian unity, does so much to quench the operation of that life which the original sacramental system would maintain, an unbiassed reader spontaneously establishes a comparison. His mind is drawn to contrast it with that other State establishment, which, as it took its rise from the adultery of its first Head, so maintains its typical descent from him by putting the civil power in the place of the divine Pastor, and is called by Russia and the world Protestant and Anglican.

ART. VII.—THE HOLY SEE, AND THE CLERGY OF IRELAND.

1. *The Pastoral Letters and other Writings of Cardinal Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin, &c. &c.* Edited by the Right Rev. PATRICK FRANCIS MORAN, D.D., Bishop of Ossory. 3 vols. Dublin: Brown & Nolan, 1882.
2. *Ireland and the Holy See, a Retrospect; 1866 v. 1883. Illegal and Seditious Movements in Ireland, contrasted with the Principles of the Catholic Church, as shown in the Writings of Cardinal Cullen.* Rome: Printed at the Propaganda Press, May, 1883.
3. *Rome and Fenianism; the Pope's anti-Parnellite Circular.* London: R. Washbourne, 1883.
4. *De Rebus Hiberniæ nuperrima Apostolicæ Sedis Acta.* Romæ: typis Propaganda Fide, 1883.

IT is probably too early, as yet, to pretend to pronounce on the results of the now famous Circular of May 11, addressed by the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda to the Bishops of Ireland. The bishops themselves have not spoken. Not one, so far as we are aware, has said a word in public, either in furtherance of the Holy Father's instructions, or—what was not to be expected—in opposition to them. As there are certainly a large number of the bishops who are well known to be quite

ready to welcome the Circular, their silence simply means that they are waiting to take part in that joint action of the whole Episcopate which may soon be expected.

The Circular* condemns the "Parnell Testimonial Fund" collection, and states that it is not allowable for ecclesiastics to recommend or promote it. The grounds of this exceedingly grave pronouncement are laid down in the Circular itself. Whatever may be the case with regard to Mr. Parnell himself, it says, there can be no doubt that many of his followers have acted in a way distinctly opposed to the recent instructions of the Holy See. These instructions were, that it is sinful to further a just cause by unjust methods; that the people must be calmed and moderated, because there was great reason to fear that cupidity (or the desire of other people's property) was leading them into false views, and that they were hoping for national prosperity through the instrumentality of crime; class-hatred was stirred up, persons in authority were vilified, horrible crimes were not reprobated, and men were terrorized by the threat of holding them up as enemies of Ireland, unless they subscribed their money to the fund in question. No words could describe more accurately, and at the same time with greater moderation, what it is precisely that is blameable in the present and late Irish agitation.

It is worth while to observe, first of all, what the Holy See, in this communication, does *not* condemn. It does not condemn, but explicitly asserts, the right of Irishmen to endeavour to obtain an alleviation of their present troubles, and to agitate for their rights. It explicitly states that it is perfectly permissible to collect money to relieve Irish distress. It does not condemn Mr. Parnell personally, or his policy, and explicitly declines to do so.† It does not disapprove of the tenant-right agitation, of the fair-rent agitation, of the movement for buying out the landlords, of Home Rule, or even of the repeal of the Union. In one word, there is not the least foundation for the heated and stupid protests which have appeared in some quarters, that the Holy See was interfering in Irish politics. In one sense, this is no doubt true. Politics are a branch of ethics, and depend upon the principles of morality. And it is just in regard to those points in which the existent agitation infringes the law of morals, and in regard to no others, that the Pope has spoken.

The Circular consists of two parts, very distinct. In the former the Holy Father repeats in general terms the condemnation of

* The original text is given in our present number, p. 166.

† "Quidquid sit de persona Parnelli ejusque consiliis."—*Litt. Circulares*.

lawlessness and violence, and the assertion of Christian principles which he has in so many ways already enforced upon the clergy and people of Ireland. But in the latter he leaves generalities, and comes down to a particular case; he condemns by name the "Parnell Testimonial Fund." This is, undoubtedly, a very grave step to take. The Pope's words have touched the Irish nation in a very sensitive place. Beyond any doubt, this sentence of condemnation is a distinct challenge, and a rude check. It is not one of those commonplaces thrown out by a popular preacher or a writer of articles. It is a word spoken to an excited and enthusiastic nation; a command uttered in the very stress and heat of a people's march to battle. The Vicar of Christ tells them that the vast majority of them are in the wrong; not in their ultimate purposes and aspirations, but in their immediate ends and acts. He tells them they are on the path of evil, of recklessness, and of injustice. From a merely human point of view, he has done a thing which places his supremacy and his influence over Ireland in the gravest danger. But he has done it; and whatever we say about it, we cannot say that it is a trivial matter. He has done it, and he has intended it; intended to challenge the Irish people in the plainest possible words to obey him, or to take the consequences. The Parnell Testimonial Fund was about £10,000 on May 11; it is about £16,500 to-day. That is to say, the Pope's word has divided the Irish people into two parties; the one, and the great majority, have obeyed the spirit of his instructions; the other, the minority, have subscribed £6,500 in eight weeks in his despite. But we do not for the moment try to estimate his success; we point out the magnitude of the stake. Whether he succeeds or does not succeed, in either case the destiny of Ireland will have been affected till she ceases to exist.

There are persons, sympathizers as we are with the aspirations of the Irish people, to whom it has appeared to be almost a gratuitous piece of high-handedness on the part of the Holy See to condemn so flatly a "tribute" to a man who is not himself condemned, and who is by no means the most violent of his party. But the reason of it appears upon a moment's consideration. The Parnell "tribute" was to be national, and it was to be virtually compulsory. It was to be national—that is, it was to be promoted simultaneously all over Ireland; it was to be pushed on by meetings and speeches of every kind, and by the influence of priest and laymen, rich and poor. That is to say, a new campaign of inflammatory language was to set in in Ireland. Denunciation of the Government, of the Castle, of the landlords, old histories and new, vituperation and unscrupulous assertions, were to be employed, as they had been before, over

the widest possible area. Lawlessness was to be all-but counselled, violence all-but commended, crime all-but praised, and assassination all-but eulogized in the hearing of an excitable and inflammable people. The clergy of Ireland, and some of the highest of them, were to sit on platforms where this was being done, and to lend their very sanctuaries for the collections which at once resulted from the agitation and kept it alive. This "national tribute," harmless as it might be in itself, was to be the occasion of a general deluge of speech-making and newspaper-articles, filled with ignorance and folly and highly flavoured with sedition. If any one wants a proof of this, he will find it in what has actually happened. The best of causes—and Ireland has a very good cause indeed—is degraded by being associated with wrongdoing. It is the peculiar character of the present agitation that it is led by men who have no true grasp of moral principle, and eagerly promoted by others who are avowed advocates of revolution, irreligion, and assassination. The leaders of the movement dare not speak to the Irish people in the tones which their own hearts prompt. They dare not openly preach Communism or Jacobinism. If they did, their day would soon be gone by. But they do all they can. They expound theories about land which only the most careful distinctions can save from being held to be socialism and robbery. They lay down general principles about government which their hearers are expected to apply in the sense of the revolution. They use words about the landlords which *may* mean lawful agitation, but which also may easily mean something far more rough and far more ready. And, as we see by recent examples, they are ready to jeer at the Pope himself whenever they get an opening; and they stand on the watch, only waiting till they think their hearers are ripe for their purpose, to vilify the religious feeling which has hitherto been the glory of the Irish race. It is not the "tribute," then, which the Holy See has condemned, but the agitation for which the tribute has been, and was to be, the pretence.

But there was something peculiarly opposed to justice and decency in the way this tribute-collection was to be worked. It was to be virtually compulsory. A man's patriotism was to be judged by his contribution to the Parnell Fund, and he was to stand or fall by his behaviour in the matter of subscription. Its promoters were keen enough to see that nothing commits a man like giving his money, and that no test can be more easily verified than a man's name in a subscription list. The Parnell "Tribute" was a whip that was meant to reach the laggards and the loiterers. There are, naturally, thousands of Irishmen and hundreds of Irish priests who sympathize with the Parnell agitators, but are afraid

of it. They love their country, but they have no love for a leadership which is the source, or the occasion, of violence, perjury, and revolutionary impiety. They cannot in conscience join in fellowship with the Parnells, the Healeys, and the Sextons. And yet there are a hundred reasons for their not opposing or denouncing them. It was to force this large body of neutral persons to declare themselves, that was in great measure the aim and purpose of the Parnell collection. It was intended to terrorize moderate Irishmen. It would have been so easy to brand as an enemy of Ireland every man who refused to subscribe to the cause of Ireland's liberation! This has been perfectly understood at Rome. The collection, says the Circular, will certainly be abused for inflammatory purposes; it will stir up hatred, it will expose honourable men to insult, and it will tacitly excuse crime; but, worst of all, it makes the contributing of money the measure of patriotism, and thereby *places men under the influence of "violence and fear."* And the title under which the Letter appears in the late number of the "*Acta Sanctæ Sedis*" is this: "*Litteræ circulares ad Hiberniæ Episcopos, quibus edicatur probari non posse pecuniæ collectum ad quam adigi quis videtur quiddam veluti vi vel metu.*"

As we have remarked, it is still too soon to pronounce upon the exact results of this Papal Act. But one thing seems certain, and may be set down at once. The Pope's pronouncement will not alienate from the Catholic religion or from the Holy See—God forbid that it should—the loyalty of the Irish people. Eight weeks or thereabouts have elapsed since the letter became public, and although there has been a good deal of heated and regrettable talk, Ireland, though her bishops have not yet spoken, has implicitly acquiesced in the Pope's instruction. There can be no doubt that obedience to ecclesiastical authority has become indefinitely harder since the establishment of the system of universal newspaper reporting. In other days a document from the Holy See reached the bishops first. By them its meaning and its force were carefully considered, and then at the right time, and with whatever preparation and explanation seemed to be required, it was communicated to the clergy and the general flock. But in these days there are three stages of an important Papal instruction. There is, first of all, the period of prophecy. Some correspondent of a London daily telegraphs that in a few weeks there may be expected a Rescript of the Pope, which will all but excommunicate a certain archbishop of the popular party. (It is no matter that excommunications are not pronounced in a Rescript.) This is copied by the whole press of Europe and America. The persons immediately concerned cannot help thinking there must be something in it, and feel sore and aggrieved. The

infidel and Protestant papers sneer, joke, approve, or condemn, as they are paid to do. A number of readers simply take it for granted. Then come a crop of contradictions and rectifications: the English Government is putting pressure on the Vatican; a certain other archbishop has set off in hot haste to Rome; the rector of such a college in the city has been with the Pope for three hours; the correspondent of the *Chicago Illuminant* has interviewed the Prefect of the Congregation of the Fabric of St. Peter's. Meanwhile, home newspapers, members of Parliament addressing their constituents—every one, in fact, at a loss for a topic, alludes to the "report," and, hypothetically, says, wishes, disputes, hopes, and believes, every kind of nonsense about it. At last the letter or instruction appears. It is needless to say that when it does appear it is found to be moderate, careful, and paternal, and that it differs in important respects from all announcements regarding-it. But now commences the second stage of its history. Imperative usage demands that every daily paper must have a leading article on it without a day's delay. Gentlemen in London, Dublin, Paris, and Berlin, in the plenitude of their knowledge, prepare in the small hours of the morning a simultaneous set of "articles," in every one of which they describe the nature of the document, its history, the Pope's precise motives, and the exact results it will produce. A very great number of readers never go further than these leading articles. The impression given to Europe and to America is, to state it very mildly indeed, inexact and inadequate. But there are few, very few indeed, who ever arrive at anything better; and, although the views of every man are tinged or distorted according to his party, they all agree in being wrong or imperfect. The consequences of this universal unauthorized commentary are very easy to foresee. A Papal document is prejudged. In all matters in which the masses of the people are concerned, the spirit of an instruction is of equal importance with the letter of it. It is not what the Pope says, but what makes him say it, that excites men's minds. If he is known to speak as a friend and father, out of the *motus proprius* of his own solicitude, he might order anything he likes, and the Irish people at least would obey him. But if he is suspected of being influenced by suspected persons, and of being the tool of hereditary opponents, then the simplest monition has a tendency to become intolerable, and the primal tendency of an Irishman's being is to rebel. And so the document enters its third stage; those whom it concerns take it up with foregone conclusions as to the motives which inspired it, and with the obscurest ideas as to what it forbids or commands. All this has happened in regard to the Circular of May 11; the two first

stages have been gone through, and the Letter is now partly misunderstood and partly suspected. Had the Holy Father been able—but we might as well wish to recall the bows and arrows of the field of Cressy—to come face to face with his flock, and to speak to them before rumour and spite had filled the air with dust and raised everywhere a lying mist, then three-fourths of the feeling which his words have raised would have been impossible.

It is very necessary not to underrate, in this matter, the strength of Irish sentiment. Whenever a just cause has to be distinguished from unlawful means, there must be a difficulty in doing it without raising the feeling that you are disloyal with the cause itself. A letter appeared in the *Tablet*, of June 2, which is so true, and yet, as we are convinced, so mistaken, that it is worth while to print it here, in order to say a word about it. It is signed "An Irish Priest," and is as follows:—

Your leader headed "The Extreme Nationalists and the Papal Circular," seems to fasten the feelings roused by the late Circular on those who were lately, with a nice discrimination of Irish politics and considerateness for Irish feelings, called the "Extreme Left" of the Irish National party. The fact, be it a welcome or an unwelcome one, is very different. The *extremists* are, in truth, least affected by the present distressing crisis in the country. This is the very time for them, when desperation in matters civil and religious seems to recommend extreme measures as alone adequate. It is on the moderate, God-fearing, Church-loving Irish Catholics that this blow has fallen with most crushing force. They had welcomed Mr. Parnell's agitation as one fully within the law. They understood its aims, and whilst condemning very freely its many and inevitable abuses, they recognized its substantial justice, and rejoiced in its wonderful success. If they were Leaguers, so were two out of every three of the Irish priests. The National Conventions were more like ecclesiastical than political meetings, reminding one of a political convention of old in this country, when a Papal Legate presided over the "extremists" of Irish nationality at Kilkenny. The man that had been thus supported, and that had achieved this unprecedented success, had grown poor in the service of his country, and those priests, headed by many bishops—among them the most venerable and loved ones in the land—had joined to give him a tribute of their gratitude, and to save themselves from the eternal shame of his impoverishment. Suddenly all is changed. What was right is wrong; what was fair fight is foul play; what was abhorrent to national feelings, of that are Irishmen accused. Bishops and priests who were leaders are told that they are leading to destruction; men who live with the people, and for them, are told they do not know them or their evil ways. The hand that once blessed is now against them, and the press that ever exulted in their difficulties, now openly and with one accord rejoices in their discomfiture. To desperate men—extremists on either side, right or left—this

situation may be satisfactory. To men who love the Holy Father, and would be hypocrites if they pretended not also to love Mr. Parnell—who cannot, as reasonable men, change opinions deliberately formed, however they may change their actions under obedience—to these this is indeed a time of fearful moment; and these form the majority, lay and clerical, of the Irish race. . . . Those in England, who sail now in smooth water, should, in their charity, think of this, and be sparing of their criticism, and lavish only of their prayers.

If there is any sentiment we cordially agree to in the whole question, it is expressed in this last sentence. We have expressed our conviction on other occasions, that in England the comfortable classes, even Catholics, do not sympathize, or do not sympathize enough, with the feelings of the Irish people, and do not realize the wrongs and the misfortunes under which they have had to suffer up to this very day. Be it far from us, therefore, to presume to criticize. If we venture to make any remarks on this letter and on the whole situation, it is simply out of a genuine wish to make right views prevail, and to clear up misunderstandings.

The writer of the letter says that the vast majority of his countrymen believed in the "substantial justice" of Mr. Parnell's agitation. But that agitation is not condemned. We are somewhat surprised at what seems a very hasty reading of this important Circular. The expressions we have already quoted from the letter prove clearly that the "substantial justice" of the agitation is even admitted. Indeed, it is simply ridiculous to suppose that the Holy See either would or could condemn directly a movement for fair rents, free sale, Home Rule, or even for the repeal of the Union. That two-thirds of the clergy were leaguers is no doubt true; but the League is not condemned. We are far from saying that the League, on account of its abuses and the inflammatory language of some of its leaders, might not justly have been condemned by the Holy See, as practically inexpedient and the occasion of moral wrong, and especially after the Government had declared it illegal. We neither affirm nor deny this. But at any rate the Holy See has not condemned the League, and therefore has certainly not condemned its fair and legitimate objects. How then can the writer of this letter pretend that the Circular changes right into wrong? How can it be true that the clergy are declared to be "leading the people to destruction," and that well-intentioned priests, like the writer, must content themselves with outward obedience until the necessarily slow process is completed of altering their "deliberately formed opinions?" The only opinion they have to alter is the opinion that it is a good thing to enforce through the length

and breadth of Ireland a testimonial tribute to Mr. Parnell. A movement may be condemned because, however innocent in itself, it will lead to wrongdoing. This, in the express words of the Papal Circular, is the Holy Father's view in regard to the Parnell collection. No one but the blindest partisan can say there is not *prima facie* justification for this deliberately formed judgment.

Even the writer of the letter refers to the numerous and inevitable abuses attendant on Mr. Parnell's agitation. If ever there was an occasion for ecclesiastical authority to interfere, this is surely one. When a great crisis arrives, when men's judgments are in danger of following the bent of their impulses and their passions, and when the leaders, whom circumstances have thrown to the surface, are men who are not conspicuous for respect towards Catholic teaching, or, for the matter of that, towards Christian teaching of any kind—at such a time as this, unless spiritual authority steps in to decide a doubtful case of practical morality, then such authority might as well abdicate and be seen no more. The Pope's action is of the mildest. He forbids the clergy to take part in this collection. It is a measure which might be taken in the interests of the clergy, even were the "tribute" perfectly advisable. But we admit, nay, we are insisting, that he both implicitly and explicitly disapproves altogether of this particular form of manifestation. He might have forbidden all his spiritual children to have anything to do with it. He has not done so, and therefore the practical consequence follows that any lay person who continues to promote the tribute cannot *eo nomine* be refused the sacraments, or in any way publicly denounced. Each one is left to his own conscience. But the Pope's mind is perfectly clear. The Irish people now know that he disapproves of this Parnell tribute, and the Irish people, as a body, will acquiesce. Mr. Parnell will get his tribute. The greater part of it was subscribed before the Circular appeared, or at all events before its contents had penetrated into the consciousness of the Irish peasantry. As to what has been collected since, which does not amount as yet, perhaps, to more than £2,000 or £3,000, there is not a Catholic Irishman living who will in his heart believe that it will "bring luck" either to the givers or the taker.

This letter of an "Irish Priest" illustrates, as we have said, the pressure put upon the Nationalist clergy by the Papal Circular; and in spite of what we are convinced are its erroneous views, it illustrates also the fact, which is perfectly certain, that notwithstanding the extremely unpalatable nature of the Holy Father's latest instruction, they have not the remotest idea of turning against him. The idea, indeed, is wild. Yet it is

gravely expressed in more than one quarter. "What the effect" (of the Circular) "in Ireland will be," wrote a prominent American paper a fortnight ago, "cannot be foreseen. We look to see a great weakening of the influence of the Roman Catholic Church over the Irish people. Many who have counted themselves very good Catholics will begin to ask whether the whole misery of Irish subjection has not been due to the Papal See." For our own part, whatever uncertainty may prevail as to the effect of the Papal pronouncement on the Nationalist movement, we consider that the one thing which is quite clear is, that the clergy, and therefore the vast majority of the nation, have accepted it; accepted it not very graciously, not very cordially, perhaps, but substantially and readily. A single proof of this is quite enough. There is one eminent prelate whose name stands at the very head of the Nationalist clergy. Had it not been for Archbishop Croke's support, by word and act, the Parnell Tribute movement would have died in its infancy, and Propaganda would perhaps have been spared the labour of inditing a Circular. The example of the Archbishop of Cashel was followed by, we believe, at least eight of the Irish Bishops; and the parish priests of Ireland, with very few exceptions, made, directed, or allowed collections at their chapel gates. It is no part of our purpose, in regard to a man who has done so much to endear his name to every Irishman, to do more than state certain facts. The quality and the strength of the Archbishop's convictions are shown in the support he has given to Mr. Parnell and his party—as, for instance, when he recommended Mr. O'Brien, the editor of *United Ireland*, to the electors of Mallow, and Mr. Mayne to those of Tipperary. It is a matter of history that Dr. Croke went to Rome at the beginning of May, and that the famous Circular reached Ireland before he arrived at home again. It is instructive to mark what followed. The Archbishop's return, from the moment he landed at Kingstown to his entry into his own cathedral at Thurles, was literally a triumphant progress. Crowds thronged the railway stations and the streets, municipal corporations, town commissioners, and public bodies, pressed round him with addresses, and a whole population hung upon his words. At the King's Bridge terminus (where he had ten minutes of "hand-shaking" with a number of enthusiastic admirers who thronged the platform), at Sallins, at Newbridge, at Kildare, at Monsterevan, at Maryborough, at Templemore (where he found himself in his own Tipperary), and finally at Thurles, the people shouted, the public personages read, and the Archbishop was expected to speak. The addresses, which are given at length in the *Freeman's Journal* of May 25, were probably mere dumb

show to the multitudes. They seem to have been very fervently worded, as such productions usually are; but we cannot find anywhere any sign of want of deference to the Holy See. The Wicklow Town Commissioners, indeed, said they looked for the "speedy rescindment" of the Circular, when the Holy Father learnt the "falsehoods and misrepresentations" by which it had been obtained. At Kildare, where the Very Rev. Dr. Kavanagh, P.P., read the address, no allusion whatever was made to the topic of the hour. At Maryborough, the Town Commissioners assured the Archbishop that a "temporary misunderstanding" would not shake their fidelity to the cause of Ireland and the Chair of Peter. The gentlemen who represented Templemore spoke to the same effect, coupling the expression of their entire trust in Archbishop Croke's leadership with the warmest expressions of devotion to "our friend and father, the noble head of the Church, to whom we cling, and ever will cling, with the fondest love of children." At Thurles, the chairman of the Board of Guardians read a very long address, whilst the Archbishop stood up in his carriage at the railway station (there were five or six other addresses presented at the same time), and took the opportunity of making a most formal protestation of "allegiance to the See of Peter." "Vain must be the hopes," the address went on, "of those who idly dream that the acceptable time is come for them of witnessing the weakening of that union of faith, reverence, and love, which binds the heart of Catholic Ireland to that of Rome." The address from the Corporation of Clonmel, read by the Mayor of that ancient capital of Tipperary, touches so pathetically, and, on the whole, with such a right spirit, on the trouble of the situation, that we quote from it a little more fully, as expressing the sentiments of a very large and important section of the Irish people—the Catholic people of Tipperary. We add italics here and there:—

In the turmoil of agitated feelings consequent on the reception of the recent Papal mandate, which, we are convinced, was the *outcome of British intrigue*—of base efforts on the part of our Saxon rulers, aided by certain West-British partisans, to destroy clerical influence in Irish politics, to sever the links which have through ages bound the clergy and the people together in this country, and, in fact, to put into practical effect the doctrine of "no priest in politics," a doctrine begotten of Communism and condemned by all right thinking men—in so *disheartening a state of things*, foreboding evil to our unhappy country, it is difficult to avoid allusion, even in a time of greeting like this, to the evil that threatens us, *should false impressions at Rome remain unaltered*, and equally difficult to give adequate expression to our feelings on this all-important matter. One thing is plain to us—namely, that *politics should ever be under the controlling*

influence of religion; and in the person of your Grace we see the embodiment of that great principle, for you have ever been our guiding star in matters political, encouraging us when in the right, restraining and reproofing us when in error. *Our priests* have been, and, let us hope, ever will be, *our natural leaders*. Their co-operation is essential in all that relates to our country's weal. With this holy union our cause will triumph; without it no political cause, however sacred, can continue long without danger of drifting away into foolish secret combinations and irreligious channels. To sever this holy alliance, which in recent days has thrown our pro-Atheistic legislators into mortal terror, has been apparently the unceasing aim of British diplomacy at Rome. But whilst the acts and motives of England are thus transparent, and while those who would not hesitate to call our priests "surpliced ruffians" are jubilant over our apparent disconcertion, and hoping for not alone a severance between priests and people, but probably also for *an actual estrangement between us and the Sovereign Pontiff*, it will afford your Grace satisfaction to hear us declare to-day *our unaltered fealty to Rome in matters spiritual*, our renewed expression of attachment to and confidence in the Irish hierarchy and clergy, and the most thorough determination to continue in the straight paths (which your Grace has so often indicated) of honest strife for our country's welfare, until, with the blessing of Providence, we shall reach that goal for which many an Irish heart has yearned—the *legislative independence of our native land*. During centuries of savage persecution the *soggarth aroon* stood faithfully by the people; but we venture to say that at no period in our chequered history has an Irish prelate done and dared more for his country, and never was prelate more universally beloved than him whom we have come this day to honour, and who is now more than ever the idol of the Irish people, at home and abroad. In every home where beats an Irish heart—whether in the cot of the humblest peasant who starves on seaweed and such garbage, through British misrule in Ireland—whether in the crowded cities of America, in the far-off western prairies, or at the antipodes—the illustrious name of Dr. Croke brings with it untold reverence and love, and rekindles anew long-cherished hopes for the old land—holy aspirations for her independence, which neither time nor circumstance has ever availed to destroy. For your giant efforts in the cause of faith and fatherland we offer to your Grace our undying gratitude; and in bidding you ten thousand welcomes on your safe return home from an audience in the interests of Ireland with the Holy Pontiff, *we venture to express a hope*—nay, a conviction—that through your Grace's earnest, influential, and continued exertions, *the mists, begotten of British misrepresentation, may be removed from before the eyes of the Papal authorities*, so that Truth and Justice may at length prevail.

It will be observed that, as regards the Holy See, nothing stronger appears in any of the addresses than the expression of the conviction that the Circular is the result of a misunderstanding-

ing, and that when the Pope learns the truth there is a good chance that it may be "rescinded." Without making the obvious suggestion that, considering the Archbishop himself had just had speech with the Holy Father, it could hardly be supposed that the latter had not been fully informed, we may note that these addresses are as eloquent in what they omit as in what they express. It may, indeed, be said that the reserve and sobriety of their language was owing to their being perfectly aware that the Archbishop of Cashel would not have stood to listen to anything against the Pope. To our ideas, this is exactly the significance of the demonstration. The Archbishop would not have allowed it, and the clergy and people put restraint upon themselves, if you please, but at any rate they follow their Bishop. And if there were any intemperate spirits who hoped, on that day of tumultuous welcome, to draw from Archbishop Croke any expression of bitterness, or any hint of injured feelings, they were profoundly disappointed. His own speech at the King's Bridge station is so full of instruction to those who read between the lines, that we give in full the concluding part of it, which refers to the hope expressed by the Wicklow Town Commissioners as to the "rescindment" of the Circular :—

As regarded the latter part of the address, he did not care to speak of it at all. That was a matter that concerned the clergy altogether. It had been addressed to the bishops and clergy; and in doing so, he was sure the Pope meant extremely well. His Holiness's intentions towards Ireland were of the best character. He loved Ireland, and loved it well; and perhaps, indeed, he (the Archbishop) had no doubt, everything would turn out for the best. Let them show every respect to the Holy Father—never say a word against him. They did not know the difficulties of his position, surrounded as he was by various influences; but they might be perfectly certain that there was no man who loved Ireland so much as his Holiness loved it. The day, he hoped, would come when he would appreciate their efforts and his own, and that he and they would be living when his Holiness would recognize that Ireland was not only the land of Saints but the land of patriots also.

Some may not see in this speech a very gracious welcome to the Papal instruction. But "'tis enough; 'twill serve." Consider the circumstances. One of the most powerful and popular men in Ireland is thought to have received from the Holy See a public disapproval, not of his general policy, but of his use of certain means. Speaking in the midst of thousands who are waiting to cheer him, he does not breathe one word of resentment, but, on the contrary, says the Pope is Ireland's best friend. We are so accustomed to see undeviating respect and obedience paid to the Holy See by the bishops of the Church, that we

hardly remark the significance of this. From a human point of view there is nothing more wonderful. Would any great officer of any other church, sect, or polity whatsoever have submitted in the way that Archbishop Croke publicly submits? There is not a man of them who would not, in such circumstances, have wearied the world with his protests, his resentment, and his explanations; and there is not one who would not have made out that his self-respect and his position, and a thousand things besides, entirely justified him in making such a noise about it. We see here how a Catholic Bishop acts; a man with strong opinions, which he has publicly emphasised, and which it is of course impossible that he can alter and reject all at once; a man with a great position; and a man who, if Ireland could be turned away from its allegiance to Rome (which, however, for a thousand other reasons is impossible), is the one leader whom its people in such a crisis would follow.

We might cite Archbishop Croke's words in his cathedral, which would illustrate our position still further. But we prefer to quote one of the most recent of his pronouncements, the address which, as Archbishop, he made to the assembled thousands at the dedication of St. Brigid's Church, in Sarsfield's Rock, on Sunday, June 24. The topics on which it dwells are the self-sacrifice and the Catholic spirit of the Province of Cashel, and especially of his own diocese. The subjects he selected are no doubt chosen for a purpose; if that part of Ireland over which he presides is so pious, so munificent in church-building and in Peter's pence, and so free from secret societies and from crime, then the inference is that the Holy Father's anxieties are superfluous. The premisses of the argument are true and consoling; and the argument itself is specious, until one remembers that Tipperary is not Ireland, and that Archbishop Croke's influence, whatever its nature may be, is mighty far beyond the limits of the diocese of Cashel and Emly. He said:—

Let us confine our glance on this occasion to the diocese of Cashel and Emly alone, and see what has been achieved here for religion in quite recent years. Within the last six years, and in twenty out of the forty-six parishes of those united dioceses, the enormous sum of £76,350 has been expended in building new churches or substantially renovating old ones, in erecting convents, schools, orphanages, and presbyteries, taking no account whatever of any sum less than £400 that may, and in fact must have been, laid out meanwhile in the maintenance, decoration, and other improvements of ecclesiastical buildings in the twenty-six other parishes of the diocese in which no new work has been engaged in. Just think of it, my friends, £76,000 contributed for ecclesiastical purposes by the people of Cashel and Emly within the last six years, to say nothing of

£4,442 given to the Pope, besides supporting their clergy and archbishop in a style and with a generosity that absolutely leave nothing to be desired. Is it any wonder, then, that the clergy of Ireland, notably of the South, and still more especially of this ancient diocese, should feel for the people, should struggle for the people, should love the people, and should, as many of our sainted predecessors did in the past, die, if necessary, for the people? Long live, then, the union of priests and people in Ireland. *Esto perpetua!*

He speaks of the multitudes of Catholic people in the district:—

We build this church of ours for the great Catholic family of this important parish, and which of you, casting his eyes over the mighty multitude of believers brought together here to-day, from far and near, can for a moment doubt that, when we take possession of it in its completed state, we shall have an ample family to bring into it for the sacred purposes of prayer and sacrifice. It is true, indeed, that bad laws and emigration have done a great deal, even in this fertile district, to thin the ranks of our Catholic population. Against both these influences you with one voice protest from this hillside to-day. Nor will the Irish people, as I believe, ever cease their constitutional action till beneficent legislation will have removed the grievances of which they now justly complain, and till every Irishman and every Irishwoman will find a decent livelihood, if they choose to labour for it, in the land they love best.

And he protests that never did religion flourish more in that part of the country.

We shall live and die, please God, in the bosom of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, ever true as steel to the Apostolic faith and ennobling traditions of our fathers. Attempts, no doubt, have of late been made to make strangers believe that the Irish people are fast falling away from their primitive fervour, and that the bond which bound them to the Chair of Peter was likely to be loosened ere long, if not entirely dissolved. But, far from that being the fact, it is plainly demonstrable, and, indeed, notoriously true, that at no period in the modern, or, perhaps, ancient history of Ireland, were the Irish people more thoroughly or more intelligently religious than they are, thank God, to-day. There are more persons approaching the Sacraments in our times in Ireland than at any past period in her annals. Religious communities are being multiplied, confraternities abound, missions are being held for the faithful in almost every parish, the feuds and factions which gave an evil notoriety to certain localities have completely ceased, a neighbourly spirit has taken the place of these unholy contentions; of secret societies we have absolutely no trace in this extensive diocese; while crime and outrage were of daily occurrence elsewhere, we were altogether exempt from them; and so we are in a position to fling back into the face of our

calumniators the false and injurious assertion that we are on the high road to infidelity, and soon to make utter shipwreck of the faith. Our fathers stood many a rude test, and were not found wanting. The confiscation of James and Elizabeth, the sword of Cromwell, the ruthless rapacity of his followers, and the savage legislation of later times, were tried on them in vain. We, too, of this generation have had our own burden of affliction to bear. But though bowed down by the weight that oppressed us, we were not disheartened, much less subdued. We struggled manfully for our emancipation both in Church and State, and the whole world knows by this time that we have come out of the contest with credit, and, I might say, with victory. Apostasy, at any rate, has never stained the ecclesiastical annals of Ireland; and I can answer for it, that in the Church of St. Bridget, of which the corner-stone was laid to-day, the practices of the ancient faith planted here by St. Patrick shall be henceforth fully and fervently carried out.

Let us again remind our readers that the eloquence of such pronouncements as these lies to a great extent in their silence. One reflection alone will suffice to point out how full of meaning was Archbishop Croke's silence at Sarsfield's Rock. He spoke in the very heat of Mr. Healy's election campaign in Monaghan; an election which is looked upon by all parties as the most important and significant of recent Parliamentary battles. Mr. Healy's success proves that even in the North of Ireland the Nationalist movement has taken very deep hold, and that Irish Protestants can lay aside their animosities, and vote for a Home Ruler and a professed Catholic. That under ordinary circumstances the Archbishop should have alluded to the Monaghan contest, was inevitable. He has refused to do so, and thereby given a signal and convincing proof that his duty to the Holy See is the first thing in his heart and thought. No doubt, something more is required than mere reticence. The bishops are expected to speak out, and they will do so, in all probability, not long after these lines have appeared. But in the meantime it is satisfactory to know that hostility to the Papal instruction has been the exception, and that disrespectful utterances have been almost confined to those members of Parliament and leaders of the National League whom Ireland seems bound to trust at this moment.

Nothing, as we have often insisted, is so disquieting in the National movement as the character of its leaders. There is not at this moment a single prominent Nationalist in Parliament whom a good Catholic likes to trust. An agitation for free land and for legislative independence is at its best a dangerous proceeding. By its very nature it must at times approach the confines of communism and revolution very closely indeed. If those who

guide it are God-fearing men, well known to prefer their religious principles to everything else on earth, then the danger of pushing the people too far would not be so great. But when we know that these men are openly the friends of avowed infidels and socialists, and when we suspect that they have no strong antipathy to the gravest political and social errors which have lately been explicitly condemned by the Catholic Church, it is very clear that Catholics can only tolerate and not love them. Many of them are intimately connected with Fenianism; with Fenian leaders and Fenian newspapers. If there is one thing certain, it is that the Fenian leaders have always aimed at the destruction of the Catholic Church. Cannot Archbishop Croke lay his hand on a better set of men than the Parnells, the Sextons, the Healys, the Harringtons, and the O'Briens, who, if they are fighting for the national cause, are fighting, not like Christian knights, but like professional braves? What is more certain than that, if these men obtained power in an independent Ireland, the first thing they would do would be to turn upon the Irish clergy? If the people of Tipperary are as devout Catholics as their Archbishop says they are, many of them must be ashamed to cheer the men who sneer at the Pope. Cardinal Cullen* has well said that it was the faith of the great O'Connell which won him his true victories; because a national cause which does not rest on religion and is not guided by religion may triumph, but its triumph can be nothing but misfortune.

If we might venture to sum up in one brief sentence what seems to us to be the "spirit" of the recent Papal instructions, it is, "Let the clergy and people of Ireland cling to their cause, but depose their present leaders." It requires no special information to be aware that instructions like these have not been inspired either by Mr. Errington or by Mr. Gladstone. It is what Cardinal Cullen inculcated for a quarter of a century. It is what the present Pope has been saying for three years and more. The two pamphlets at the head of this article will be found to contain ample proof both as to the unvarying tenor of Cardinal Cullen's utterances, and of the consistent teaching of the Pope. These teachings will, we are convinced, bear fruit in a short time. The soundest part of the Irish people are not the noisiest part. That faith and devotion are deepening and spreading in Ireland we believe on excellent authority, although more than one eminent

* The three magnificent volumes in which the learned Bishop of Ossory has edited the Pastoral instructions, and other writings of Cardinal Cullen, are before us as we write; one may read in their pages what a true Christian, a true priest, and a true patriot has done and wished for his country, during the twenty and more years of his episcopate.

Irish priest has been heard to express a different opinion. The provocation is very great to fight with the readiest weapons to hand. English politicians have shaken hands with revolutionists and assassins, have extolled crime and rebellion, and have listened to Ireland's voice more attentively when she struck at the same time that she spoke. But it is better that Irishmen—and all Catholics will echo the sentiment—it is better that a nation should suffer, better even that she should perish, than that her people should sin, or her clergy make common cause with men who would not finish with her till they had involved her in political atheism.

LETTER OF THE S. CONGREGATION OF PROPAGANDA
TO THE BISHOPS OF IRELAND, ON THE PARSELL
"TRIBUTE" COLLECTION.

Illme ac Rme Domine,

Quaecumque de Parnellio ejusque consiliis judicium ferre libeat, exploratum tamen est plures ex illius asseclis eam agendi rationem in multis casibus adhibuisse quæ plane abhorret ab iis quæ Summus Pontifex in suis ad Cardinalem Archiepiscopum Dublinensem litteris enuntiavit, quæque in instructionibus hujus S. Congregationis ab Hiberniæ Episcopis in nuperrimo Dublinensi Conventu unanimiter receptis continentur.

Enimvero juxta hæc præscripta *fas est Hibernos fortunæ suæ afflictæ levationem querere, fas est et pro jure suo contendere*; servandum tamen semper divinum illud præceptum, *quæri primum oportere regnum Dei et justitiam ejus*; turpe autem esse causam quamvis justam tueri non juste. Porro Cleri totius et maxime *Episcoporum est incitatos multitudinis animos temperare et ad justitiam necessariamque in omnibus rebus moderationem tempestivis hortationibus revocare, ne vehementiori cupiditate ducti emolumenta rerum fallacibus judiciis videant, aut spem publicæ felicitatis in dedecore flagitiorum ponant*. Hinc sequitur nemini clericorum licere ab his regulis deflectere, nec iis motibus, qui prudentiæ et studio placandorum animorum minime conveniunt sese immiscere, aut illis provehendis dare operam.

Haud certe vetitum est pecunias ad conditionem Hibernorum levandam conferre: verumtamen ex prædictis mandatis Apostolicis eæ collecta omnino reprobandæ sunt quæ proclamantur ad cupiditates populi inflammandas, ut iis facile homines abuti queant ad turbulenta consilia contra leges ineunda. Potissimum vero ab illis abstinendum, cum haud obscure patet exinde odia excitari, convicia in viros spectatos congeri, neque crimina ac cædes, quibus flagitiosi homines sese polluerunt ullimode reprobari: maxime ubi asseratur mensuram veri in patriam amoris ex collata vel denegata pecunia æstimari, quo fit ut quadam veluti vi ac metu adigi ad hæc homines videantur.

Quibus positis compertum Amplitudini tuæ esse debet, eam pecuniæ collectam quæ *Parnell testimonial fund* audit, ab hac Sacra Congregatione non posse probari, nec proinde ecclesiasticis viris, maxime vero Episcopis licere eam ullo modo commendare vel promovere.

Interea precor Deum uti Amplitudinem tuam diutissime sospitet.

Ex Ædibus S. Congregationis de Propaganda Fide, die 11 Maii, 1883.

JOHANNES, CARD. SIMEONI,
Præfectus.

Science Notices.

An African Inland Sea.—It is not more than ten years since the minds of men were much exercised by a French project for flooding the Sahara Desert. Such a scheme, it was felt, would be wide-reaching in its results; it was even seriously feared that it might have the effect of profoundly modifying the climate of Southern Europe. Practical men looked upon it as a dream, and declared that the inherent difficulties of the work were too great even for modern science. And so apparently it was, for a death-like sleep seemed to settle down upon the project. It was therefore a matter of no small surprise to learn in April last that the irrepressible M. de Lesseps and a committee of experts had returned from an expedition to Africa, to survey the territory over which the inland sea is to be created. The report was, as a very slight experience of the great engineer would lead one to guess, not only encouraging, but enthusiastic; the committee being of opinion that the nature of the soil is eminently adapted for the works in question, and that commercially and politically the advantages of the great lake cannot be too highly extolled.

Coming to the details of the scheme we are rather relieved to find that it is not our old friend the Sahara Sea. Compared with flooding the untold wastes of the Great Desert, the creation of an inland lake of some two or three thousand square miles in extent is a very prosaic matter indeed. And so it is; but even then it will be a feat almost unique in the annals of mankind. It will amount to letting loose the waters of the Mediterranean over an area a little short of the Principality of Wales. The region chosen is the depression lying to the south-east of Algeria, and extending all along the southern limits of Tunis. The maps show the place to be occupied at present with a chain of marshy salt lakes, shallow and unwholesome to the climate; they are known by the name of the "Chotts."

The Mediterranean will be tapped by a canal opening into the Gulf of Gabes, and extending some seventy miles into the interior. The nature of the soil is admirably adapted to the work; it is almost one uninterrupted stretch of sand. There is one limestone reef in the track of the proposed canal, this being, we presume, the mountain ridge between Tunis and Algeria; but this, far from being an impediment, will prove of the highest service in the construction of wharves, piers, and the necessary buildings. It seems incredible that the vast works the scheme will require can all be achieved in the short space of five years. But so says the report. The outlay, M. de Lesseps has most carefully estimated, will not exceed £6,000,000.

To the French this sea will commercially and politically be of the last importance. It will relieve them once and for all of the harassing incursions of the Arabs into Algeria. The southern part of Tunis will regain the smiling fertile aspect that distinguished it in the days of the Carthaginians. Indeed, it is probable enough that the occupation of Tunis itself was not unconnected with this inland sea project. Southern Algeria, too, will be placed in easy commercial relations with the rest of the world. England can have no objection to the possibilities of trade being opened out to our enterprising merchants, and we can fervently join hands with our neighbours in wishing them good speed in so vast and so beneficial an undertaking.

Secondary Batteries.—We have to report progress this quarter. The secondary batteries have been applied with some success to the propulsion of a tramcar. It is to the energy of the Electrical Power Storage Company that we are indebted for this very encouraging advance in the application of Electric Motors. The car turned out from the Company's works has the ordinary appearance and fittings of the familiar tramcar. Under the seats, however, are placed fifty accumulating batteries, occupying a space of about 35 square feet, and weighing a little over a ton and a half. Electric bells and, at night, a Swan incandescent lamp are also actuated by the same batteries. By an ingenious arrangement the full power of the batteries or a few cells can only be applied at pleasure according to the load to be moved. It is calculated that the electric energy stored up will be available for about the space of seven hours.

So far the arrangements are admirably adapted for the purpose in hand; it is a pity, however, that the encouraging smile of fortune was withheld on the day of the trial trip. The course chosen was from Acton to Kew, and a number of gentlemen assembled to witness the very interesting experiment. Everything went smoothly on the level, and a speed of six miles an hour was easily attained. At the first ascending gradient the car slackened, and finally stopped half-way; it was necessary to have recourse to horses to draw it up the incline. This was rather unfortunate, but it was explained that the leather driving-belt gave way at the stitches, and could not be properly repaired. It has also been stated that the wheels of the car were a little too narrow for the gauge, and considerable friction and retardation resulted. There was the usual lunch and enthusiastic speechifying afterwards; but still it is much to be regretted that the Company did not take more time, and better precautions to avoid mishaps that cannot fail to throw a cloud upon so desirable an undertaking. The present horse-drawn car is a most costly piece of work. It is stated that the expense of daily horsing a tramcar amounts in some cases to £1 6s., while secondary batteries would hardly average one-third of that sum. Long suffering investors in tram shares can only have one wish with regard to the spirited experiment of the Electrical Power Storage Company.

Electric Railways.—Electric Railways have passed from the stage of an interesting scientific toy, and have now entered into

serious competition with steam-power. The successful working of the Lichterfelde Electric Railway of $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length, has encouraged Dr. Siemens to undertake a somewhat similar line of six miles in length near the Giant's Causeway in Ireland. As to the success of such railways there can be no manner of doubt; we are more concerned at present to watch the working of two rival systems for laying down electric lines that have already appeared before the scientific world. It will be interesting to observe the struggle of the two rivals, and see which of them will ultimately assert its claim to electric supremacy in the future. The system at present in possession of the field is Dr. Siemens. On the Lichterfelde line, the two rails are insulated from each other, one rail carrying the going current, the other taking the return. Contact is made with the motor by the wheels running over the rails. There are many objections to this plan. There can be no level crossings on such a line; as a horse might easily make contact by treading on both rails at the same time. The leakage of current in wet weather must be very considerable, owing to the difficulty of perfectly insulating so great a length of metal. To these inconveniences, Dr. Siemens was evidently alive; for at the Paris Electrical Exhibition his electric car was driven on a different principle. The return current at Paris was conveyed by a cable raised on telegraph poles some distance from the ground. A very unsightly looking metallic brush protruded from the car and swept the current from the overhanging wires. The going current was of course transmitted by the rails. The system worked well, and so far was a great improvement on the Berlin line; but it is clumsy and cumbersome in the extreme, and can never enter into serious competition with steam.

For simplicity of working and construction the scheme of Professors Ayrton and Perry appears to be far in advance of anything hitherto attempted in electric propulsion. Professor Ayrton proposed to take advantage of the small electric current that is, of course, generated in every rail by the friction of the wheels of the passing train. To utilize this energy he divides the rail into a large number of sections electrically divided from each other. Under the rail, buried and isolated, runs a cable bearing a current of high tension from a central station. In action the train enters on a section, and by an ingenious arrangement contact is at once made with the cable lying beneath. One of the most important features of this system lies in the fact that a train entering on a certain section absorbs all electricity from the section behind it, thereby blocking the line in the most effectual possible way. It will be no longer possible for an overworked signalman, through some slight inadvertence, to hurl a fast flying express on to a blocked section. On the Ayrton system, the train would be drawn up through the absence of motive power. A beautiful and ingenious contrivance, that provoked loud applause from the audience to which it was exhibited, was shown, whereby a train entering on a certain section automatically declares its whereabouts to the central office, a little shadow moving along a diagram indicates its progress over the diverse sections.

The superiority of such a system as this is almost too obvious to be indicated. Not only would the cost of construction of the permanent way be lessened, the strain on the signalmen be removed, and the risks of rapid locomotion be reduced to a minimum.

Art and Anthropology.—Mr. T. H. Thomas, of Cardiff, in an interesting Paper contributed to the Naturalists' Society, has pointed out that ancient art can lend itself to some interesting scientific studies in the history of our race. Presuming that an artist in any age will select his human types from the general character of the people among which he lives, Mr. Thomas proceeds to classify the sculptures of the human figure in our oldest monuments. To begin first with the venerable Egyptian carvings, it is curious to note that there is the closest possible resemblance between these types and that of the modern Egyptian. A comparison between them shows the modern fellaheen is endowed with exactly the same facial distinctions that characterized the race in the days of Ramses II. This only confirms what has long been suspected that the Egyptian is one of the oldest races on our planet.

Etruscan and early Grecian art are curiously suggestive. If the Etruscan monuments, the temple of Ægina and Lydia, give us a very marked and similar type of countenance, we cannot resist the conclusion that a tribe of the same race stretched from the shores of the Adriatic to Asia Minor. The type of face itself is not a little curious. These early Pelasgic people must have had a very weak-looking mouth, with uplifted corners, slanting almond-shaped eyes, and a singularly straight profile. A comparison with modern Japanese and Chinese portraits will establish the fact that these early settlers in South-Eastern Europe were Turanians of Mongolian type. It is instructive to note that these types continued to dominate in art until about 500 B.C. Soon after this date the golden age of Grecian art set in, in which the great names of Phidias and Praxiteles appear. It would naturally be supposed, from our experience of evolution in art, that these great men, in achieving their works of genius, would be carrying out to the perfection of its development the artistic forms and ideas already in vogue. But this is far from being the case. The ideal type of beauty that found favour with the classic sculptors is as far as possible removed from the Mongolian type; certainly the Apollo Belvidere and Venus of Milo run no risk of being confounded with a beauty framed on the Japanese or Chinese lines. And yet these artists are as truly lineal descendants of their Pelasgic forefathers as Shakspeare was of Marlowe or Raphael of Giotto. This fact suggests some curious reflections. The ideal of the Grecian art was undoubtedly the modern European type which we are taught to believe is that of a pure Aryan race. At what time this Indo-European race spread over the West and dispossessed the original inhabitants we hardly know. Most geologists are disposed to place the event far back in prehistoric times. These artistic figures, however, would seem to establish the fact that the Turanian race within historic times was in possession of no inconsiderable part of Europe. Their decline, and the advent

of the "audax Japethi genus" from these considerations would seem to date from about 500 B.C. This is only one more lesson given by the more recent researches to check the rashness of those who are inclined to assign such a long period of years to the antiquity of the human race.

Artificial Respiration.—The Fleuss apparatus for artificial respiration has proved itself so useful and successful that it has been made the subject of an important announcement from the Home Office. In a circular addressed to colliery managers, Sir W. Harcourt directs attention to the remarkable services already rendered, and likely again to be rendered, by this apparatus in the gas-laden workings of our coal-pits. The principle of the invention is extremely simple. It is, of course, well known that man in the matter of breathing occupies an exactly opposite position to that of plants. While trees and leaves send forth from each minute pore oxygen gas, and take in carbonic dioxide, we exhale carbonic dioxide and inspire oxygen. For artificial respiration, then, we must have some arrangement whereby the carbonic dioxide of the breath can be removed and a constant supply of oxygen afforded to the lungs. In the Fleuss apparatus the operator bears on his back a copper case containing oxygen in a state of great compression; enough, in fact, to supply pure air for the space of about four hours. The exhalations of the breath are rendered harmless by taking advantage of the well-known affinity of carbonic dioxide for common caustic soda. The used-up breath is passed through a filter of tow and caustic soda, whereby all the dioxide is removed, and the nitrogen of the breath passes on to the chamber, where it is mixed with a regular supply of oxygen from the copper receptacle. Not many years ago Mr. Fleuss startled the visitors at the Polytechnic by remaining under water without any communication with the air above for the space of about two hours. The invention is now entering upon a higher and more beneficent sphere, and its adaptability for exploring localities charged with poisonous and deadly gases has been more than once successfully tested. After the terrible explosion which took place in Seaham Colliery in 1880, one seam, the Maudlin, was so vitiated with foul gas that it was necessary to hermetically seal up the opening. After eight months the working was again opened and tested, but it was impossible for any one to enter, the fire-damp was in such abundance. Under these circumstances, Mr. Fleuss was invited to the colliery and instructed the engineers and workmen in the management of his apparatus. Thus armed, a body of explorers was enabled to enter the deadly atmosphere and thoroughly examine the damaged seam. The origin of the mischief was thus discovered, and a valuable seam of coal was re-opened for safe and healthy working.

A still more remarkable case occurred at the Killingworth Colliery. The downcast shaft of the colliery fell in and stopped the ventilation, while the men were in the workings. There were altogether nine men below, more or less disabled by the foul air they were forced to breathe. Three volunteers descended the pit provided

with the Fleuss respirator. They were altogether three or four hours moving about in the stifling workings. During that time they managed to convey in their arms from the narrow seams five of the men who had been rendered insensible; four others, who had sunk down incapable of motion, they assisted out in safety. This is a very auspicious beginning for an invention only yet in its infancy. The inventor who can contrive any means for the saving of human life deserves well of his race. To diminish, however, the terrible risks to life that our colliers incur, to spare the agonies inflicted upon men too often imprisoned after an accident, is indeed a proud distinction for M. Fleuss to have achieved.

Notices of Catholic Continental Periodicals.

GERMAN PERIODICALS.

By Dr. BELLESHEIM, Cologne.

1. *Katholik.*

THE March and April issues of this periodical contain two very solid articles contributed by one of the most able philosophers of Catholic Germany of our day—Canon Stöckl, of Eichstaedt, in Bavaria, a member of the Roman Academy of S. Thomas. In these articles he is occupied in discussing S. Thomas's doctrine as to the beginning of the world. His concern, however, is less with the peculiar system of S. Thomas itself than with its historical connection with those philosophical debates prevalent in the Middle Ages. How came it that the great leader of the Catholic philosophers and theologians of that period, in explaining the beginning of the world, adopted a course at variance with the general doctrine? Canon Stöckl, in reply, traces S. Thomas's opinion to Moses Maimonides, whose system, as far as the beginning of created bodies is concerned, he has adopted. Unlike the Arabian philosophers—who partly vindicated the possibility of demonstrating that the world had a beginning, and partly, as far as they were mottecalemins, or theologians, denied this possibility—Maimonides adopted a middle course between these conflicting schools. He neither opposed the Bible teachings, that all things were created and had a beginning; nor, on the other hand, would he admit those philosophical arguments which were adduced to prove that the world had a beginning. Maimonides was followed by S. Thomas. The Saint's doctrine may be substantially given in a few words. It is an article of faith that the world has been created, and had therefore a beginning. But when we enter the region of philosophy, our position undergoes a considerable change. The Saint establishes, in the most unmis-

takable words, two philosophical theses: 1. The world was created, in the fullest meaning of the word. 2. The world was created, *ex nihilo*—viz., it was, as far as nature or essence is concerned, preceded by the Nihil. But if the further question is asked, whether or not it is also preceded by the Nihil as far as time is concerned, S. Thomas answers, that the beginning of the world cannot be demonstrated by only philosophical arguments. Canon Stöckl, examining S. Thomas's arguments for this thesis, proves them to be destitute of force, inasmuch as they degrade the idea of creation, making it merely preservation. He also adduces a host of the most eminent authorities, amongst whom are B. Albert the Great, teacher of S. Thomas, and S. Bonaventure, all of whom absolutely differ from S. Thomas on this last point. Canon Stöckl, himself a great admirer of S. Thomas, in concluding his closely reasoned paper, very appropriately remarks: "We believe that one may be a very good Thomist, without adopting Maimonides' opinion of the possibility of an eternal world. Thomism does not consist in defending everything sustained by S. Thomas; it only means a faithful clinging to the principles, method, and general system of S. Thomas. But as to those peculiar opinions which are done away with by stringent demonstrations, we must needs be allowed to disagree with S. Thomas." In the same issue I give an account of Cardinal Pitra's edition of certain new works of S. Hildegard, which appeared under the title: "*Analecta sacra Spicilegio Solesmensi parata. Nova S. Hildegardis opera.*" The eminent editor has succeeded in bringing out not only the "*Liber vitæ meritorum*," preserved in a MS. in the Wiesbaden library, but also the "*Liber composite medicinæ*," in the possession of the Royal Library of Copenhagen. He has also found in the Vienna library more than a hundred hitherto unknown letters of the Saint. As to the importance of this publication, no word need be said. S. Hildegard, "the incomparable daughter of S. Benedict," as the Cardinal styles her, is one of the most illustrious women of any age. An examination of her writings gives one the impression that she was as deeply acquainted with scholastic as with mystical theology. Thus in the recently edited "*Liber vitæ meritorum*" may be specially quoted the Saint's doctrine on the world's creation by God, the total dependence of everything created on the First Cause, and the possibility of attaining a knowledge of the Supreme Being by ascending to it from things created. S. Hildegard, so familiar with mystical theology, and lavishly favoured with supernatural visions, was by no means a defender of Ontologism. It is quite astonishing how far-reaching was the Saint's influence on the most eminent men and women of her time. Emperors, kings, popes, doctors of the church, sought either personally or by letter her advice in the most intricate questions. There are to be found, in this collection, several letters directed by her to English sovereigns. Twice her writings were approved of by the Holy See, whilst Cardinal Pitra would not hesitate to confer on her the title of "*Sententiarum Magistra*." The April and May issues of the *Katholik* contain also a clever

treatise on the physical system of P. Angelo Secchi. Father Secchi, the great astronomer—or to speak more accurately, astro-physicist—was as learned a scientist as he was a holy man and devoted member of his Order. By reducing all phenomena of the material world to movement, he was able to bring out a system not inappropriately called “atomistisch-kinetisch-teleologisch.” It would be out of place here to estimate it by the standard of S. Thomas’s philosophy; it must suffice to refer the reader to an exhaustive biography of Father Secchi, recently brought out at Cologne, by Dr. Pohle, now Professor in the Episcopal Seminary at Leeds. All those important questions with which Secchi’s name and glory appear to be connected are thoroughly and clearly discussed.

2. *Historisch-politische Blätter*.—I need bring before the reader only one article in the April issue of the *Blätter*. It concerns the new periodical started by German and Austrian Benedictines and Cistercians. S. Benedict’s centenary gave rise to it; and although it has been published only for a few years, it has proved itself to be a most excellent undertaking. Immense treasures in nearly every department of science are heaped up in various archives of that Order which for centuries educated and civilized the Western World. The periodical *Studien und Mittheilungen aus dem Benedictinerorden* is published by P. Kinter, Brünn and Würzburg. The learned studies which appear in its pages are not concerned exclusively with Germany or Austria; the Benedictine houses of every country contribute their share. Amongst the most able contributors is F. Leopold Tanacschek, the editor of the “*Origines Ordinis Cisterciensis*.”

3. *Zeitschrift für Katholische Theologie (Innsbruck)*.—The April number of this magazine contains an article contributed by the late F. Kleutgen, “On the Origin of the Human Soul.” He very successfully traces the history of the system of “Creationism” through every age, and strongly upholds it against some modern philosophers, both Catholic and otherwise. Summing up the doctrine of those fathers who advocated Creationism, F. Kleutgen asks the question: Is there nowhere to be found a clear decision given by the Church on this point? There is indeed one, and it is curious that it escaped the vigilance of theologians. Some twenty years ago the same question was discussed by a circle of Roman divines, one of whom brought it forward for the first time. In the Pontificate of Benedict XII. (1334–1342), when the Armenians asked for union with Rome, their petition was agreed to by the Pope, on condition of their condemning certain errors in faith. Amongst these errors is to be found the following thesis: “Quod anima filii propagatur ab anima patris sui sicut corpus a corpore, et angelus etiam unus ab alio.”

In the same number of the *Zeitschrift* Professor Probst contributes an article on the Liturgy of S. John Chrysostom. Father Biederlack examines the question of the power of the Supreme Pontiff to dissolve a Christian marriage merely “*ratum*,” and a heathen marriage also “*consummatum*,” a question having of late arisen in Germany, whether or not the privilege alluded to by

St. Paul (1 Cor. vii.) be applicable in the latter case only. The right doctrine seems to be that a marriage between heathens may be dissolved, either by the privilege mentioned by St. Paul, or by the dispensing power residing in the Vicar of Christ. It is beyond doubt that the Popes have several times made use of such dispensing power; which it would, consequently, be rash to deny.

ITALIAN PERIODICALS.

La Civiltà Cattolica. 5 Maggio, 1883.

The Communistic Government of Italy.

THIS number of the *Civiltà Cattolica* has an article on Communism, and the threatening aspect of affairs in connection with this social question—especially in Italy. People there are sick of politics. All the promises of political leaders, and the hopes they have raised and fostered, have come to naught. Men feel that the object of government is the material and moral well-being of the governed. It is a means to an end, and, if it utterly fail of securing that end, the people are tempted to discard the means, and grasp at the end themselves. They curse the government, and demand bread. The people have been compared to sheep, and the comparison holds good in a sense. They allow themselves to be led, driven, beaten, and sheared—all this up to a certain point. But woe to rulers, if one day those sheep should awaken to a sense of their strength, and if, through the abuse of authority, subjects should at last lose patience! The people are that sort of sheep which may become the most formidable of wild beasts. Now, the writer thinks that the patience of the Italians is well-nigh exhausted. The dullest may perceive that their representatives in Parliament know well enough how to look after their own interests; but as for those of the represented, they think as little of them as of a third foot which they do not possess. What satisfaction can it be to the majority of Italians to know that the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Mancini, should have talked for five consecutive hours of the greatness of Italy, which, according to him, is such that the Empire of Germany and the Austro-Hungarian Empire cannot possibly ambition any thing higher than an alliance, offensive and defensive, with such a first-class power? Similar pompous boasts from the mouth of Depretis can afford little consolation to the poor peasantry of Upper Italy, who are emigrating in thousands to escape from the grinding taxation which robs them of the whole fruit of their toils. The Government had best therefore have done with all this political talk, and address themselves to the discussion of the *social*, which is the vital question. Let them hasten to do justice to the people, if they do not desire to see the people seeking it in their own fashion. Perhaps it may already be too late, and the International may be, in the secret counsels of God, the chastise-

ment prepared for old Europe, which has apostatized from the Gospel, and obstinately perseveres in its Satanic apostasy. Certainly terrible signs are not lacking. "Let our Voltarians laugh if they will," says the writer, "but we candidly confess that this *mane, thecel, phares* makes us tremble from head to foot."

Nothing can be more striking than the apathy and disgust exhibited by the mass of Italians with respect to public affairs. What a wide difference between the present coldness and the patriotic enthusiasm of a few years back! "How many," says the writer, "who used to taunt us with being the enemies of our country, now speak and write against Revolutionary Italy worse things than we ever said or wrote!" Between the nation and the Government an ever-widening gulf is forming, so that it daily becomes clearer that it is a true oligarchy which holds rule, working its will as it pleases, and with no regard to the nation, properly so called. The ever-increasing misery makes those who still possess something stand aloof, and look to their affairs; while those who have no longer anything, writhe, and rave, and declaim, persuading the ignorant masses that they ought to see to their own interests, since the State gives no heed to them. Demagogues parade the country, publicly preaching communism; and the excitement thus created leads occasionally to sanguinary outbreaks, which remain unpunished because some are bound by their secret oaths and terror hinders others from informing against the guilty. And what is the Government doing to meet this formidable enemy? Communism! Behold the enemy, not of Italy alone, but of Europe and the whole world. Few seem to realize that the ground trembles under their feet. But while Governments and kings, struck with what looks like judicial blindness, spend their time in discussing worthless political questions, or in combating fantastic dangers like Gambetta, who exclaimed, "Clericalism! Behold the enemy," the real enemy is mining the earth beneath them, and preparing its fatal dynamite. The Revolution is itself the parent of this terrific foe, because its direct tendency is to destroy authority and remove every check upon evil, thus introducing disorders, chaos, and anarchy everywhere and into everything. In destroying authority, it destroys also all true liberty. It is the Church of God alone that can unite and identify liberty with authority; but, as Louis Veuillot once said, "It is a secret which the world has lost. That secret was at Rome." In the terrible chastisement which the writer views as impending over the world, his own nation, he believes, will have the severest share; for, as he proceeds to show, the Italian Revolution is the most radical of all, because it has undertaken to demolish that which on earth is the centre of all authority, the Papacy. The Italian sectaries understood their Satanic mission well. "The Italian people," said Mazzini, as early as 1852, "is called to destroy Catholicism;" a sentiment repeatedly echoed since by his followers, in the strongest terms. At this very moment, the State in Italy may be proved to be Communistic in its principles, though it desires to apply them only in the measure of its own covetous desires.

The Italy of the sects having constituted itself the centre and heart of the Revolution, the natural course of events will cause it to be the first and the greatest victim. Other Governments, it is true, have accepted and accommodated themselves to the principles of the Revolution, but, generally speaking, this has been chiefly done from the desire to prolong their existence. The Italian State, on the contrary, draws its whole life from the Revolution, and its last excesses have been but the natural outcome and development of its very existence. That State is bound to the Revolution as to the tail of a wild horse, and is doomed, therefore, to meet with a fate resembling what in antiquity was devised as the cruel punishment of the worst criminal.

Thoughts on the Encyclical of Leo XIII. to the Bishops of Spain.

IN the same number is an article on this Encyclical. Three questions are ably treated:—1. Is it a sin to take part in those liberal governments which are hostile to religion, and does the so doing merit for a man the reproach of being an insincere Catholic? 2. Has a Catholic the right to take part in such governments? 3. Is it his duty? The first question is answered negatively, because, although it is clear that to take part in a liberal government intending to act in conformity with its anti-religious principles renders a man undeserving of the name of a true Catholic, nevertheless the two things are not so intimately united as to make it impossible for any one to take his share in public affairs without adopting or co-operating with those principles. And, in point of fact, history furnishes us with examples of this kind, in the case of very holy persons who took part in governments extremely hostile to the Church, and even seeking its destruction. When it was a question of working only for the public good, they bore their share manfully, but, when required to do anything opposed to religion or justice, they preferred death to the violation of the rights of God. The writer here makes some discriminating observations of a practical nature with regard to oaths of allegiance to anti-Catholic or anti-Christian governments of modern times. He also quotes the reply of the Roman Congregation of the Sacred Penitentiary, in 1866, when questioned as to the legality of the oath required of deputies sent to Parliament. They were permitted to take this oath of obedience, accompanied by the restriction *salvis legibus divinis et ecclesiasticis*, which limitation was to be audible to at least two witnesses. The second question is easy to answer; for every citizen has a right to do that which is not in itself culpable, which does not violate the rights of others, and which ministers to the public welfare and that of society. And this may be the case in many liberal governments. He instanced England, the type of constitutional and liberal governments throughout the world, in which the concurrence of upright men, and of Catholics also, has been of immense advantage, causing the abrogation of many anti-Catholic laws, or their lapse into desue-

tude. In Belgium also, and in the German Empire, he considers that the active co-operation of Catholics in the administration and in Parliament has been very serviceable in holding in check the enemies of religion. It matters not to quote the case of France as a failure, because we can never be sure that abstention would not have had worse consequences; neither is the non-success of an undertaking ever a proof of its having been unlawful and unjust. If some would argue that the abstention of Catholics from all share in public affairs would have served to precipitate matters and the collapse of society into anarchy, thus provoking a reaction and return to a better order of things, the writer replies that such an extermination of the social fabric is in no way desirable as a means. Besides, as we are not to do evil that good may come, so neither may we desire moral evils in the hope that somehow good may come out of them, although it is permissible to desire purely physical evils in order to the attainment of moral good; this being of an order superior to physical well-being. Although, then, Providence has powerful means, unknown to us, of changing the face of society, and with a single word can still the social tempest, nevertheless good men ought to do what lies in their power, not remaining with their arms crossed, nourishing flattering, but what may prove vain, hopes, yet not acting rashly, but using discretion, and associating themselves together in such wise as to give hope of success.

As to the third question, then, regarding the duty of Catholics to take their share in the public affairs of governments hostile to the Church, the reply, speaking generally, must be affirmative. If the government be a legitimate one there is a *general* duty, incumbent on all Catholics, to take part in it, and thus provide for the public good; but, of course, there is no *individual* duty, save when it appears that the withdrawal of some particular individual might be the cause of common injury. But, even if the government be an illegitimate one, it is still the duty of Catholics to endeavour to hinder evil and promote good; and the legitimate sovereign who has been deprived of his sceptre—which, it must be remembered, is for the good of the people—ought to be content that this law of Nature should be observed, and ought never to subordinate the ruin of society to the recovery of his power. Upon this subject the writer makes some very judicious observations.

Some, he observes, may accuse him of falling into a contradiction, as contrasted with what he has often professed with reference to the participation of Catholics in the public affairs of the Italian kingdom ever since the seizing of Rome in 1870. Nevertheless, no such contradiction exists. He reminds his readers that he said, speaking *generally*, it was their duty to take a share. But cases may occur in which no good but much evil would be the consequence of such participation, and abstention then becomes a duty. Before the assault and conquest of Rome, when the Parliament was in Turin or Florence, every one was free to approach the electoral urns, and there were worthy men who held and advocated opposite views on the subject; and in favour of each much might be reasonably urged.

But when the legislative assembly was transferred to Rome the case was different, since the taking part in the government, properly so called, would then have been the means of fortifying a state of things utterly at variance with the interests of the Church. Accordingly, the Sovereign Pontiff, supreme judge in all political questions connected with morality and the divine rights of the Church, has more than once given an adverse judgment, to which Catholics are bound to conform. But, be it observed, the *non expedit* of the Congregations ever since the invasion of Rome is not an absolute *non licet*—the practical *non licet* being relative to existing circumstances. Should those circumstances change, and the Pontiff, in his wisdom, judge that good rather than evil might accrue from Catholics exercising their political right of voting, he might at any time recall his prohibition; whence it will be seen that the culpability was not intrinsic in the act itself—viz., the taking part in an illegitimate government hostile to the Church; and the writer has, therefore, not contradicted himself in the views here put forth by him on this subject.

FRENCH PERIODICALS.

La Controverse. Juin, 1883. Lyons.

La Linguistique et la Bible : The Original Unity of the Human Race and the Confusion of Languages.

IN this interesting article Professor C. de Harlez deals with the contradiction supposed by some to exist between the Bible teaching of a single primitive human language and the requirements of science. Science shows such diversities and differences, even radical, between languages, that many refuse to believe that all languages may be traced to one common source. Whatever view scientists take of the question, they all insist on this: that the time elapsed since the Bible Deluge does not leave room for the differentiation and divergence of languages. Professor de Harlez sets himself to examine this supposed contradiction, for the sake of such earnest inquirers as may not feel able to accept as a solution what would satisfy many devout believers—viz., the omnipotence of God and His miraculous intervention, as told in Gen. xi. 1-9. He here examines that Bible text; in a further contribution he will proceed to examine the linguistic laws now laid down by religionless science (*la science séparée de la religion*). He gives a translation of Gen. xi. 1-9 from the Hebrew, which shows a narrative differing in one or two particulars from that of the Septuagint. The Hebrew has in verse 4: "Let us make a name in order that we may not be scattered" (*afin que nous ne soyons pas dispersés*). He remarks that verse 7 in the Septuagint differs from the Vulgate in having: "that each may not hear the voice of his neighbour." He now proceeds to remark:—

1. This part of the Bible narrative (Gen. xi. 1-9), does it relate to an ante- or a post-diluvian occurrence? Doubtless the last editor of Genesis regarded it as post-diluvian, but did the original inspired author? (We need hardly remind our readers of the view that the nine verses in question are a Jehovist fragment wedged into the larger Elohist genealogy; see F. Lenormant's "Beginnings of History," vol. i.) M. de Harlez regards the answer to the question as uncertain. It may easily be antediluvian. The Bible contains no chronological reference; and the narrative in verses 1 to 9, it is easy to see, apparently connects itself with neither the ending of chap. x. nor with verse 10 of the eleventh chapter. Taking into consideration the partial genealogy of Sem given in chapter x. (21 *seq.*) ending with Phaleg—a genealogy which is begun again in the eleventh chapter (10 *seq.*) and continued to Abraham—it might be thought that the dispersion of Babel belonged to the "division of the earth" in the days of Phaleg. But Phaleg was himself a great-grandson of Sem, and born when the sons of Japheth were already fathers of peoples (x. 5). The first division was therefore anterior to Phaleg, and consequently there were more divisions than one. The history of Babel need not necessarily be put before the Deluge, but it may.

2. The writer next discusses the value of "all" in the first verse of the eleventh chapter: "*All* the earth was of one only tongue." (Cf. "The whole earth," 9.) Is this to be taken rigidly? The Hebrew word *Kol*, he remarks, often marks what the writer had in view, and not necessarily anything beyond that. (Cf. Gen. xix., "all the people:" xiv. 7; xvii. 8, &c.) Many learned Catholic writers have held that the word should be taken (in reference to the Deluge) in this restricted sense: their reasons are given at length. The only objection that can be opposed to them is the unanimity of earlier interpreters as to the literal meaning. But it is not to be forgotten that such unanimity is a purely negative one, and does not condemn a supposition not then thought of. There is the same negative unanimity in interpreting literally the Standing of the Sun. If the race of Cain was not destroyed in the Deluge, one can deduce from him the non-inflectional languages, and find space for the formation of the Chinese, Negro, Australian, and other tongues alongside the Aryan and Semitic.

3. As to the difficulty put forward that the time from the Deluge to the historic epoch is not long enough for the formation of the languages which belong to the posterity of Sem—Sanscrit being already Sanscrit 2,000 years before Christ, and (the primitive) Aryan at least 500 years still earlier—M. de Harlez briefly replies that the key to Bible chronology is not yet discovered.

4. But could there have been a time when the earth had but one language? There not only could be, but there *was*. Once admit the one origin of humanity, against which science cannot raise any *objection de principe*, and the unity of language follows.

5. How was the diversity of tongues brought about? Here M. de Harlez is of the opinion that it was slow and gradual. He

says nothing obliges us to believe that the divine action in the narrative of Babel was direct with instantaneous effect. It must not be forgotten that Moses wrote for a people in their childhood (*un peuple enfant*), needing sensible representations, and little able to raise themselves to the height of philosophic conceptions. To reach their minds and inspire a salutary fear, it was needful to represent God to them as a mighty king, acting suddenly under the empire of such feelings as moved themselves. One does not take literally that God *walked* in Paradise in the afternoon air; nor His "coming down to see" the buildings of Babel (xi. 5); nor His "being touched inwardly with sorrow of heart" (vi. 6). It is not therefore necessary to hold that the divine act which brought confusion among the builders, by a sudden prodigy, at once changed completely their language. It may be noted that it is not said that the men did not understand one the other, but that they did not hear each other's voice or make it out. (The Septuagint says: *ὅσα μὴ ἀκούσῃσι τὴν φωνήν.*") It is also to be noted that the sacred narrative has before indicated with sufficient clearness that diversities of languages were *according to families* (Gen. x. 5, 20, 31). To suddenly efface from mind and memory language as hitherto spoken, and to replace it by diverse languages quite new, is by no means an impossible act of God; it would cost us no effort to believe it; but it appears to be unnecessary for the end, and neither to fit in with the divine plans nor be implied in the language of Genesis. The divine action may have been effectual without being either so sudden or miraculous. The writer does not explain in what special way this partial or accidental change explains the confusion spoken of in the sacred text; and his first article ends here, to be followed by others in succeeding numbers.

Revue des Questions Historiques. Avril, 1883.

ONE article in this number of the Review deserves to be pointed out as interesting to Scripture students: "The Diatesseron of Tatian," by the Abbé Martin, Professor in the Higher School of Theology at Paris. The article notes the recent amount of interest shown about the Diatesseron, the result of the publication in 1876 of a Latin version of the Armenian translation of S. Ephrem's commentary on it. The discovery of Tatian's book, now known only in second-hand fragments, would be one of the most important discoveries of our times, and would "certainly form an epoch in Biblical criticism." Search for it is most likely to be successful among the convents of Syria, Mesopotamia, Armenia; for it was never widely known or used in Greek-speaking Churches; so widely in Syria that Theodoret found more than 200 copies in the diocese of Cyrus alone. An Arab version, made in the twelfth century, and preserved in the Vatican Library, is about to be, if it be not already, published. The writer details his endeavours to recover a text of Tatian's work from a comparative study of Syriac literature. He

singles out two Diatesseron, one used by the Jacobite Syrians and the other by the Nestorians; but it is difficult, he concludes, to pronounce on their respective claim to represent Tatian's. What would be the value of this last if an original copy of it could be found? The writer replies: "Many of the questions which torment critics and exegetes would be settled by it." He proceeds to give some most interesting examples. He has also much to say, illustrated by very pertinent incidents of his own study, on the importance of the study of the old Church Lectionaries towards a critical study of the New Testament text. These manuscript evangelaries have been neglected; not more than five or six Uncial Lectionaries having been thus far collated out of sixty or more now known. The Diatesseron of the Passion are shown to have a special and rich exegetical value.

Notices of Books.

Elements of Ecclesiastical Law. By S. B. SMITH. Vols. I. and II.
New York: Benziger Bros. 1883.

WE approach this really able and most opportune work at some disadvantage, having failed to obtain a copy of the "Points in Canon Law," by the Rev. P. F. Quigley, D.D., with the author's reply, entitled "Counter Points in Canon Law." But as to the orthodoxy of the matter of these two volumes, Dr. Smith has entirely removed all grounds for future hostile criticism, by inserting the two commendatory Reports of the Roman Consultors, and referring to the alterations he has subsequently made in deference to their judgment. So that if previously to these emendations Cardinal Simeoni could be assured by a Consultor of his own appointment that "the work of the Reverend Dr. Smith is possessed of great merit, and written in an excellent and truly Roman spirit," it is quite certain that in its present corrected shape absolute reliance may be placed upon its teachings. No higher praise can be given to any such a Manual. The one fault, as the Consultor plainly terms it, of being in English, of course remains; but this is a fault which will most likely commend it to a great number of both lay and ecclesiastical readers. Our vernacular is not Italian, French, or Spanish, and hence has not those affinities with the Latin language which enable Continental students easily to master it, and soon to make use of it as a living tongue. Hence we must ordinarily be working under a double disadvantage when prosecuting such a peculiarly technical subject as the Canon Law. We have to go on translating rather than reading, and must assure ourselves of our translation before grappling with the subject-matter. And in this study beyond others so to assure ourselves is

oftentimes no easy task. So difficult in sooth is it, that too frequently the student shirks it, and passes on from chapter to chapter with an accumulating store of inaccurate ideas upon even the first principles of his subject. But having taken the doubtful step of publishing an elementary work upon Canon Law for the first time in English, we fail to see why the author has not been careful while sometimes, frequently even, giving the Latin original, to never omit its English equivalent. And this he does in cases where the untranslated Latin is difficult because technical, though of course translatable, and indeed of easy translation to an author so evidently practised in rendering into good English the quaint legal Latinity. Take for one amongst innumerable instances the commencement of Chapter VI., Volume I., "On custom as a source of Canon Law." Custom as a *fact* (*consuetudo facti*) is defined in by no means easy Latin. "*Ipsosmet actus similes a communitate frequentatos*;" custom as a *right* (*jus*), being defined, in the succeeding sentence, in English. Again, in the Appendix to Volume II., some of the Instructions are translated, others, and apparently the most difficult, are left in the original Latin. Indeed, this kind of inconsistency appears to run through both volumes.

Seeing that the Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda has raised no objection to the work by reason of its being written in the vernacular, it may be readily supposed that the grave reasons which induced the author to take so bold and novel a step were not overlooked or unappreciated by the representative of the Holy See. Yet in summing up the pros and cons of this new departure, account must be taken of the earnest advice tendered by Cardinal Simeoni's predecessor to Bishops, in reference to their encouragement of the study and use of the Latin language. In a letter addressed by the late Cardinal Barnabò to all English-speaking Ordinaries, amongst many others, he affirmed that "*ex illius lingue neglectu gravissima per orbem Ecclesiis detrimenta obvenire*;"—the most serious evils were caused to the Churches throughout the world by the neglect of that (the Latin) tongue." And it is obvious that when all the treatises required by ecclesiastical students are in the language of the Universal Church, that there is no choice for them between utter ignorance of all sacred learning and some amount at least of knowledge of that revered tongue; whereas every treatise translated is more or less a concession—a necessary concession, as it would seem to be at present—to an inability or lack of diligence, either of which is commonly and justly considered to be a manifest sign of non-vocation to the ecclesiastical state.

Turning to the matter of the work, we find that Dr. Smith summarizes the teachings of ordinary text-books of Canon Law, and gives us them under the two comprehensive headings of "Ecclesiastical Persons" and "Ecclesiastical Trials." Each of these has a volume to itself. A whole chapter of explanation could not have cleared the course, so to speak, for the student more effectually than this simple but comprehensive arrangement. The first volume, though based upon the personal plan, contains all the principles,

sources, and history of the Canon Law usually and necessarily forming considerable portions of ordinary text-books. But it is to the second volume that we must look for matter affecting practical questions likely to often confront us in these times. Of all causes, those that come under the category of "Matrimonial" are the most intricate. And most wisely does Dr. Smith devote many pages to those principles which underlie all decisions in such cases. No English-speaking ecclesiastic should fail to study these chapters side by side with the fifteenth decree of our own Fourth Provincial Council of Westminster. The two combined would be a safeguard against the "*inscientia val temeritate eorum qui causas matrimoniales tractant*—the ignorance or rashness of those who have to deal with matrimonial causes"—to which the same Council attributes not only "*incommoda*," but sometimes "*gravia scandala*." But even of greater importance to ecclesiastics is the author's treatment of the mode of trial which the Holy See has sanctioned throughout the United States. There, as in England, Ireland and Scotland, the Ordinary's Court has been thoroughly reorganized, and the auditors, assessors, &c., of old, have given place to Commissioners of Inquiry. The spirit of the old Canon Law is manifest in the new arrangement, but in detail as in name it is a novelty; but a novelty that well accords with the Church's needs in this vastly altered age. As with us, these Commissioners are empowered to act judicially up to the point of actual condemnation. This remains with the Bishop after hearing their decision. The absence of the oath is intended to meet the point of English law which renders it illegal—although there is no penalty attached to such a breach of the law—for others than those appointed by the Crown to administer oaths. Dr. Smith, however, gives an eminent counsel's opinion that it is otherwise in the United States. But it is important to bear in mind that what renders Dr. Smith's exhaustive treatment of this subject so valuable and so necessary to the clergy of America, is one remarkable difference between their Commissions of Inquiry and our own. Theirs are far more extensive in application; and hence trials before such Commissions, though rareties with us, are common enough with them. Though modelled upon the plan proposed by the English Bishops in 1853 to the Holy See and approved of by it, the Commission of Inquiry in the United States has a far wider scope than here. In England it is compulsory only in the case of a proposed removal for fault of some missionary rector, and the number of missionary rectors is comparatively limited. But in the States it is the ordinary mode in which the Bishop is bound to proceed in all serious cases affecting any member of the whole body of the clergy—rector or assistant, or even deacon or subdeacon. Besides, every head of a mission is regarded and has the status of a missionary rector. Most appropriately, therefore, does the learned and painstaking author take diligent care that throughout the volume upon ecclesiastical trials continuous light is thrown upon the exact duties of such Commissions, as he goes on giving his account of the old processes prescribed by Canon Law which these have replaced.

"Throughout this volume," he says, "the peculiar trial as prescribed for this country by the Instruction of July 20, 1878, is everywhere and in all its details compared with the canonical trial as established by the sacred canons" (Preface, p. 6). Such a treatment has also its value for ecclesiastics in Great Britain. For apart from the Instruction of 1853—fifteen years earlier than that to the American Bishops—compelling the Bishops to receive the decision of two-thirds of the members of a Commission (in America of a mere majority) before proceeding to judgment in the case of missionary rector, it is well known that in practice our Bishops find it in many ways most advantageous to act up to the spirit of the Instruction to the Prelates of America, and to take judicial cognizance of any serious case affecting any member of the missionary clergy in the first instance by the aid of a Commission. Similar praise is likewise due to the author for the thorough-going research with which he discusses and determines questions relating to the modern system of the appointment of bishops, parish priests, chaplains to nuns, &c., in the United States. And, more or less, what he writes is as applicable to England and to most of her colonies, the needs and position of the Church being so similar in all English-speaking communities. Take, for instance, chapter viii. of the first volume, and under the heading of "Appointments to Ecclesiastical Offices or Benefices" the fullest information is given of the status and duties of not only the possessors of undoubted canonically established benefices and offices, but of those who, like most of our clergy, are far from being, strictly speaking, beneficed, though receiving sufficient, and in many cases abundant, means of support, and whose status—with the very limited exception of a few missionary rector—can hardly be brought within the compass of any canonical definition. Yet the prescriptions of the old Canon Law of the Church are brought to bear as far as possible by Dr. Smith upon the present circumstances of the clergy, high and low, with much judgment and care. Here is another example. After defining and giving the ordinary text-book account of the *Institutio Corporalis* or Installation, the immediate question with which he grapples is, how about installation in the United States in regard to parishes and missions? And the reply follows, succinct and clear, and based upon sound law: "As a rule, no installation whatever takes place. Clergymen appointed to parishes take charge of them without any ceremony of induction. Nor is this installation, strictly speaking, requisite, since with us there are no parish priests in the canonical sense of the term." It is clear from this that with us the usual induction of a missionary rector is not, strictly speaking, necessary; and *a fortiori* that of an ordinary missionary in no way so.

From these brief remarks, it will be gathered that apart from the merits of Dr. Smith's work as a text-book of Canon Law in English for Anglo-Saxon speaking students, it is of especial use to the clergy of the United States, and—though to a somewhat less extent—to the clergy of Great Britain and Ireland. We can therefore heartily commend it, and that in spite of here and there some peculiarities of style

and expression which are hardly English of the purest type. In this country, for instance, at any rate, the use of italics to indicate that it is a translated word scarcely enable students to keep becoming gravity whilst learning that: "Hence in the United States priests are not *obligated* to accept, &c." (vol. i. p. 167). Finally, for much useful information, the Supplementary Notes are extremely good. It is undoubtedly to be desired that these two goodly volumes upon ecclesiastical law should speedily find their way to the study of our English clergy.

Library of S. Francis de Sales. Works of this Doctor of the Church translated into English. By the Rev. HENRY BENEDICT MACKEY, O.S.B. I. *Letters to Persons in the World.* With a Preface by the Right Rev. BISHOP HEDLEY. London: Burns & Oates. 1883.

SOME of the writings of S. Francis de Sales have so long been "household words" with English Catholics, that the uniform translation of his works here begun will, we hope, receive a wide and warm welcome. The present volume is well calculated to increase that esteem for the saintly author which at present rests, with so many, on familiarity with his "Love of God" or the "Introduction." It is needless to say that the letters breathe the same spirit, as do those works, of gentleness, sweetness, and strong good sense. We need only advert to the fact that from their nature the letters form most appropriate reading for devout Christians living in the world. It is for this reason that we esteem the present volume as a welcome addition to our English Catholic literature. The Bishop of Newport, in his Preface, says of the Saint:—"His task was the simplification of Christian devotion. In other words, it was the shortening of the Christian's path to his last end"—and this for the benefit most frequently of men and women living in the world, and not seldom living "at Court." The evil then was, the Bishop adds, that few of the clergy knew what to say about the lives of nobles and gentle; some of them even deeming Court life beyond either improvement or redemption.

The noble gentleman or lady, therefore, who wished to "follow the Court" and yet to be a good Christian, had a great difficulty in knowing how to behave. Many confessors would hardly give them absolution; whilst others were too easy and let them do as they pleased. Court life—or, in other words, a life of ease, wealth, distinction, and refinement—was, and is, a necessity. No doubt such a life is full of danger. But the worst possible result that could ensue would be to drive a whole class into recklessness by telling them they could not possibly be saved. And hardly better could it be to encourage worldly men and women, who merely went to Mass and to fashionable sermons, in the idea that such external practices were real religion. It was to prevent, or put a stop to, these two nearly related evils, that S. Francis de Sales wrote and preached. He has been slightly called the Apostle of the "upper classes." The phrase sounds odious enough; but in his days it was very significant. And when we remember that it was chiefly to make a gentle-

man a true and humble Christian that he exercised his Apostolate, we need not object to giving him the title. Christianity is a great leveller of class distinctions; and no one has shown men more clearly that they are all brothers in God and in Christ than S. Francis (Preface, p. viii.).

This is not, surely, without striking application to our own circumstances in England, where the work of conversion is most rapid in the better classes of society. With a wealth of books for cleric and religious, whether active or contemplative, there is a vacant place for the works of the Saint who speaks in gentle yet firm accent words of solid wisdom to the crowd of earnest-minded and intelligent men and women, whose call is neither to the altar nor to the cloister, and who distinctly feel that they have souls to save by the doing of something more than the world teaches them, and something less than is demanded of priest or nun. Hence we cordially welcome the present volume of letters. Not that they are all directly concerned with the momentous question of this world *versus* the other, nor even that they are all equally worth the trouble of translation (Letter VI. for example, p. 137); but the Saint's uppermost thought was always of God, even in his most familiar and business-like letters, and the spirit which breathes from them influences the reader and indirectly instructs and appeals. But much of the matter is direct instruction, and is often simply golden advice. Take, for instance, the first letter of those to men of the world; it is as profound and sententious as a chapter of the "Imitation;" or the letter following it, "To a Gentleman who was going to live at Court;" it calls upon him to remember S. Louis of France, and like him "be brave, courageous, generous, good-humoured, courteous, affable, free, polite," and yet be *above all* a good Christian. And is not this sentence, from a letter to a newly married lady, much wisdom in few words?—

Be very gentle; do not live by humours and inclinations, but by reason and devotion. Love your husband tenderly, as having been given to you by the hand of our Lord (p. 46).

Indeed, there is nothing more marked in this volume, and, to our thinking, useful, than the Saint's warm and ready acknowledgment of the holiness and the advantages of the married state. Sometimes, too, his quaint humour breaks out in dealing with practical matters referred to him; see, *e.g.*, the advice he sends for a lady who wished, but hesitated, to powder her hair! (p. 350). It is impossible not to smile at the writer's appreciation of the ludicrous (*Qu'elle poudre hardiment, &c.*); equally impossible not to see his real mind and his strong common sense.

The task of translation has been undertaken with a loving and scrupulous care, and is, on the whole, very successfully done. Success has not been easily won, however; for the Saint's French is quaint, and rendered peculiar by his own originality. We are disposed to judge that in many places Father Mackey has been too literal, and this in spite of the avowal in his preface of his set purpose of trans-

lating literally, even at the occasional sacrifice of "some minor propriety of English expression." We wish that Father Mackey had felt the shock of the frequent "My God" as we feel it. "Mon Dieu" means so little in French, "My God" is very emphatic in English. But we repeat that Father Mackey's translation gives the English reader a very excellent rendering in smooth, and, for the most part, idiomatic English. It was not an easy task, as we have said, and he deserves, therefore, the warmer praise. He has begun a bold undertaking in promising to translate all the Saint's works, but he has begun a useful and welcome work. We wish him such encouragement from the sale of this as to justify him in publishing the remaining volumes with as little delay as is consistent with an equally careful translation and editing to the end.

The Liturgical Year. By the Very Rev. Dom PROSPER GUÉRANGER, Abbot of Solesmes. Second Volume of the Continuation. Translated from the French by the Rev. Dom LAURENCE SHEPHERD, Monk of the English Benedictine Congregation. "The Time after Pentecost." Vol. II. Dublin: James Duffy & Sons. 1883.

IT is a great pleasure to welcome this new volume of the Rev. Father Shepherd's well-known translation of "The Liturgical Year." It is the eleventh of the whole series; one more, and the work as planned by its illustrious author will be complete. Abbot Guéranger, the reviver of the name and the glory of the Benedictines of France, lived long enough to execute with his own hand the greater part of that comprehensive commentary on the Liturgy which his mind and his heart had conceived. Nine volumes out of the twelve are his own. From Advent to the end of the festival of Pentecost, he followed with his learned and devout pen that Liturgical sequence of times and feasts which he is so fond of comparing to a sacred drama. The tenth volume, and this new one which now lies before us—one dealing with the great post-Pentecostal festivals, the other with the Sundays—are partly founded on notes left by himself; but they are no doubt to a very great extent new and independent works by his disciples. The spirit and form of the new volumes prove that Dom Guéranger's learning, spiritual insight, and sensitive piety, have not passed away with himself. The Monks of Solesmes are at this moment exiles from their church and cloister. The only inhabitant left within those walls, we are reminded, is the father and master, who rests in his grave "under the shadow of his own loved library and church." Many who use the prayers of this volume of prayer and instruction, will remember to pray that their trial may quickly come to an end.

The features of the new volume will be familiar to readers of the "Liturgical Year." There are chapters on the history of the post-Pentecostal time, on its mystical associations, and on the practical way of spending it devoutly. There are morning prayers and night prayers adapted to the spirit of the time, a method of hearing Mass,

devotions for Holy Communion, and a way of assisting at vespers and compline. Then the writer takes the post-Pentecostal Sundays in succession, and sets before us the distinguishing traits of each, commenting on introit and collect, epistle, gospel, and offertory. There cannot, certainly, be a more interesting way of assisting at the offices of the Church, and especially at the Sunday Mass, than by following this devout and suggestive book; and if the holy Liturgy is meant to bring us nearer to our Lord, then it would be difficult to find a more profitable way. For priests and preachers this volume will be very valuable. The substance of more than one sermon is to be found in the commentary which accompanies each Sunday of the twenty-three. Historical details, the words of the Saints, the thoughts of the Fathers, and the continuous illumination of Holy Scripture, are combined in an exposition which flows on in pleasing and unaffected language. French devotional treatises are among the difficulties of translation. But whether it is that the matter in this work is particularly solid, or that the translator has victoriously caught and transferred the genius of word and phrase, we confess we have found few of the volumes of this excellent work which read so well in their English form.

The Works of Orestes A. Brownson. Collected and arranged by HENRY F. BROWNSON. Vols. I. and II., *Philosophy*. Detroit: Thorndike Nourse. 1882-3.

THERE can be no doubt of the interest which Catholics and literary men must take in this carefully edited and excellently printed edition of the works of the late Dr. O. A. Brownson. The writer was a man of first-class power and ability, very learned, very lucid, and very honest. The history of his conversion to the Catholic faith is as familiar to us in these islands as it is in the United States. His writings, whether philosophical, theological or political, bear the impress of the particular period of his "soul-history" at which they were written. Many of them therefore are, from the Catholic point of view, incomplete and filled with errors; though there is not a line which he has written that is not instructive and interesting to a student of the human mind and heart. After his conversion he wrote admirably on the Catholic side, as all our readers are aware.

The two volumes now before us are the first instalment of a new edition of his complete works. They contain his philosophical writings. In Philosophy, Dr. Brownson was, it need not be said, in some sense of the word an Ontologist. By temperament he was one of that large class of eminent minds who find in their own hearts, and in their own ideals and aspirations, the most satisfactory proof of the existence of God and the key to the mystery of the universe. In his earlier days he had high hopes in Philosophy. He writes in 1838:—

The America of the nineteenth century is not fuller of life than of thought. Thousands of young hearts all over the country are gushing out with love of truth and of humanity. Thousands of young minds, with

a maturity beyond their years, are buckling on the harness, eager to go forth to investigate, to explore Providence, man, and Nature, and to win glorious laurels in their battles with darkness and error. God's blessing on these noble young hearts and brave young minds! Something will come of their efforts. . . . We are the people of the future, and to us the scholars of all nations must ere long look back. . . . We must be great, grand, solemn. . . . (vol. i. pp. 56, 7).

It is to be feared he was not so sanguine or so high-hearted when, forty years later, after a life of sacrifice and of battle, he laid down for ever the pen which was never excelled in his own country. The latest essay printed in these volumes is a criticism of the text-book of Philosophy by Father Walter H. Hill, the well-known Jesuit professor in the University of St. Louis. Dr. Brownson writes mournfully of the "dulness of apprehension" of the "thoroughbred schoolman" (ii. 530). He ranges his enemies before him—Curci, Liberatore, Tongiorgi, San Severino, Kleutgen, Dr. Ward—

Lo! in the vale of years beneath,
A grisly troop are seen—

and he refers to the efforts he had made, in vain, to prove that the ideal formula, *Ens creat existentias*, is not pantheistic, and that there is "an essential difference between the synthetic philosophy" which he held and the "ontologism reprobated by the Holy See" (p. 530). That he thought he had done this is quite enough for us. The contest between what we hold to be sound Thomism (in regard to the origin of ideas) and the latest explanations of Dr. Brownson is one which must be carried on in a very rarefied atmosphere indeed, and it is no wonder that sometimes the two parties seem to mean the same thing and sometimes to differ. But Brownson's teaching, even where we differ from him, is on the side of that noble school of philosophers of every age—from Plato to St. Anselm, and from Malebranche to Père Gratry—who have been carried away (though even into error sometimes) by their lofty conception of the spiritual part of the nature of man, and of the illumination of the human mind by its Creator.

The Life of Mary Ward (1585–1645). By MARY CATHERINE ELIZABETH CHAMBERS, of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin. Edited by HENRY JAMES COLERIDGE, S.J. Vol. I. (Quarterly Series.) London: Burns & Oates. 1882.

IT will be both easier and more interesting to give a lengthened notice of this well-written Life when the remainder of it appears. So far as it goes, this volume opens to us the inner charms of a most touching and noble life—one for which we are impelled to feel grateful to the labour and perseverance that has been required to put it together. The story, taking us as it does through scenes of English persecution, and to the struggles and difficulties of English Catholic ladies who fled from the pursuivants to the Continent, is romantic and pathetic by turns: always specially interesting as being so entirely English.

It is pleasant to us to see in the names of the author and editor of this volume token that Mary Ward must be deserving of better words than have been used of her of late. To explain ourselves, it may be well to briefly recall that Mary Ward was a young English lady of good Yorkshire family, who in 1606 left home and her people and "crossed seas," as many English ladies then did, to seek abroad that conventual life so rigidly proscribed in England. She found that the life of a Poor Clare, which she first tried at St. Omer, was not her vocation; and, having returned to England, where she gathered together some companions, she again came to St. Omer, and there began a new Institute, designed for English exiles, with the object of working—in the manner of what are now known as "active Orders"—for the good of her neighbours; first, of course, of the English, whether in exile or at home. The community came to be called "English Virgins," "English Ladies," and by those who disliked them, "Jesuitesses," which last was the name of M. Ward's own choice. It marked their connection with some of the Jesuit Fathers, and a marked similarity of life; the rule of the Institute being her adaptation to women of that of S. Ignatius for his Order. After founding several houses—one at London, where Mary Ward herself went through numerous and dangerous adventures—she started in 1621 for Rome, to seek the approbation of the Holy See for her undertaking. At the point of her arrival in Rome this volume closes, not without telling us of the prophetic knowledge vouchsafed her at Loretto on her way, that "the bitter chalice" she was to drink would be from "Our Lord by the hand of His Vicar and representative on earth."

Now Dr. Hutch, in his "Life of Mrs. Ball," would have us believe that the Institute of the B. Virgin (of which the authoress of Mary Ward's Life is a member) is dishonoured by the supposition that it is the same as that which Mary Ward established, and which Urban VIII. suppressed in 1631. The order of Jesuitesses is not "identical" with the now living and thriving Institute of the Blessed Virgin; things are identical only when there is no difference whatever between them. Dr. Hutch is surely mistaken in facts and drift of his lengthy note (pp. 47-49), which is, we take it, to show that there is neither likeness nor connection between them, and that Mary Ward did not join the Institute of Mary at all. The author of "Terra Incognita" (chap. xxvii.) must be equally mistaken in affirming crudely that "Mrs. Ward never had any connection with the Institute." We expect that Mrs. Chambers' next volume will show that there is both likeness and, in a sense, connection; and that Mary Ward died a member of the Institute, though not at York. How far exactly the Order which Mary Ward founded was condemned, and how far it was reproduced in the subsequent Institute, we shall be most interested to read in her next volume. Some explanation of why the so-called Jesuitesses came to be suppressed, we can gather both from text and introduction of the present volume—namely, that she was the first to begin that kind of active and unenclosed life with which we are now familiar in

Orders of women, but which was then a startling novelty; that she had to suffer as an innovator in so delicate a matter as the social relations of a consecrated woman. To the iniquity of breaking away from ecclesiastical restraints she added the insult of adopting the rule of the Jesuits; and then people who hated the Jesuits (and they were numerous) got quite mad with her. She and her work were the victims of violent opposition, abuse, and bitter hatred. And this is an explanation readily accepted: but we shall be interested to learn more than this from the able authoress of the first volume, whose admiration for her heroine is sure to communicate itself to her readers. Meanwhile, we thank both writer and editor for this instalment of the *Life of Mary Ward*, from which we have learned to love the sweet, brave and zealous Englishwoman therein so well and lovingly portrayed.

The History of England, from the First Invasion of the Romans to the Accession of William and Mary in 1688. By JOHN LINGARD, D.D. Copyright Edition, with Ten Portraits etched by Damman. 10 Vols. London: Burns & Oates. 1883.

IT is pleasant to notice that the demand for Lingard continues to be such that publishers venture on a well got-up library edition like the one before us. It would be quite superfluous to speak, *à propos* of this edition, of the merits of the history, as also, we may add, would it be to speak of its defects. The one and the other have long ago been fully canvassed, balanced, and the judgment pronounced. More than sixty years have gone since the first volumes of the first edition were published; many equally pretentious histories have appeared during that space, and have more or less disappeared since; yet Lingard lives, is still a recognized and respected authority—is still, we believe, a text-book at Oxford and Cambridge. This tells, of course, immensely to the credit of Lingard's learning, skill, and power; it has told scarcely less in favour of historic truth and in the cause of our Faith in this country; and for this we are deeply grateful to him. His history might now be supplemented by the results of modern research, and corrected also; but the marvel is, that it has suffered by such research comparatively so little, and that new editions, untouched and unrevised, still retain a distinct and very high value. The result is partly due, no doubt, to a quality of his work which is sometimes considered as a defect—the absence of that “philosophy of history,” which Lingard so contemptuously calls the “philosophy of romance.” The present edition is neither “edited,” nor annotated, nor otherwise “enlarged and improved.” Except in the case of the biographical memoir which appears in this edition without Canon Tierney's name, and from which a few minor passages have been omitted, this is, as far as we can discover, a careful reprint of the last edition. There is nothing, consequently, to be said by way of recommending it, except of its external excellences. These are in

striking contrast with that last edition. The paper and the clear clean print deserve special mention and praise; the binding is plain but neat, and we like it better for its dignified plainness. The etchings, to our non-technical eyes, seem to be very good, but we should judge that they add less to the value of the work than did Doyle's outlines in the popular edition. A striking exception, however, is the new etching of Dr. Lingard himself. This portrait, which is the frontispiece to the first volume, is amusingly unlike the portrait of him which has so long adorned the last edition. Scarcely any line or feature in the two that are not in opposition! We are fain to hope that the more good-natured, sympathetic, and intelligent features of the new etching are a truer portrait of the worthy priest and great historian.

Essai sur les Rapports de l'Église Chrétienne avec l'État Romain pendant les trois premiers siècles. Par HENRY DOULCET. Paris: E. Plon et Cie. 1883.

THIS very excellent historical study was presented, the author tells us, as a *thèse* before the Faculty of Letters of Paris. It was put aside, he adds, for motives which he does not name, although the jury themselves recognized that "the work gave evidence of conscientious research, and contained exact quotations." It is not for us to attempt to guess why so careful a work was thus set aside; and we proceed, therefore, to endorse the acknowledgments of the jury, adding that the work is equally noteworthy in our eyes for its Catholic tone and for its admission of a supernatural element in the history of the Church. The student of the first three centuries will not find it a history, but he will find in its pages many incidents and details, and especially a multitude of references and quotations that will materially supplement such information as is generally found in histories. In this sense it will be a most useful adjunct.

The author's purpose has been, he says, to study the historical problem raised by Bossuet ("Elevations sur les Mystères," 19 Semaine, 6 Elevation), when he asks what Herod had to fear that he persecuted the Infant Jesus, adding that hatred of His Church became hereditary in Herod's family. To trace how the influence and hatred of the Jews for Christianity originated, guided, and encouraged the persecution of the Roman Emperors seems to be the special work of this essay; though, to show how constant and severe it was the whole three hundred years, is also within its scope. M. Doulcet rejects the popular ten persecutions, dividing the period into four epochs. The first to A.D. 96, when Jews and Christians were confounded at Rome, the distinction between them gradually becoming recognized; the second, to A.D. 180, is designated as the period of absolute illegality; the third to 235 was a transition period, during which toleration reached its maximum; and finally, the fourth to A.D. 313, the period of alternative between favour and systematic persecution by the Emperors.

We have not space to follow the details of these four parts into
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which the study is divided. Students will find it an easy and pleasant task to follow M. Doucet's bright and well-written narrative. He takes occasion, as his narrative proceeds, to deal with some of the strange historical theories of modern writers; such, for example, as the antipathy between St. Peter and St. Paul and their respective followings.

In the third part, he traces the origin of Church property, which is interesting; in this connection he adopts De Rossi's theory of the character which the Christian Church held, and in which it was recognized by the Roman Government at that time, and which leads to De Rossi's explanation of the extensive catacombs. We were interested to discover how the author would account for the outbreak against Christians at the beginning of his fourth period, and disappointed to find only "*une reaction*" spoken of. But he is concerned rather to show facts than to explain them; and also he admits, throughout, the real and primary cause—viz., the hatred felt for the light that shone in the dark world while the darkness neither understood nor liked it.

The Life of St. Dominic. By the Rev. Père H. D. LACORDAIRE, O.S.D. Translated by Mrs. EDWARD HAZELAND. London: Burns & Oates.

THIS beautifully got-up volume will be very welcome to English readers. Lacordaire's eloquent "*Life of St. Dominic*," has been too long a standard work to call for any commendatory words here, it will be enough to remark that in it will be found portrayed, with wonderfully graphic pen, a picture of the Saint's life, and also of the heresy-troubled times in which he lived. The elegance and power of Lacordaire's writing has not suffered much in its translation by Mrs. Hazeland; and this is high praise. Her English version is pleasant and smooth reading generally. Sometimes we get "*B. Jourdain de Saxe*," who ought to come to us as Jordan of Saxony, and frequently other names are similarly treated. The opening of Chapter VI., is not fortunate; we are told "*Two courses were before him*" (i.e. St. Dominic), and a few lines later on, that he takes neither of them, which is odd. On referring to the French we find, "*Il avait deux écueils également à craindre*," and learn that he steered clear of them both, which is intelligible and to the Saint's honour.

Records of the English Province of the Society of Jesus. Vol. VII. Part II. By HENRY FOLEY, S.J. London: Burns & Oates. 1883.

THE first part of this seventh volume we noticed in our number of October last year. It will suffice here to briefly indicate the contents of this new volume. The "*Collectanea*," which broke off in the former volume with the letter Q, is here carried through to Z. Following this is another alphabetical list of members of the English

Analecta Bollandiana. Tome I. Ediderunt CAROLUS DE SMEDT, GULIELMUS VAN HOFF, et JOSEPHUS DE BACKER, Presbyteri Societatis Jesu.—Paris: (Société Générale de Libraire Catholique), Palmé. 1882.

THE present year, 1883, will be an important date in the annals of the Bollandists. After an interruption of some fifteen years, another volume of the "*Acta Sanctorum*" has been published, which closes the series for October, and thus brings the great work, begun more than two centuries ago, a stage nearer to completion. Since 1867 the work has, indeed, passed through a trying period. Its material resources were considerably diminished by the withdrawal on the part of the Belgian Government of the annual grant, which it had made to the Bollandists ever since the resumption of their work in 1837; and, what was a far more serious blow, death struck down five out of the six writers who had been engaged on the volume issued in 1867. Happily we may now feel assured that the time of trial is passed, and that the Bollandists have entered upon a new period of fruitful activity. They have, as we have said, but lately issued their sixtieth folio volume, and the sixty-first (the opening volume of the November series) is in great part ready for the press. At the same time, we have to congratulate them on the successful inauguration of a new work, the first volume of which lies before us. It is a quarterly publication, forming at the end of the year a volume of some six or seven hundred pages. Like our own *Rolls Series*, the volumes of the "*Analecta Bollandiana*" are to form a collection of original historical documents, and in order to be able to make use of the MS. treasures of other countries besides Belgium, the Bollandists have secured the co-operation of scholars engaged in similar studies abroad. They are already provided with rich resources for the same end in the vast collections of transcripts made by their predecessors in their journeys of research in France, Italy and Germany, before the storm of the French Revolution had come to disperse the greater part of the monastic libraries of Europe. Briefly, the first object of the "*Analecta*" is to supplement the "*Acta Sanctorum*," by affording a means of printing MS. lives of the saints and other materials bearing upon the lives that fall within the first ten months of the year. As, however, the documents they contain are complete in themselves, the "*Analecta*" are, we doubt not, destined to take an independent position of their own. They are not a mere supplement to the "*Acta*," and they will, we trust, find a place in many a library, which cannot aspire to possess the sixty folios of the larger work.

The present volume of the "*Analecta*" which is made up entirely of hitherto unedited documents, contains the Martyrology of Fulda, and a catalogue of MS. materials for the lives of the saints to be found in the libraries of Namur, being the first part of a general catalogue of such materials existing in the various libraries of Europe. Then we have, occupying the greater part of the volume, a number of ancient lives of the saints, and acts of the martyrs.

Amongst these we may note those of S. Boniface, the Apostle of Germany, S. Servais, S. Vincent, the martyr deacon, a Latin version of the Armenian acts of Pope S. Stephen I., and last, but not least, the "Documenta de S. Patricio," including the life of the Apostle of Ireland from the "Book of Armagh." The text of this life is based on a collation of the Trinity College MS., with a MS. of the Royal Library at Brussels. F. Edmund Hogan, S.J., has not only given his co-operation for that part of the work which had to be done in Dublin, but has also contributed an introduction and notes. This ancient life is a document of the highest importance for the life of S. Patrick, and no complete or correct text has been published before this its appearance in the pages of the "Analecta."

Amongst the other contents of the volume, we find the Greek text of the acts of several of the martyrs, accompanied in each case by a parallel Latin version. There is also a department devoted to reviews of books on subjects connected with hagiography. Altogether the volume covers a wide field, and its contents are of the most varied character. First volumes and first parts often afford but scanty means of forming a judgment as to the worth of a new publication. Not seldom is it that the high promise of the beginning is sadly belied by the volumes of succeeding years. But the "Analecta," edited by men who worthily sustain the traditions of the Bollandists, will, we may be assured, in no way fall below the high standard of excellence attained in their opening volume, which has already been heartily welcomed by the leading historical reviews of the Continent.

A History of the Councils of the Church. From the Original Documents. By the Right Rev. CHARLES JOSEPH HEFELE, Bishop of Rottenburg. Vol. III., A.D. 431 to A.D. 451. Translated from the German with the Author's approbation, and Edited, by the Editor of "Hagenbach's History of Doctrines." Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1883.

IT is a real pleasure to us to welcome this new volume of Messrs. Clark's English translation of Bishop Hefele's "History of the Councils," and to be able strongly to recommend it to the notice of Catholic readers. A long interval has elapsed since the appearance of the second volume,* and we had feared that the further translation of the work had been abandoned. And it would have been scarcely matter for surprise had a book, Catholic in spirit and expression, and unreservedly translated, failed to find acceptance at the hands of a Protestant public. It is all the more gratifying therefore to find that it has to some extent found acceptance. We earnestly hope that this new instalment will meet with such a sale as may justify the publishers in hastening the remaining volumes.

When noticing the former volumes we acknowledged with pleasure

* The former volumes were noticed at their appearance, the first in the DUBLIN REVIEW of April, 1872, and the second in that of July, 1877.

the fairness and completeness of the translation: we are glad to repeat this acknowledgment with regard to the new volume. So far as we have been able to discover the work has been even more carefully done. As a matter of taste, we dislike very much the translator's frequent use of the word "anathematism" for anathema. Even if it be correct, which we doubt, to use the form anathematism for the censure itself as well as for the action of censuring, there can be no doubt that "the twelve anathematisms of Cyril and the counter-anathematisms of Eutyches," is very clumsy. It is surprising to find in the translation of Canon IV. of Chalcedon, *ἐκκλήσιον οἶκον* Englished by "poor-house;"—surprising because Hefele's German translation is "Bethaus," and the translator must have had reason for going from it. But "Bethaus" is quite correct. (See, for example, Bingham's "Antiquities," book viii. chap. i. § 4, where he explains at length what these *ἐκκλήσιαι οἶκοι*, or oratories, were.) These are trifles: as a rule the translation is correct. Dr. Hefele's lucid German flows in smooth and pleasant English. But the spirit which has animated the editor is deserving of still greater praise: there is no "adaptation" of the text to the prejudices of a non-Catholic community, no omissions of *very* Catholic passages, no notes correcting or explaining away. Only this one remark does the editor permit himself in his preface:—

With regard to the Papacy, it is inevitable that a non-Roman editor should take exception to some of Bishop Hefele's remarks on the 28th Canon of Chalcedon. We, of course, believe that the Council in that Canon stated the exact truth respecting the position assigned to the Bishop of Rome. This however is a matter of opinion, and we only caution the reader that he may form a judgment for himself.

We cannot but admire the forbearance and the fairness which thus leaves the great historian to speak for himself. Dr. Hefele certainly deserves this treatment by his thoroughness and impartiality. These qualities, together with his acute critical power and wide reading, have secured for his History a place not unlike that of Lingard, "as an authority to which Catholics can appeal, and to which non-Catholics will defer with respect." We regard therefore with very pleasurable feelings the continuation of this English edition, and believe it will do immense service among English readers in the cause of historical truth.

The special attention of Catholic scholars and students may well be called to the value of the translation in their own studies. Bishop Hefele's treatment of the various councils and synods is so full that his work is in fact, as he himself says, "in many ways very like a history of the Church and of dogmas." Some such history of the "development of doctrine," and of the variations of Catholic discipline, is indeed a necessary complement to more general church histories; and no work of the kind would we so unreservedly recommend, as complete, critical, and trustworthy, as Bishop Hefele's. With regard to the present volume, it covers only the short space of twenty years (431-451), but few periods of church history are so

crowded with deeply momentous and dramatic incident as those twenty years. We here gladly quote the editor in his preface:—

This volume possesses an interest which attaches to hardly any other, and is marked by a unity which is seldom attainable in historical narrative. The author has felt throughout that the subject was vital to the Church of Christ then and now, and he has spared no pains to bring the resources of his vast learning to bear upon the elucidation of his theme. As a result, we know nearly everything that can be known respecting the heresies of Nestorius and Eutyches, and the reason of their rejection by the Catholic Church.

Another feature of this English edition, advantageous to the student, is that each volume, containing a complete period, has a full index to its own contents, and can be bought separately. This is a great boon, and we shall be doing a service to mention here the periods treated in each of the three volumes thus far published. The first opens with the excellent Introduction in which the author deals with the nature and authority of councils, their convocation and confirmation, ecumenicity and infallibility, &c. The body of the book covers the period down to A.D. 325. This represents some very important Synods, such as those of Elvira, Arles, &c., and lastly, the great Ecumenical Council of Nicæa. After a preliminary chapter on the dogmatic and historical development of Arianism, the account of this council is as full as a student need wish, and occupies some 200 pages, or nearly half the volume. We are glad to see that a second edition of this first volume has recently been issued. The second volume extends from A.D. 326 to A.D. 429, the one ecumenical council with which it is concerned being that of Constantinople I. But it is not less valuable for the clear account it gives of the sad post-Nicæan struggles of the heterodox party against St. Athanasius, of the Synod of Sardica, and still more particularly for the able statement of the supposed fall of Pope Liberius. The contents of the third volume we have already alluded to. Neither historian nor theologian can well dispense with a work like this; nor, let us add, can the student of canon law, who will here find the historical outgrowth of many of the chapters which form the *corpus juris*. Take such headings as "Bishop," "Cleric," "Celibacy," "Baptism," "Excommunication," "Monks," &c., in the indices of these volumes, and the student will at a glance see what an amount of subsidiary matter they offer him on points of church discipline, liturgy, and ecclesiastical history generally.

Sedulius de Liège. Par HENRI PIRENNE. (Extrait des *Mémoires de l'Académie Royale de Belgique*. Collection in 8vo. Tome xxxiii.) Bruxelles: Hayez, 1882.

UNDER this title M. Pirenne, a native of Liège it is to be presumed, has taken the pardonable liberty of giving an account of an Irish exile and teacher of the ninth century, who has been the cause of some trouble to antiquaries, Sedulius the Scot. His reputation was but momentary: to after generations he was hardly a name, for

even the name of the Scot was merged in course of time in that of the ancient Christian poet, Caelius Sedulius, who, by his means, long found a place to which he had no right on the roll of Irish worthies. All that is ever likely to be known of the authentic Irish poet Sedulius is contained in the single manuscript which has preserved the bulk of his verses; and it is only within the last twenty years that these have, little by little, seen the light, chiefly through the labours of Professor Dümmler, of Halle, who is now preparing a complete edition for the second volume of the "*Poetæ Latini ævi Karolini*." Meantime M. Pirenne has published the hitherto unedited pieces, twenty-five in number (more correctly, twenty-six, as will be explained below), prefixing a biography of the writer, in illustration particularly of a period in the history of Liege which has hitherto been little better than a blank.

Of his early years, and the causes which induced him to leave his native land, Sedulius tells us nothing; but that he was a Scot (*i.e.*, an Irishman), and endued with all the learning of the Irish schools, he repeats again and again. He first appears as a traveller, weather-beaten and weary, with two of his compatriots, priests like himself, nearing the city of Liege, there to find (what perhaps he had long been in search of) a patron in the person of Bishop Hartgar (841-855). Hartgar, noble, inclined to learning, and liberal, was quite well able to appreciate the advantages of attaching to himself a man of the attainments and character of Sedulius, in whom he secured at once a competent head for his episcopal school, a court poet, ready at command to pen congratulatory verses in honour of distinguished guests, to supply inscriptions for the new buildings with which he was adorning his city, and to celebrate his munificence and generally sing his praises. For Sedulius, Liege was a haven after the storm; the poverty, hunger, cold, the fatigue and journeying, and finally the seclusion in the wilderness, which had been the lot and the aim of the older race of Irish pilgrims, were not at all to the mind of him and his compeers. He was seeking a livelihood; and for a livelihood he depended on his wits, his learning, and a capacity for goodfellowship among other and more solid qualities. He did not care to be at the mercy of chance for shelter from the nipping and pitiless blasts of the north wind, which does not discriminate, he pathetically complains, between ordinary people and a pious priest and doct grammarian like himself. At the court of Hartgar he found a place that fitted him, and a mode of life accordant with his tastes: he had, as he himself describes it, books and leisure and pupils; as a relief from severer studies, he had time to turn to versifying. With his wants provided for amply, he could sleep soundly and free from care; whilst by day and by night, at the appointed hours, at singing the praises of God he was not wanting. Finally, he was petted and made much of; and the esteem in which he held his own talents saved him from bashfulness; *da, large da*, is his cry.

He was now brought into contact with the most lofty personages: the Emperor Lothair, the Empress Ermengard (with whom he seems

to have been a favourite), King Charles the Bald, the lettered Count Eberhard of Friuli, Archbishop Guntar of Cologne, and the most distinguished prelates of his day in Lower Germany. His treatise entitled "*De Rectoribus Christianis*"—precepts for good government enforced by historical examples—appears to have been written for the instruction of one of the sons of Lothair and Ermingard. His now prosperous course seems not to have been affected by the death of his patron, Hartgar; Franco, the next bishop of Liege, extended to Sedulius the same protection. His death was certainly later than the year 874; M. Pirenne's contention that it occurred at Liege, not in Italy, is the more probable.

Sedulius's muse is very slight and feeble; he wrote verses, not poetry; their interest lies in the matter, not in the form. His model was Venantius Fortunatus, and, like his prototype, he throws light on his surroundings and the history of his time. Most of what he tells is, however, by way of allusion, and therefore obscure; but even glimmerings are welcome where before there has been only darkness. M. Pirenne's work is done with care, and gives in a few pages what it is painfully tedious to search for, and interpret, in the author's own writings. But it has been overlooked that No. VII. of the "*Carmina Inedita*" is really composed of two distinct pieces; the first, comprising lines 1 to 18, is addressed, as stated in the title, to Lothair II., second son of Lothair and Ermingard; its burden is peace. Verses 19 to 74 are manifestly addressed to his elder brother, the Emperor Lewis II., and celebrate, there can be little doubt, the victory gained by him over the Saracens near Bari, on Christmas day, 870. The versifier evidently recalls the alleluiaic victory of the Britons—a story which he had narrated at length in prose in his "*De Rectoribus Christianis*," in order to impress upon his royal pupil the lesson that the prayers of the just avail princes even in temporal warfare. Its application to Lewis's victory is befitting, if we may trust (as there is good reason to do) the account of it given by a contemporary chronicler, Andrew of Bergamo (cap. 14).

The Polity of the Christian Church of Early, Mediæval, and Modern Times. By ALEXIUS AURELIUS PELLICCIA. Translated from the Latin by Rev. J. C. BELLETT, M.A. London: Masters. 1883.

PELLICCIA was born in 1744; in 1781 he was appointed Professor of Christian Antiquities in the university of his native city of Naples. His attention, which had hitherto been chiefly given to liturgy, was now largely devoted also to the history of Southern Italy in the Middle Ages. During the French occupation and the exile of Cardinal Scilla (1809–1815) he acted as Vicar-General of the Church of Naples; and in the events of 1820 he was elected member of the revolutionary Parliament. The suppression of the Constitution is said to have hastened his death, which occurred in December, 1822.

His work, "The Polity of the Christian Church," was first published in two small volumes in 1777; these were followed, in 1779 and 1781, by an appendix of dissertations, in two more volumes, with which, however, as not comprised in the English translation, we are not now concerned. The author's object was, as he explained it, to furnish ecclesiastical students with a help for the study of the Fathers, and for "an intelligent acquaintance with the history of the Church and her councils," by an exposition of the course and development of church discipline, life, and practice from the earliest ages to modern times. He took the sacraments as his framework. Beginning with Baptism and Confirmation, he passes next to Holy Orders, and here treats of ecclesiastical offices, dignities and dignitaries of all kinds, of episcopal ornaments, the dress of the clergy, of monks and nuns and their rules. This forms the first book. Books ii.-iv. comprise the Liturgy and cognate subjects, holy places, sacred vessels and vestments, service books, the divine office, oblations (including tithes), ecclesiastical benedictions, the calendar and martyrologies, festivals and church seasons and their origin, pilgrimages, jubilees, the cultus and canonization of saints, sacred images, &c. Book v. is devoted to penance, fasts, indulgences; book vi. to marriage and extreme unction, with Christian care of the sick, hospitals, ceremonies after death, burial, and burial-places. This sketch may sufficiently indicate the plan of the work, but gives no idea of the skill with which the author finds, or makes, occasion to touch on an infinite variety of minor topics. Pelliccia's book unites in a singular degree brevity and comprehensiveness. It possesses also a merit rare in such compilations; the author was familiar alike with original testimonies and the best modern treatises, and he had assimilated the materials in his own mind, had reflected on them, and was able to form an opinion for himself on matters of difficulty and doubt. So far for the merits; but there are also drawbacks. Some of his statements, as is natural in an Italian writing for Italians, are framed too exclusively with a view to what prevailed in Italy. The book bears marks of haste; some are evident at a glance, others are less obvious. It is astonishing to find, in a writer who had been for some years engaged on a history of the liturgical books of the Middle Ages, the statement that of the Leonine "Sacramentary there are two MS. copies extant, one in the Vatican library, another in the Este library, which has been edited by L. A. Muratori" (p. 220); the fact being that there is only one MS., which is in the chapter library at Verona, whence it was published by G. Bianchini, from whose edition Muratori reprinted it. Clearly Pelliccia trusted to a memory which at times played him false; and this may go to explain, at least in part, the frequent inaccuracy of his references. Haste and the striving after brevity affect his style: he catches at the first short phrase that occurs, without considering whether it is as clear as it should be. It is much to be regretted that, though the *De Politia* was reprinted more than once in its author's lifetime, he made only verbal alterations, and did not subject it to a searching revision at leisure.

The general merits of the book are, however, so substantial, that its choice for translation is amply justified. But Mr. Bellett has not been content to give a mere translation: he has bestowed on it pains which greatly add to its value and usefulness, first, by undertaking the laborious and irksome task of verifying the references—in this case a task particularly troublesome from the number of misprints, which he justly describes as “incredible;” secondly, by giving the text, or if this is too long, an abstract, of the passages cited, particularly from the councils. It may seem almost ungracious where so much has been done, to express the regret that the “peculiarly significant” passages of the originals which Pelliccia had printed in italics, were not given in italics also in the English version. It may be noted, by the way, that the “strong expressions” (see p. 421, n. 24) are no “paraphrase,” but are taken textually from S. Cyprian’s “Liber de Lapsis,” c. 17. The translator’s additional notes are kept within judicious limits, and are equally useful and pertinent, though there are a few with which we can hardly be expected to agree, and also a few (*e.g.*, note 9, p. 55, on the origin of cardinals, and two or three which contain some taking but questionable suggestions of Dr. Littledale on liturgical matters) which may, perhaps, lead readers astray. Some of the short bracketed insertions by the translator in the text would also be better away: *e.g.* p. 482, “indulgences [or the pardon of sins]”—this is just what indulgences are not; p. 453, in regard to the discipline, “monks [who are poor, and who] cannot make satisfaction for their sins by money,” should be, “monks [who have made a vow of poverty, and therefore] cannot,” &c.; again, it was long after the eleventh century that the cross began to be placed “permanently” on the altar (p. 162).

Coming to the translation itself, it is necessary to make reservations. Every now and then the reader is disturbed by a passage which it is hard to understand, or which, though quite intelligible, it is hard to accept. On turning to the Latin text it will be found that the fault is not always with the author. It may be well to give instances. Page 51: “of this capitular body . . . all the presbyters of a church . . . were formerly members in their own right. So were also those who were called canons.” Pelliccia says only: “and they were called canons” (*iique canonici dicti sunt*). “Archipresbyteratus” is the post of archpriest, not “to be a member of the archpresbytery” (p. 53). Page 54: “for presbyters and deacons were in a certain sense cardinal parish priests,” should be “for cardinal presbyters and deacons were in a certain sense parochial clergy” (*parochi*). Again, p. 28, the rendering of “quoddam discrimen” by “a difference of rank,” and “nullo divino caractere” by “not by any divinely appointed outward mark,” obscures Pelliccia’s meaning, since the “difference” he calls attention to is precisely not one of rank, and the “character” in question is not an outward mark. Pelliccia writes: “In France, from the ninth century, a bishop before his consecration took a solemn and formal oath of allegiance and obedience to the king.” Mr. Bellett’s version is:

"A bishop before his consecration took a solemn and formal oath of allegiance and obedience to the king. This at least was the custom throughout France since the ninth century began" (p. 79). Page 327: "The laity on that day (*i.e.*, Sunday) also satisfied the requirements of the canons by attending merely private masses"—a point which Pelliccia does not take on himself to decide; he only states as a fact that, following the example of the clergy, "the laity also attended private masses on that day in satisfaction of the precept." The chapter "Of the Roman Pontiff," which is mostly made up of a cento of passages from the Fathers, is also not free from inaccuracy. After the definite statement with which it begins, that "the bishop of the Church of Rome is the successor of Peter," we read with surprise a few lines further on that the Roman Pontiff is that Apostle's successor "in a sense" only. "Hence, as Peter (so runs the translation), to whom the keys of the kingdom of heaven were committed, as being preferred above the other disciples, and as by God's command feeding the Church, was made the head of all the Churches in the world, so (why so?) the Roman Pontiff is in a sense that Apostle's successor; the successor of one who no one can lawfully doubt was chief of the Apostles, and whose bishopric was raised above every other" (p. 114). The rendering surely should be: "So the Roman Pontiff, as his successor, is he of the pre-eminence of whose apostolate over every bishopric no one can lawfully doubt" ("*ita Romanus Pontifex tanquam illius successor is est de cujus apostolatus principatu,*" &c). The famous passage of St. Irenæus—*Ad hanc enim ecclesiam*, &c., receives a two-fold interpretation—one in the text, the other in a note, the latter of which would seem to have the translator's preference. Without any wish to polemicize, we would venture to prefer a request—namely, that he would take up St. Irenæus, read the first three chapters of the third book, note their drift, and see how *this* interpretation of the crucial passage fits the argument. Further, we may remark that as a fair, candid, and not unsuccessful attempt to elucidate a passage which is unquestionably difficult, the discussion in H. Hagemann's "Römische Kirche in den ersten drei Jahrhunderten," pp. 614-27, might be of use to the inquirer.

The section on Indulgences affords also occasion for comment on the "*nimis laxa ratio*" of the translation—which we are wholly indisposed to render as its "*culpable laxity*" (p. 479). But it must be said that small oversights and inaccuracies are somewhat too frequent. At times a more just English equivalent might have been readily found. To turn *usus indulgentiarum* into their "enjoyment" (p. 478), for instance, or the *arbitrium* of a confessor into his "arbitrary will and his discretion" (p. 474), gives occasion for misconception. Such blemishes would doubtless disappear on revision, should a second edition be called for; some might have been avoided by regularly consulting the earlier prints.

Taking the book as it stands, it ought to be welcomed and valued both by professors and students. To the former it is sure to be suggestive; to the latter it will give a clue, and that generally

the right one, for threading their way through the tangled maze of antiquity. But its use is not confined to the seminaries for which it was primarily intended. It shows, in a way which can be understood, whence came our rites and discipline, and how they have come to be what they are, and is thus a help to the clergy for the proper intelligence of many of the functions they are called on to perform. In this respect the motto chosen by Pelliccia for his work is happy: "Oportet nos cognoscere, quæ majores fecere, ut nostra pernoscamus." It is very much to be wished, for practical reasons, that a knowledge of the past and of the traditions which are our own, were more general amongst us. We therefore greet, and recommend, the present publication. That such a work should have been translated by and for the benefit of Protestants of the English Church, is, of course, significant.

The Life of St. John Baptist de Rossi. Translated from the Italian. By LADY HERBERT. Introduction: "On Ecclesiastical Training and the Sacerdotal Life." By the BISHOP OF SALFORD. London: Thomas Richardson & Son. 1883.

MOST opportunely, this carefully prepared volume brings to the notice of the clergy, and of English readers generally, the life of the holy Roman priest recently canonized by Pope Leo XIII. St. John Baptist de Rossi was a secular priest, who founded no congregation nor belonged to any; and he spent his life among the poor and the afflicted, in Rome and in the neighbourhood of the city. His characteristic virtue was simply his priestly spirit. To celebrate the Holy Sacrifice, to assist at the Church offices, to hear confessions, to preach, to catechize, and to visit the sick—it was the perfection with which he did these things which marked him out as a Saint, and the "heroicity" to which they attained in his daily life has merited for him the glories of canonization. Nothing more "edifying" can be read by priests than the simple history of his apostolic life as a priest. Since it is certain that at the present moment his intercession must be very powerful, there will be few priests who will not desire to become acquainted with his life and to conform their lives to the spirit of his.

The life itself, apart from its picture of heroic sanctity, is extremely interesting. There is little or no romance about it, and the Saint never comes in contact with great men or stirring events. But to any one acquainted with the "stones of Rome" there is unflinching interest. And it does not seem difficult to see that de Rossi's great attraction was that duty of charity which Christianity has created and always promoted, and which modern atheism is doing its best to abolish—the visitation of the sick, especially in the public hospitals. There was one kind of illness which was "more dear" to him than any other, and that was consumption. It may sound strange to hear so much of consumption in a climate like Rome. The truth is there is a great deal of it in certain quarters of Rome and in the unhealthy season. De Rossi used to

say that "to die of consumption is almost always to be predestined to heaven." "Consumptive people," he would say, "must be preserved from two great dangers. The first is their almost total abandonment (despair) when lung disease declares itself. The other comes from the fact of their age; being almost always young people, they have to suffer more violent assaults of the devil." "My long experience convinces me that very few young people are willing to die, and that this disease is most deceptive in its character. Nevertheless, by visiting them continually, and preparing them by degrees, they become at last so resigned that it is a real privilege to be able to assist them in their last moments" (p. 152).

An introduction of seventy-two pages by the Bishop of Salford, enters into the whole question of ecclesiastical training and the sacerdotal life. He urges the necessity of increased culture, of higher studies, of the cultivation of English, and of the reading of the Fathers, and proposes many useful means for acquiring and preserving the Apostolic spirit of the priesthood.

The Life of Jonathan Swift. By HENRY CRAIK, M.A.
London: John Murray. 1882.

THERE is perhaps no more difficult task in literary biography than that of unravelling the tangled skein of Swift's life and character. That turbid mind, clouded by disease and morbid gloom, late in developing, slow in recognizing, its powers, must have been long a mystery to itself, and may well continue to baffle those who seek to analyze it from without. The biographer is moreover naturally disposed to some degree of enthusiasm for his subject, and few heroes are less calculated to awaken it than this English Rabelais, a priest without vocation, a lover without heart, a wit without geniality, and a satirist devoid of moral purpose. Intellectual greatness has, indeed, rarely been presented to the world in less attractive guise, for vice itself seems almost pardonable in comparison with his callous egotism of genius, which regarded all humanity as so much raw material to be turned to its own account. Swift's career, though free from any grave moral blot, had no aim or reference save to himself alone, and this want of external sympathy so blunted even his literary perceptions as to render him incapable of estimating the effect his writings produced upon others. His frequent offences against good feeling and good taste were thus rather blunders than crimes, results of the moral stupidity so strangely associated in him with enormous intellectual power. This poverty and narrowness of nature limited the compass of his mind, and restricted his energies within a comparatively small field, for had their scope been enlarged by nobler aims and finer sensibilities, there is no grade of eminence he might not have reached.

But the very difficulties of the problems presented by Swift's anomalous genius have proved an attraction to biographers, and the present exhaustive life is the last of a long series of works on the same subject. Mr. Craik has entered on his task in a spirit of

impartiality which wins the reader's confidence, for, while anxious to lend the best colour to the motives of his hero, and to urge the most apologetic view of his actions, he gives an unprejudiced statement of facts on which the critic can form an independent judgment. Written in a clear and vigorous style, and arranged in lucid and connected narrative sequence, the present biography is an interesting as well as a valuable work, though dealing with a subject already familiar to most readers.

It gives a vivid picture of the energy and power of the man, who, reared in dependence and poverty, friendless, obscure, and without even the introduction of a brilliant University career, made his way to a front place among the public men of his time, ranking second to none in the influence he exercised over the course of politics. Born in Dublin of English parentage, he was Irish only by the accident of birth and residence, yet in the interludes of his more brilliant career in the great world of London, he was able to throw himself with equal fervour into the burning questions agitating his adopted country, and there, as in the sister kingdom, to make his pen a power in the State. One regrets, indeed, in reading his life, that so much of his intellectual capital was expended on the necessarily ephemeral literature of party politics; that a mind

Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,

should have lavished its powers on a mass of lampoons and pasquinades, which can have no permanent place in letters. But a political career then offered possibilities of distinction of which literature by itself gave no prospect, and distinction, more especially social distinction, was what Swift, sated with humiliations in early life, craved for beyond all earthly goods. His biography is thus inevitably interwoven with the somewhat dreary records of the reign of Queen Anne. The alternations of party government give a dualism to the history of that age, which deprives it of all dramatic interest for posterity, while the personal element which made it so exciting to contemporaries is now dwarfed in the perspective of time. Swift's share in public matters, which made him so conspicuous a figure among the men of his own age, is in ours the least interesting portion of his life. His honesty and sincerity as a politician few can doubt, despite his change of sides; which was indeed no more than the invariable effect of the constant progress of the more advanced party in the State, in casting off and leaving behind a certain number of moderate men, not sufficiently clear-sighted in the beginning of their career to foresee the working of the principles they have adopted.

It is in the mysterious romance of Swift's life that its crowning interest, as well as its most baffling enigma, is contained. In his relations with women it must be acknowledged that he was altogether base, while without the excuse of passion to palliate his cold-blooded double-dealing. A craving for female homage, the subtlest incense that can flatter an author's pride, was a characteristic weakness of his nature, and it was this form of literary vanity that made him

take pleasure in the society of women, in whom, unfortunately, he had the power of creating feelings he could neither understand nor reciprocate. For domestic life, with its fetters and responsibilities, he was by habit and temperament unfitted, and the intellectual sympathy and companionship which were all he desired in marriage, he secured in the strange and anomalous tie by which he linked Stella's life to his own. Whether he ever went through the marriage ceremony with her,* as the present biographer maintains, and shows reason for believing, or whether the bond uniting them was merely one of exacting monopoly on one side, and resigned self-abnegation on the other, his treatment of her was equally unjustifiable. If the marriage took place as asserted, he wronged her by attaching conditions to it rendering it a mere hollow formality, denying the woman whose life he had monopolized her lawful place in her husband's home, her position as his wife in the eyes of the world, and her share in the fame he had then earned. If, on the other hand, he did not marry Stella, he wronged her equally by defrauding her of what she must have looked forward to through years of patient waiting, as the seal and sanction of her life-long devotion. In either case he crushed her soul under the iron force of his will, as he might have trampled a flower under foot, to compel it, in very wantonness of tyrannous egotism, to give forth its last breath of perfume to sweeten his life. Nor did he even hold himself bound to constancy in the Platonic friendship he vouchsafed her, but scathed a second existence as well with his baleful and capricious regard. He was a middle-aged man when Vanessa, Hester Vanhomrigh, came under the evil spell of his influence, and in girlish infatuation began to indulge the attachment which cost her her life. Swift played with her passion as a cat sports with a captive mouse, and for eight years the correspondence, ardent on her side, coldly repressing on his, continued without any definitely expressed purpose. Although, like Stella, she took up her residence in Ireland, she and Swift rarely met, and to him, despite the gratification to his vanity, the whole entanglement doubtless became an embarrassment when it ceased to be a pastime. With her, however, it was fatal earnest, as the end proved. Maddened by jealousy and disappointment, she wrote to Stella, asking if she were the wife of Swift, and Stella, while replying in the affirmative, sent the master of the fate of both her rival's letter. The Dean rode off in dark fury to Vanessa's place near Celbridge, and throwing her own letter on the table, left her without a word. The tragic completeness of her fate has dignified her folly, and immortalized her name among those of love's martyrs, for Swift's cruelty was her deathblow. She drooped rapidly and died in a few weeks after the

* The story of the marriage, performed in consequence of Stella's remonstrances, in the Deanery garden, by Dr. Ashe, Bishop of Clogher, in 1716, is in itself a very improbable one. Nor could such a ceremony, unwitnessed, unregistered, and intended by the parties as a mere formality, be considered in any true sense a marriage.

fatal interview which closed her visionary romance with the bitter certainty of despair.

There may have been an intelligible and excusable motive for Swift's aversion to marriage, in a possible dread of transmitting to his offspring the insanity which he believed hereditary in his family, and the anticipation of which for himself overshadowed his life. He suffered besides, even from early manhood, from some painful symptoms of the malady of which he eventually died, an obscure disease of the ear affecting the brain. It produced attacks of giddiness and deafness, probably more or less of an epileptic character, causing him exquisite distress. He also speaks in his skeleton autobiography of suffering from fits, and he may have considered himself precluded from marriage by these physical infirmities, though he does not appear to have alleged them as a motive for his conduct.

His treatment of women is the darkest shade on Swift's character, for in the other relations of life he was far from heartless. As a son, he was dutiful and attached, passing part of every year with his mother, and in his friendships with men he was loyal and thorough. He performed many kind and even generous actions, and misfortune always disarmed his cynicism, and moved him to the deepest pity. Despite the apparent irreverence of many of his writings, he was by no means irreligious, and resolutely turned aside from such metaphysical speculations as he judged dangerous to faith. He invariably read prayers to his household, morning and evening, and in his last illness would not give up any of his ordinary devotional exercises until the increasing feebleness of his mind rendered him incapable of following anything but the Lord's Prayer, which he repeated to the end. There is something of pathetic fidelity in this clinging to early faith in the last ruin of a mind so worldly, so cynical, and so untouched by the softer influences of religion.

Swift's view of his ecclesiastical vocation was that he was called to be the doughty champion of a Church Militant, rather than one of her mild pastors, bound to evangelize, in his Irish living of Laracor, the flock sometimes represented by "Dearly beloved Roger." But if his standard of conduct was not a very exalted one, he was at least consistent in conforming to it; if his conscience were wanting in the finer sensibilities, it was efficient as a guiding-rule of life within its own range of commonplace morality.

The following anecdote may serve as an illustration of the humorous side of his character. When secretary to Lord Berkeley, one of his duties was to read aloud to that nobleman's lady the *Moral Meditations* of Robert Boyle, for whose dulness he revenged himself by writing a parody on him, and substituting it for one of his lectures.

Swift (says Mr. Craik) hit upon the device of inserting his own manuscript in the volume, and reading, as one of the discourses, a meditation on a broomstick, moralizing with the gravest comedy over the vicissitudes that attend its lot. It served as well as any of the discourses which it parodied, to attune the aristocratic listener to a sedate and soothing

condition of pious satisfaction; and when detected, showed the estimate that Swift had formed of the discourses clearly enough to release him from the drudgery of reading them.

The difficulties of travellers in the last century are illustrated by Swift's *Journal*, written to beguile the weariness of a week spent at Holyhead in September, 1727, while waiting for a fair wind to cross the Channel. The miseries of ennui were never more graphically described than in these lamentations, where he says:—

If the Vicar could but play at backgammon I were an Emperor; but I know him not. . . . I am afraid of joining with passengers for fear of getting acquaintance with Irish. The days are short, and I have five hours at night to spend by myself before I go to bed. . . . What can I do but write everything that comes into my head. . . . Not a soul is yet come to Holyhead except a young fellow who smiles when he meets me, and would fain be my companion; but it is not come to that yet.

His troubles for want of clean linen form another grievance:—

Tues. 26.—I am forced to wear a shirt three days. . . . I was sparing of them all the way. It was a mercy there were six clean when I left London; otherwise Watt (whose blunders would bear an history) would have put them all in the great box of goods which goes by the carrier to Chester. He brought but one cravat, and the reason he gave was because the rest were foul, and he thought he should not put foul linen into the portmanteau. For he never dreamt it might be washed on the way. My shirts are all foul now, and, by his reasoning, I fear he will leave them at Holyhead when we go.

The same Watt, when they took refuge in a Welsh cottage from a shower of rain, took up a meal-bag to dry his master's cassock, which of course was encrusted with hardened flour when it dried, costing the Dean some hours rubbing to repair the damage.

This tedious week proved to be his last stay on British soil, for the remainder of his life, nearly twenty years, was passed in Ireland, where he died on October 19, 1745.

Mr. Craik tells us in his Preface, that his work is intended as the completion of the task undertaken by the late Mr. Forster, but interrupted by his death. The *Life of Swift* as he had planned it, would have been a much more voluminous one than the present work, the author of which has, we think, exercised a wise discretion in reducing the scale of the biography, and restricting it within the limits of a single bulky volume. He has here thrown into a more condensed form the mass of valuable information collected by his predecessor, as well as much obtained from other sources, the MSS. left by Lord Orrery, now in the possession of the Earl of Cork, and other original documents lent by Mr. Frederick Locker. The ordinary reader will be grateful to the author for having relegated all controversial matter to the Appendix, and given him only his conclusions on it, for, as he says, "it is as much for the advantage of biography as of the State that there should be some 'end of litigation,' and that we should sooner or later strike a balance between contending views as fairly as we may."

Mr. Craik has proved himself throughout equal to his subject,

great though it is, and the public may be congratulated that the onerous task of rewriting the Life of Swift has fallen into such competent hands. A thoroughly good biography is so rare amid the superabundance of similar works annually produced, that Mr. Craik's is sure to find an abiding place in English literature.

Galileistudien: Historisch theologische Untersuchungen über die Urtheile der Römischen Congregationen im Galileiprocess. Von Dr. HARTMANN GRISAR, S.J., Professor der Kirchengeschichte an der Universität Innsbruck. Regensburg: Pustet. 1882. (*Historico-theological Discussions concerning the Decisions of the Roman Congregations in the case of Galileo.*)

IT is with great satisfaction that we notice Professor Grisar's work on Galileo, because his book—bearing everywhere witness to its author's vast knowledge in canon and civil law, philosophy and theology—far surpasses anything before published on Galileo, either in Italy, France, Germany, or England. In France, M. Henri de l'Epinois published the acts of the process; whilst Karl von Gebler, a German officer, subsequently gave a still more correct edition of the acts, and both these works have been effective in destroying inveterate prejudices by showing the justice displayed, on the whole, by the Roman authorities. Four years later, in 1829, the work of an old Catholic author, Professor Reusch, of Bonn, made its appearance, under the title “Der Process Galilei's und die Jesuiten.” This gifted author would have conferred a lasting benefit on Catholic science but for his petty and angry criticisms on Catholic institutions. The German Jesuits unjustly attacked by him felt the necessity of vindicating their own and the Church's honour, and Professor Grisar has discharged this duty so well and in so masterly a manner that his work will long occupy a foremost place in the vast mass of literature on Galileo. It may be mentioned that the author of the *Galileistudien* deals with the questions involved in Galileo's case less from the historical than the philosophical and theological point of view. I am far from questioning the merits of the first part of the volume (pp. 1–138), on the contrary, it deals very efficiently with the difficulties of the process, and throws new light on the acts of the Roman tribunals. But it is in the second, or theological part (pp. 138–381), that the singular merit of the work lies. The history of the acts from the first appearance of Galileo in Rome to his death is traced by Professor Grisar in twelve chapters; the most important documents bearing on the case being added as appendices. Some of the questions most exhaustively treated by the author may here be mentioned. Herr von Gebler, whilst quite acknowledging the genuineness of the special prohibition to defend his system intimated to Galileo by order of Paul V., through Cardinal Bellarmine, Feb. 26, 1616, utterly denies its value, as being destitute of any subscription. Against this gratuitous opinion Grisar successfully establishes its juridical authority, since it must be considered as a mere notice

registered by the notary public—notice of the kind, although authentic, never bearing any subscription. Galileo promised to obey, but did not keep his promise. He might have acted on those words of Cardinal Bellarmine in his letter to Foscarini, published by Berti as late as 1876. "It is one thing to show—on the *supposition* of the fixed sun and moving earth—that natural phenomena may be more easily accounted for, and quite another thing to assert *as fact* that the sun is the fixed centre." But Galileo would bring out his system as absolute truth, and in doing so he was strongly opposed, not only by the Roman Congregations, who felt obliged to assert the usual interpretation of the Bible, but also, and perhaps much more, by many astronomers, who advanced difficulties which Galileo was unable to remove. One of these was Bacon of Verulam. Wohlwill's assumption that Galileo was tortured is a mere phantom. Besides the absence of any genuine document supporting this assertion, there cannot be the least doubt that the rules of criminal procedure adopted by the Holy Office, and laid down in the "*Sacro Arsenale*," exempted many persons from this sore trial—amongst whom came Galileo, as being beyond the age of sixty. But he was subjected to the "*territio verbalis*"—viz., he was threatened with torture. A very interesting chapter in the volume we are noticing is the one headed, "*The Interests of Science*." So far from being hurt by the Roman Congregations, science and religion, we may say with Grisar, have even been preserved from some disadvantages; many dangers which would have resulted from a quicker victory of the new system were obviated. The author further reminds us of a fact most creditable to the Holy See—viz., that Galileo, from 1630 onwards, enjoyed an annual pension of 100 scudi from the Pope (pp. 122, 123). After his departure from Rome, Galileo was subjected to no sort of cruel treatment, nor even to imprisonment, either in Sienna, where he resided with Archbishop Piccolomini, or in Arcetri. On the other hand, something like persecution may be seen in those German Protestants who sent Kepler into exile; all efforts made towards winning back for him his office in Tübingen failed through the intolerance of Protestant orthodoxy. Kepler for a long while resided in Grätz, and when Protestants were no longer allowed to live there, it was by the Jesuits' strong intercession that the celebrated astronomer was allowed to remain and peacefully attend to his studies.

The second part of Grisar's work is markedly theological in character. It deals with the different Papal approbations of the decrees of the Roman Congregations, the intrinsic value of dogmatical decisions of the Congregations, and the several kinds of submission with which they might be accepted by the Faithful. The famous decree of the Index, March 5, 1616, forbidding the doctrine of Pythagoras concerning the sun as centre of the universe, cannot be construed into a dogmatical decision. Hence the Faithful were not in the least obliged to accept it with certainty of faith, but only with "*assensus religiosus*"—the difference between which two things Cardinal Franzelin ("*De Divina Traditione*," 2nd edit. p. 127) strongly insists upon. Bouix's

theory, claiming the prerogative of infallibility for any decision of the Congregations approved of by the Pope in whatever manner, but at the same time allowing a wonderful exception in the one only case of Galileo, is thoroughly examined and rejected by Grisar (pp. 185-212). More than an "assensus religiosus" was not required from Galileo by the Holy Office itself, and it was only in order to manifest this state of mind that he was desired to abjure his system. Galileo's system was not declared to be heretical. It is true, that the consultores of the Index proposed this "note;" but the Cardinals belonging to the Holy Office changed it into "contrary to Holy Scripture." Some may deplore that the Cardinals (the Pope has nothing to do with it, and still less the Pope as common doctor of the Church) were not more in advance of their century in harmonizing Scripture with natural science. But they cannot be fairly judged by any standard but that of the state of hermeneutics and physics in their own day. "If there could be discovered," wrote F. Grassi, professor of astronomy in the Roman College in 1624, "any *irrefragable* argument for the motion of the earth, we should then, indeed, be obliged to interpret in quite another sense those places of the Bible in which the fixity of the earth and the motion of the sun are spoken of, *ita ex sententia Cardinalis Bellarmini*." The line adopted by the Cardinals in rejecting Galileo's system is fully vindicated in the admirable chapters headed: "The Fathers of the Church and the Catholic Interpreters of the Bible," "The Church's Position towards Science in the Time of Galileo," "Aristotelianism and the New System of the Universe," and "Galileo and the Jesuits." In the chapter "On the Chief Cause of the Erroneous Judgment" of the Holy Office (pp. 290-303), Professor Grisar very appropriately points out those dangerous systems of Neo-Aristotelianism and Neo-Platonism which were to be found in Padua and Florence in the time of Galileo. It was the age of Giordano Bruno, Campanella, Varzini, and Sarpi, whose incessant attacks on the most sacred interests of the Church might well incline the Cardinals all the more firmly to conserve traditional explanations of the Bible and to stamp with the brand of novelty any attempt to supersede them. Professor Grisar's work deserves warm recommendation as a very able vindication of the Church in a case which has long been the theme of misrepresentations as to her doctrine, and of misjudgments as to her government.

BELLESHEIM.

Little Hinges to Great Doors, and other Tales. By F. S. D. AMES.
London: Burns & Oates. 1883.

THREE tales make up the contents of this bright little volume—"Little Hinges," "Cousin Prudence," and "Old Isaac's Christmas-Box," illustrating respectively the struggles and triumph of Faith, Hope, and Charity. Three more entertaining stories need not be asked for by the young reader of any age. Somebody writing a preface to the volume expresses the hope that the appetite of the

public for books of this class may continue to grow; and it will surely grow with such relishable and pure food as this to feed on. There is no obtrusive preaching; the lessons are wrought into the tales, and no reader but can see how the turnings of great doors, the crises in men's lives, is on the little hinges of unseen virtues and principles. The reader will meet not a few characters cleverly drawn—notably, Miss Trevor, flirt and fortune-hunter, who had become a Catholic, and "very religious"—if talking of nothing else but religion could be a criterion. This remark about her is acute: "Her principal *attrait* at that time, I should say, was herself, but she informed her friends it was for nursing the poor." Her pathetic story, however, we are not going to reveal. "Cousin Prudence" is also a capital story. Cousin Prue's aunt Dorcas had left her an old stocking; for Aunt Dorcas eschewed banks of all kinds. Her husband had been ruined by one, and had broken his heart over it.

"It's a very fine place, no doubt," she is said to have remarked, upon seeing the Bank of England, "a very fine place; but just give me my old stocking. Put your money in that, and there it is; put it into a place like that yonder, and where is it?"

We might multiply sparkling little bits, but must leave them, with the tales they adorn, for the reader to find out. The stories are warmly Catholic, but may be enjoyed by all. One passage in which the grandeur of "hope" is shown—wherein the priest describes to the scoffing and bigoted uncle that Cousin Prue's twelve pounds has been invested, not in "those rascally new companies, with their eight and ten per cents.," but in "a very old one; for the Company of Sorrowers, Sufferers, and Sinners (not limited) is as old as mankind itself," with interest "thirty, sixty, or a hundredfold," and its security the "word of God Himself"—is, in spite of this quaintness, quite a dramatic passage. Parochial libraries will do well to get this book, which will be as delightful reading for children as influential for good. We may also remark that it deserves the very attractive binding which the publishers have given to it.

The Gamekeeper's Little Son, and other Stories for Children. By FRANCES J. M. KERSHAW. London: R. Washbourne, 1883.

THE three short stories which comprise this volume are interesting, cleverly written, and will please children. The second, "A Quiet Little Heroine," is the one we prefer, but with both boys and girls we expect that brave little Robin, the Gamekeeper's Son, will be the favourite. The authoress of "Bobbie and Birdie" has not, however, we think, made here any advance on that charming story. We scarcely anticipated to find such advance in a volume following so quickly hereupon, but young readers will doubtless be abundantly satisfied that these latest stories are so good; and the book being for them, that is the main point.

A Catholic Priest and Scientists. By Rev. J. W. VAHEY. New York: Benziger Brothers.

THIS certainly is a title to pique curiosity. Looking into the book we find it represents the author's part in a discussion on Matter, God, and Revealed Religion, forced on him in Milwaukee in 1878, by some "scientists" of that city. As with all discussions so with this, its chief interest is for near spectators. Readers on this side of the ocean will feel chiefly pity for men who could make such shameless assertions as are some of those Father Vahey was called on to refute. "The wild, vague assertions of my disputants," he tells us, "I dare not give in full; they breathed a spirit of blasphemy." Some of them show that the men scarcely deserved serious attention: for instance, an objection against praying to Saints is that "there are no telephones in operation between God, the Saints, and Catholics," &c. Father Vahey is a vigorous disputant, yet shows great patience with his men. His replies are for the most part terse and vigorous, and they take very properly the form of statement of true doctrine rather than of mere refutation.

The Medical Language of St. Luke. By the REV. W. K. HOBART, LL.D. (Dublin University Press Series). London: Longmans. 8vo. 1882.

THE object of this work is to show, by a detailed and minute examination of the language of the third Gospel and the Acts of the Apostles, that both of these were written by a person familiar with medicine, and with the language current in the Greek medical schools. It need not be said that Mr. Hobart's point is one of considerable interest, since, if he has proved it, it strongly confirms our belief that both these books of Scripture were written by the "beloved physician" to whom they are attributed. The inquiry is pursued under two heads. The author first goes over all the accounts given of the miracles of healing and the like, comparing them with the other Evangelists, and showing that the language employed, and the circumstances mentioned, are such as a Greek physician would adopt. In the second part the rest of the narrative is examined, with the object of showing that its ordinary language is that usually employed by the Greek medical writers. The whole has been worked out with such conscientious industry, that the subject may be said to be exhausted, and all the materials for forming a judgment upon it have been submitted to the reader. The writer of the present notice (who can pretend to little qualification for the task, beyond having formerly devoted much time to the study of Hippocrates and Galen) has gone carefully through the book, verifying such passages as suggested inquiry, and is satisfied that Mr. Hobart has abundantly proved his point. It is unfortunate that no general analysis can be given of a work which is almost entirely composed of extracts from Greek medical authors; we can only give a taste of its quality by selecting a few points of special interest.

In describing the miracles of healing, the third Evangelist and the author of the Acts alone enumerates such particulars as a medical man would be likely to notice; such as the duration or congenital nature of the disease, its being a "pernicious" fever (for which *μεγάλη* of Lc. iv. 39 is the technical expression), and such details as the side of the body which was affected. Above all, he is careful to distinguish cases in which a miracle was wrought immediately from those in which it was gradual, when the stages of improvement are also noted (as in Lc. vii. 14, xiii. 13, and Acts iv. 23, ix. 41). Similarly, he notices the symptoms of the blindness of Elymas, and the mode in which St. Paul recovered his sight (*ἀποσπίπτειν* and *λεπίς* being the medical terms proper for the occasion, and used by the medical writers in conjunction). In describing paralysis, he always uses the technical word *παραλελυμένος*, instead of the popular *παραλυτικός*, employed by the other Evangelists. The parables of the Good Samaritan and of Lazarus especially abound in words and phrases, some of which are distinctly medical, and others are most common in the medical writers.

The general narrative, excluding medical subjects, affords much equally interesting matter for quotation. The divisions of time, *μεσημβρία*, *ἑσπέρα*, *μεσονύκτιον*, *ἄρθρος*, and the like, are almost peculiar to St. Luke, and were in common use among physicians. Conversely, he never uses (as no medical writer would) *μαλακία* and *ἀκοή* for "sickness" and "fame," as the other Evangelists do. The variety of words used to describe beds and stretchers for the sick is suggestive of a physician's vocabulary; money is denoted by the common terms for medical weights, *δραχμή* and *μνᾶ*. Finally (for we can quote no more, though much is very interesting) *τεκμήρια* and *σημεῖα* (Acts i. 3) are said by Galen to be the words usually employed by physicians to distinguish proof by demonstration from that by observation.

It appears to us, however, that too much is made by Mr. Hobart of the occurrence in St. Luke of words which are found indeed in the medical writers, but also elsewhere. Not much importance need be attached, for instance, to the frequency of compounds of *βάλλειν* and *ἐρχέσθαι*; and of the employment of *ἄτοπος*, *καθόλου*, *ἀσφάλεια*, *οὔριεν*, and others, which are by no means peculiar to the physicians. Even some other words, of which the unusual employment by St. Luke can be paralleled from the medical writers, are also found with the same sense elsewhere; thus *ἀρχαί* (used for "the ends" of the sheet in Acts x. 11) is found in the same sense in Euripides; and *χρῶς* (Acts xix. 12) is used by Plutarch for "body." But these are minor points, which do not detract from the value of the great mass of evidence which Mr. Hobart has gathered, and made to converge on his conclusion. And even amongst these debateable words are some of much interest, such as the very common use of *σύν*, and the employment of *ἄτερ*, an old poetical preposition retained by the medical writers. Much light is incidentally thrown, too, upon the precise meaning of some words (*e.g.* *εὐθετος*) by the parallel passages adduced; indeed, we greatly wish

the author had added to our obligations, by pointing out some of these himself. We can only mention one or two examples—*ἀπελπίζειν* is used by the physicians in both the senses which may be given in *Lc. xii. 35*, its use in the sense of “hoping” occurring when it is joined with a negative;—*ἐπιστρέφειν*, as used by the physicians, supports the “*conversus*” of the *Vulgate* in *Lc. xxii. 32*, rather than the “*in turn*” of other translators.

Another point of interest has not been remarked by our author. No distinctively medical term, and few which can be said to savour of the physician, occur in the section of the *Gospel i. 5—ii. 52*: thus giving some confirmation to the belief that it was derived, almost if not entirely, “*verbatim*” from *Our Lady* or *St. James*. On the other hand, the long section (*ix. 51—xviii. 14*), also peculiar to *St. Luke*, in which some critics have traced a difference of style, contains a full average of medical words and phrases. From these examples, which might be easily multiplied, it will be seen that this work has an indirect value for students of *Holy Scripture*, beyond the main purpose its author has had in view.

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1. *The Conveyancing and Law of Property Act, 1881, &c.* By AUBREY ST. JOHN CLERKE, B.A., and THOMAS BRETT, LL.B., B.A., &c., both of the Middle Temple, Barristers-at-Law. (Second Edition.) London: Butterworth.
 2. *The Conveyancing and Law of Property Act, 1881, Amendment Act, 1882.* By the same Authors and Publishers.
 3. *The Settled Land Act, 1882.* By AUBREY ST. JOHN CLERKE, B.A., &c. London: Butterworth.

THESE three handy works on the recent sweeping measures of reform in the laws affecting the transfer of land, call for very high praise indeed from the class for whom they are written—the legal profession. In these days of much and badly drafted legislation acting on, and in turn to be acted on, by a “*Codeless* myriad of precedents,” the office of the legal text-writer becomes yearly more important and more difficult.

The requirements of a good law book are more numerous now-a-days than ever: we have recognized most of them in the works under notice, in a degree most refreshing in comparison with the average of the vast number yearly inflicted on the profession.

The Acts which are the subjects of Messrs. Clerke and Brett’s criticisms, though passed with the common object of facilitating the transfer of land, are of widely different scope and importance. The Acts included in works (1) and (2) deal almost exclusively with changes in the procedure of conveyancing, but the *Settled Land Act* of last Session introduced a change into the existing substantive law of the most sweeping character. Shortly stated, the main object of the Act is to give to every tenant for life, in possession (the definition of which term is very wide indeed, and includes a married woman entitled for her separate use) of

land the subject of a settlement, absolute, uncontrollable and inalienable power to sell the whole estate included in the settlement, as if he were absolute owner in fee. The purchase-money, however, must be paid to the trustees or into court, and not to the life tenant, though they must be invested as the life tenant pleases within the limits allowed by the Act. The extent to which this power of sale will be availed of so as to carry out what we may suppose to have been the ruling motive of the Legislature—namely, to ensure that land in the possession of owners too encumbered to do justice to it shall pass into the hands of those better able, will no doubt chiefly depend on the nature of the investments into which the purchase-money may be changed. The motive of the Act appears here in a double way: on the one hand, in its giving the widest possible scope to schemes for the improvement of the estate; and, on the other, in its offering as little temptation as possible to limited owners to sell for the purpose of bettering, not the land, but their own incomes. The most tempting investment included in the Act is probably “the bonds, mortgages, and debentures, or debenture stock, of any railway company in Great Britain or Ireland having for ten years next before the investment paid a dividend on its ordinary stock or shares,” and such an investment can now-a-days hardly be made to return 4 per cent. on the cost price. As land at present does not fetch on an average twenty-five years’ purchase of the nominal rents, the temptation to sell for their personal benefit can hardly be said to be thrown in the way of tenants for life. It would be out of place here to do more in the way of criticism than merely to repeat our conviction of the merits of all the three works above named, and to express our hope that the later works will meet with that popularity which the first has already obtained, and which, in the case of Law Books above all, is the best proof, as it is the general result, of industry and skilfulness.

Decreta authentica Sacrae Congregationis Indulgentiis Sacrisque Reliquiis praepositae ab anno 1668 ad annum 1882, Editæ jussu et auctoritate ss. D. N. Leonis PP. XIII. Ratisbonae: Pustet, 1883.

ONLY twenty years ago Mgr. Prinzivalli brought out his collection of authentic resolutions of this Roman Congregation. But it laboured under two defects: it was neither complete, nor stamped with an official character. Hence, for many years the Congregation had determined to publish a new edition, comprehending the most important decrees published from the very beginning of its existence in 1668. It is to a German Jesuit, F. Schneider, that we are indebted for the useful collection issued by special command of the Holy Father Leo XIII. In comparing Schneider’s official edition with that of Prinzivalli, the reader is at once impressed by the immense difference between the two books. The latter, besides general decrees, contains a large number of rescripts and answers given by the Congregation to particular cases, whilst the former supplies exclusively general and important decrees. A collection of

Papal Bulls is annexed, whilst three registers much enhance the value of the collection. It will prove of great value to every priest in his missionary work, and will become indispensable to religious congregations.

The Editio Princeps of the Epistle of Barnabas. By ARCHBISHOP USSHER. As printed at Oxford, A.D. 1642, and preserved in an imperfect form in the Bodleian Library. With a Dissertation on the literary history of that edition, by the late Rev. J. H. BACKHOUSE, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1883.

IT is lamentable to find that the inordinate love of a Royalist soldier for roast pig caused the world a great literary loss in the year 1664. This wretched man first stole his pig, then set to work to roast it, and for his Sunday dinner, too! In doing so he burnt the house down, and set a good part of Oxford ablaze. Lichfield's printing house was burnt, and Ussher's edition of the Epistles of Barnabas, Ignatius, and Polycarp, stored therein, perished, excepting only a fragment, consisting of a Preface and Eight Chapters.

This fragment, which has been in the Bodleian Library for two hundred years, has just been published in facsimile by the Delegates of the Clarendon Press. As a unique literary curiosity the reprint will be welcomed by bibliophiles. Two title-pages are given in facsimile, with the four crowns and emblems underneath. There is a curious misprint on the title-page "*acta Barnabæ, consobrinio ipsius Johanni Marco ineptè afflictæ.*"

Ussher's preface and readings have, of course, a certain intrinsic value, but the work might have been made more useful to students by supplying the deficiencies of what is but a fragment of a most interesting Epistle. The question of authenticity might have been discussed, a question which Ussher shirks in his preface; the remaining chapters might have been added, and the newly acquired Greek text of the first five chapters might have been given. The finding of the Sinaitic Codex by Tischendorf in 1859, with the entire Greek text of the Epistle of Barnabas, has awakened fresh interest in the question of its authenticity. This fresh evidence will tend to make critics reconsider their former opinion of its spuriousness. Dr. Milligan, the writer of the article in Smith's "*Dictionary of Christian Biography*," is not afraid to encounter the strong objections of Bishop Hefele and Dr. Donaldson. It is a case in which there is a conflict between external and internal evidence. Still, despite the testimony of St. Clement of Alexandria and Origen, together with the quasi-canonical honour paid to the Epistle in the Church of Alexandria, it would be hard to credit St. Barnabas with the solemn trivialities contained therein,—unless we suppose, to quote the irreverent suggestion of the German critic Weizäcker, that he wrote it in his dotage! Certainly no one who believes that St. Paul wrote the Epistle to the Hebrews, could suppose that St. Barnabas, the Levite, his friend and fellow-student in the school of Gamaliel, was the author of a letter which is but a feeble and ignorant copy

of the inspired Epistle. It is a remarkable coincidence that Tertullian should have attributed the Epistle to the Hebrews to St. Barnabas. Apart from the question of the authorship, there are many points of interest in the Epistle. We may instance one, which Dr. Ussher calls attention to in his Preface. It is the statement of the writer (ch. iv.), that our Lord, to prove that He came to call not the just but sinners to repentance, chose as His Apostles men who had been very great sinners, *ὡς πρὸς πᾶσαν ἀμαρτίαν ἀνομιήτους*. This it was, so Origen says, that gave Celsus an occasion for slandering the Apostles as he did. Another point of interest is the strange explanation of the six days of Genesis. "The meaning," the writer says, "is this—that in six thousand years, the Lord God will bring all things to an end. For with Him one day is a thousand years. . . . Therefore, children, in six days, that is in six thousand years, shall all things be accomplished" (ch. xii.). If this interpretation is any way near the mark, we may safely affirm that we are considerably nearer to the end of the world than to the end of the controversies about its beginning.

The Bhagavad Gītā, a Sanskrit Philosophical Poem, translated with Notes.

By JOHN DAVIES, M.A. (Trübner's Oriental Series.) London : Trübner & Co. 1882.

THERE are few more difficult and important problems in Oriental literature than that of the date of the Bhagavad Gītā: "the Song of the Divine One." What appears to be tolerably certain is that it is an interpolation in the Mahābhārata: but whether it was written three centuries before or three centuries after the Christian era, or at any time between these two dates, is entirely uncertain. One of the most curious things about it is the number of passages it contains, which exhibit a remarkable similarity to portions of the New Testament; and hence Dr. Lorinser has been led to maintain that it was written by one who had knowledge of Christian doctrines, and who, therefore, must have lived some considerable time after the beginning of the Christian era. As a specimen of coincident passages take the following:—

BHAGAVAD GĪTĀ.

I am exceedingly dear to the wise man; he also is dear to me (vii. 17).

I am the way, supporter, lord, witness, abode, refuge, friend (ix. 18).

I never depart from him (the true Gogin), he never departs from me (vi. 30).

They who worship me with true devotion (Chaklyā) are in me and I in them (vi. 29).

NEW TESTAMENT.

(Protestant Version.)

He that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him (John xiv. 21).

I am the way, the truth, and the life (John xiv. 6). I am the first and the last (Rev. i. 17).

He dwelleth in me and I in him (John vi. 57).

I in them and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one (John xvii. 23).

Be assured, that he who worships me perishes not (ix. 31).

I am the beginning and the middle and the end of existent things (x. 20).

I will deliver thee from all sin; do not grieve (xviii. 66).

He who knows me as unborn and without beginning, the mighty Lord of the world, he among mortals is undeluded, he is delivered from all sins (x. 3).

What sacrifice, almsgiving, or austerity is done without faith is evil (asat) (xvii. 28).

That man obtains the perfect state who honours by his proper work Him from whom all things have issued, and by whom this All was spread out (xviii. 46).

Now it must be acknowledged that these coincidences of thought and expression, although not conclusive of the correctness of Dr. Lorinser's theory, are very startling. The problem is examined by Mr. Davies in an appendix to his recently published work, with great care, and his conclusion is as follows:—

We cannot attain to perfect certainty on the questions which have been here discussed, but all the evidence we have is in favour of the following propositions: (1) That some Hindū writings were affected after the second or third century, A.C., by the Christian faith and ritual; (2) that the doctrines of the Christian faith had been preached and Christian communities formed in India during those centuries; and (3) that the Bhagavad Gītā cannot probably be referred to an earlier period than the third century A.C. From a long study of the work, I infer that its author lived at or near the time of Kālidāsa, who is supposed by Professor Lassen to have lived about the middle of the third century after Christ. Formerly he was assigned to the first half of the century before Christ, but this opinion is not now generally maintained. We require more evidence on the subject than we have at present before the question can be finally answered. We must say with Professor Weber on this subject, as well as on our author's acquaintance with Christian doctrines, "The question is still *sub judice*."

So much as to Mr. Davies's view upon this matter. Let us add that his translation of the Bhagavad Gītā is, as we judge, the best that has as yet appeared in English, and that his Philological Notes are of quite peculiar value.

The Philosophy of the Upanishads and Ancient Indian Metaphysics. By ARCHIBALD EDWARD GOUGH, M.A. (Trübner's Oriental Series.) London: Trübner. 1882.

WHAT is the true value of the philosophy of the Upanishads? Schopenhauer, so little inclined himself to mysticism, for his whole endeavour was to reduce philosophy to mere cosmology,

He that believeth in me shall never perish, but shall have eternal life (John iii. 5).

I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending (Rev. i. 8).

Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee (Matt. ix. 2).

This is the life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent (John xvii. 3).

Whatsoever is not of faith is sin (Rom. xiv. 23).

Whatsoever therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God (1 Cor. x. 31).

speaks of them as "the highest product of the highest wisdom" (*Ausgeburd der höchsten Weisheit*). "From every sentence deep, original, sublime thoughts arise," he affirms; and he pronounces the whole to be "pervaded by a high and holy and earnest spirit." Far other is the judgment of Mr. Gough, whose very valuable work, recently published in Messrs. Trübner's Oriental Series, is the result of long and careful study of those Sanscrit originals, of which Schopenhauer was ignorant.

The Upanishads, writes Mr. Gough, are so many "Songs before Sunrise," spontaneous effusions of awakening reflection, half poetical, half metaphysical, that precede the conscious and methodical labour of the long succession of thinkers to construct a thoroughly intelligible conception of the sum of things. . . . They exhibit the pantheistic view of things in a naïvely poetical expression, and at the same time in its coarsest form. (Pref.)

And again :—

The Orientalist will have to look in the face this fact of the inferiority of the hereditary type of Indian character. His work may be hard and unproductive, but at least it is necessary to a full and complete survey of the products of the human mind. He has much to do and little to claim as regards the value of his labours, and he will not demur to the judgment of Arthur Butler: "It presents a fearful contrast to observe the refinement to which speculation appears to have been carried in the philosophy of India, and the grossness of the contemporary idolatry, paralleled in scarcely any nation of the earth, as well as the degraded condition of the mass of the people, destitute of active energy, and for the most part without a shadow of moral principle to animate the dull routine of a burthensome scrupulous superstition. The aim of human wisdom is the liberation of the soul from the evils attending the mortal state. This object is attempted by one modification or other of that intense abstraction which, separating the soul from the bonds of flesh, is supposed capable of liberating it in this life from the unworthy restrictions of earthly existence, and of introducing it in the next to the full enjoyment of undisturbed repose, or even to the glories of a total absorption into the Divine essence itself. In all this we may detect the secret but continual influences of a climate which, indisposing the organization for active exertion, naturally cherished those theories which represent the true felicity of man to consist in inward contemplation and complete quiescence." (P. 6.)

Once more Mr. Gough writes :—

Such as they are, and have been shown to be, the Upanishads are the loftiest utterances of Indian intelligence. They are the work of a rude age, a deteriorated race, and a barbarous and unprogressive community. Whatever value the reader may assign to the ideas they present, they are the highest produce of the ancient Indian mind, and almost the only elements of interest in Indian literature, which is at every stage replete with them to saturation. (P. 268.)

So much may suffice to exhibit Mr. Gough's judgment as to the value of the Upanishads. For the grounds upon which that judgment rests we must refer our readers to his very scholarly and thoughtful pages.

Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne, taken from original sources. By JOHN ASHTON. 2 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1882.

MR. ASHTON'S book is not much more than a compilation, and that is its great merit. He has laid under contribution a great number of original authorities upon the manners and customs of our forefathers in the days of good Queen Anne, and he has arranged his matter very well and illustrated it by a considerable number of engravings, all taken from contemporary prints. His two volumes are divided into forty-two chapters, and in them we think he has travelled pretty well over the ordinary field of human activity. "*Quidquid agunt homines nostri est farrago libelli*," he might say as truly as the Roman satirist. But he is not satirical, although, indeed, his pages contain abundant food for meditation upon "life's poor play." One of the most amusing chapters is that on "Food (Solid)." Here is an extract from it:—

In the matter of food, people were not gourmets as a rule. The living was plentiful, but plain, and a dinner was never more than two courses; as Addison wrote, "Two plain dishes, with two or three good-natured, cheerful, ingenious friends, would make me more pleased and vain than all that pomp and luxury can bestow;" and this sentiment pervaded the whole of society. Dinner is almost the only meal ever mentioned, and one looks in vain for details of breakfast or supper. They were taken, of course, but men then did not sufficiently deify their stomachs, as to be always talking about them: dinner was the meal of the day, and there is no doubt that the most was made of that opportunity. Mission says, "The English eat a great deal at dinner, they rest a while, and to it again, till they have quite stuffed their paunch. Their supper is moderate: gluttons at noon and abstinent at night. I always heard they were great flesh eaters, and I found it true. I have known several people in England that never eat any bread, and universally they eat very little; they nibble a few crumbs, while they chew the meat by whole mouthfuls. Generally speaking, the English tables are not delicately served. There are some noblemen that have both French and English cooks, and these eat much after the French manner; but among the middling sort of people they have ten or twelve sorts of common meats, which infallibly take their turns at their tables, and two dishes are their dinners: a pudding, for instance, and a piece of roast beef; another time they will have a piece of boiled beef, and then they salt it some days beforehand, and besiege it with five or six heaps of cabbage, carrots, turnips, or some other herbs or roots, well peppered and salted, and swimming in butter; a leg of roast or boiled mutton, dished up with the same dainties, fowls, pigs, ox tripes and tongues, rabbits, pigeons, all well moistened with butter, without larding. Two of these dishes, always served up one after the other, make the usual dinner of a substantial gentleman or wealthy citizen. When they have boiled meat, there is sometimes one of the company that will have the broth; this is a kind of soup, with a little oatmeal in it, and some leaves of thyme or sage, or other such small herbs. They bring up this in as many porringers as there are people that desire it; those that please, crumble a little bread into it, and this makes a kind of potage." (Vol. i. p. 185.)

This same writer goes into ecstasies over what Mr. Ashton calls "our national diet, the Pudding." The following is his account of it:—

The pudding is a dish very difficult to be described, because of the several sorts there are of it; flour, milk, eggs, butter, sugar, suet, marrow, raisins, &c. &c., are the most common ingredients of a pudding. They bake them in an oven, they boil them with meat, they make them fifty several ways. Blessed be he that invented pudding, for it is a manna that hits the palates of all sorts of people; a manna better than that of the Wilderness, because the people are never weary of it. Oh, what an excellent thing is an English pudding! To come in pudding time is as much as to say, to come in the most lucky moment in the world. (Vol. i. p. 188.)

Oysters, we learn—real natives—were wonderfully cheap, the wheelbarrow-men selling them at twelve-pence a peck. Those were indeed the good old times! In the chapter upon "Food (Liquid)" it is amusing to find Carlowitz in the list of wines drunk in the reign of the last of the Stuarts. Port was introduced in 1703, owing to the Methuen Treaty—the shortest treaty known—and soon became very popular in that hard-drinking age, as may be seen from Steele's praise of it. "A bottle of good edifying Port," writes the author of "The Christian Hero," "at honest George's made a night cheerful and threw off reserve. But this plaguy French Claret will not only cost us more money but do us less good." Mr. Steele probably was of the opinion which the late Mr. Richard Shillitoe, the famous classical coach at Cambridge, used to express: that Claret would be Port, if it could. Punch was by no means the potent fluid it afterwards became. Here is a receipt for it, given by a noted brandy merchant of the time:—

Major Bird's receipt to make punch of his brandy: Take one quart of his brandy, and it will bear two quarts and a pint of spring water; if you drink it very strong, then two quarts of water to a quart of brandy, with six or eight Lisbon lemons and half a pound of fine loaf sugar; then you will find it to have a curious fine scent and flavour, and drink and taste as clean as Burgundy. (Vol. i. p. 202.)

Wines were considerably dearer than they are in these days, and the price of tea was so high as to confine its use to the rich:—

Black tea varied in 1704 from 12s. to 16s. per lb.; in 1706, 14s. to 16s.; in 1707, which seems to have been an exceptionally dear year, 16s., 20s., 22s., 24s., 30s., and 32s.; in 1709 it was from 14s. to 28s.; and in 1710, 12s. to 28s. Green tea in 1705 was 13s. 6d.; in 1707, 20s., 22s., 26s.; in 1709, 10s. to 15s.; and in 1710, 10s. to 16s. The difference between old and new is given once. The new tea is 14s. and the old 12s. and 10s. (Vol. i. p. 203.)

Smoking and snuffing were almost universal. Ward gives an amusing account of a famous tobacco shop in Fleet Street:—

Speaking of the company assembled, he says: There was no talking amongst 'em, but puff was the period of every sentence; and what they said was as short as possible, for fear of losing the pleasure of a whiff, as How d'ye do?—puff; thank ye—puff. Is the weed good?—puff. Excellent—puff. It's fine weather—puff. G-d be thanked—puff. What's a clock—puff, &c. Behind the counter stood a complaisant spark, who, I observed, showed as much breeding in the sale of a pennyworth of tobacco, and the change of a shilling, as a courteous

footman when he meets his brother skip in the middle of a Covent garden; and is so very dexterous in discharge of his occupation, that he guesses from a pound of tobacco to an ounce, to the certainty of one single corn, and will serve more pennyworths of tobacco in half-an-hour than some clouterly mundungus sellers shall be able to do in half four and twenty. He never makes a man wait the tenth part of a minute for his change, but will so readily fling you down all sums, without counting, from a guinea to three-pennyworth of farthings, that you would think he had it ready in his hand for you before you asked him for it. He was very generous of his small beer to a good customer; and I am bound to say thus much in his behalf, that he will show a man more civility for the taking of a penny than many mechanics will do for the taking of a pound. (Vol. i. p. 206.)

Mr. Ashton continues:—

Tobacco is very much used in England. The very women take it in abundance, particularly in the Western Counties, writes Mission, and Brown also mentions the practice; but, although Torevin reports that in Charles II.'s time, in Worcestershire, it was not only usual for the women to join the men in smoking, but that the children were sent to school with pipes in their satchels, and the schoolmaster called a halt in their studies whilst they all smoked—he teaching the neophytes. Yet Thoresby runs him very hard:—"20th Jan. 1702. Evening with brother, &c. at Garraway's coffee-house; was surprised to see his sickly child of three years old fill its pipe of tobacco and smoke it as audfarandly as a man of three score; after that, a second and a third pipe, without the least concern, as it is said to have done above a year ago. (Vol. i. p. 207.)

This seems incredible, but there is a good deal of testimony available to the same effect. On the whole we think most readers will rise from the perusal of Mr. Ashton's amusing and instructive volumes in a frame of mind much like that expressed by the Roman poet:

"Prisca juvent alios, ego me nunc denique natum
Gratulor; hæc ætas moribus apta meis."

The Doctrine of Last Things, contained in the New Testament, compared with the Notions of the Jews, and the Statements of Christian Creeds.

By SAMUEL DAVIDSON, D.D., LL.D. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

THIS is a very learned book, and, we do not doubt, a very honest one, but the chief reflection of a Catholic reader upon it will be, what a pity that so much learning and honesty should not have been employed under the guidance of faith! Failing faith, however—which, of course, is a Divine gift—we could wish that Dr. Davidson would acquire a deeper, fuller, and more accurate knowledge of Catholic theology. He would find the advantage—merely from an intellectual point of view—in devoting himself to its systematic study. In illustration of the wish to be fair, with which we credit him, let us quote the following passage, merely premising that he personally does not hold the doctrine which it discusses:—

The expressions employed in the Bible do not entirely settle the question of everlasting punishment, though they favour it. If a specific sense be attached to words, never-ending misery is enunciated. On the

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presumption that one doctrine is taught, it is the eternity of hell-torments; and those who maintain such to be the Bible statement have valid arguments on their side. Bad exegesis may attempt to banish it from the New Testament Scriptures, but it is still there; and expositors who wish to get rid of it, as Canon Farrar does, injure the cause they have in view, by misinterpretation. Of the two methods resorted to for putting the tenet out of the New Testament, the annihilation hypothesis is more plausibly supported by language. Both, however, must be rejected.

The strong language, *everlasting destruction, everlasting punishment, unquenchable fire, perdition of ungodly men, destruction and perdition*, and the like, may be taken for *annihilation* or ceasing to be, and the adjective *æonian* may be modified; but that interpretation is unsatisfactory. It is impossible fairly to eliminate the eternity of hell-torments from the following passages:—"To be cast into the everlasting fire," "the everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels," "these will go away into everlasting punishment;" "whosoever shall blaspheme against the Holy Spirit has never forgiveness, but will be liable to everlasting sin"; "to be cast into hell, where their worm dies not, and the fire is not quenched." If the words of Jesus in these places be correctly reported, He taught the doctrine of everlasting punishment.

The Apostle John, in the Revelation, who must have known the mind of the Master, uses language of the same import, when he says that whoever was not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the lake of fire, where the beast and false prophet "are tormented day and night, for ever and ever." It will be said, perhaps, that the Greek terms put into Christ's mouth, and the figurative language employed, should not be insisted on; while the fact that His authentic sayings must be separated from the traditional ones incorporated in the Gospels should be kept in mind. His general teaching, at least, scarcely agrees with the never-ending misery of many human beings, for it rests on an ethical basis. Can His doctrine be less excellent than Zoroastrianism, in which the eternity of evil disappears, and immortal life prevails in the renovated universe, dualism being merged in unity? It must be allowed, however, that the New Testament record not only makes Christ assert everlasting punishment, but Paul and John. In opposition to Rothe, we hold such interpretation to be more natural than that which substitutes the annihilation of the wicked for their perpetual torment. (P. 136.)

Peregrinus Proteus: An Investigation into Certain Relations subsisting between "De morte Peregrini," "The Two Epistles of Clement to the Corinthians," "The Epistle to Diognetus," "The Bibliotheca of Photius," and other Writings. By J. M. COTTERILL. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

THIS is a work of great erudition sadly misapplied. The learned author is possessed with the notion that the above-mentioned writings, and many more besides, are a literary fraud, practised upon the world by Henry Stephens, son of the famous Robert, the French printer of the sixteenth century. Mr. Cotterill is a literary detective, and he tells us how he was first led to suspect the aforesaid Henry of dishonesty, how he tracked him in all his dealings with Apostolic Fathers, profane writers, and early heretics, and how he finally caught him in the very act of tampering with the Bibliotheca of the Heresiarch

Photius. We must confess that whilst we admire the wondrous sagacity and untiring research of the detective, we fail to be convinced by the proofs he has accumulated against the accused Henry. Verbal coincidences and curious similarities of phrase do not prove much beyond the undoubted diligence of him who hunted them up. At the utmost they warrant suspicion, but are not strong enough to procure a conviction. In Mr. Cotterill's idea, Henry Stephens was the head-centre of a secret society, having for its object the palming off literary frauds upon the simplicity of the age of *Rénaissance*. We are glad to be able to assure our readers that this terrible impostor was not a Catholic, but a Protestant of Protestants, living in the full light of the glorious Reformation. If the son of the Protestant Pope Stephens, as Bentley loved to style his father, was really the writer of Lucian's bitter satire on Christianity, the less said about Isidore Mercator and his forged Decretals the better.

We are quite unable to enter upon the various questions which Mr. Cotterill raises as to the authenticity of the writings he impugns. We must content ourselves with two remarks: First, that the charge against St. Clement's Epistles is singularly ill-timed, in the light of recent discoveries of two ancient MSS. containing the Epistles in full. So that in addition to the Alexandrian Codex of the fifth century, we have an eleventh century MS., discovered in 1875 by Bryennios, Metropolitan of Serræ, and a Syriac version of the twelfth century, lately purchased by the Cambridge University Library. These MSS. were written centuries before Henry Stephens was born. No doubt Mr. Cotterill thinks Bryennios a Simonides not yet found out. Secondly, we admit that Mr. Cotterill has a better case in the Epistle to Diognetus. Here he has no old MSS., and but little external evidence to trouble him. It is generally admitted that St. Justin did not write it, and there is no other claimant for the honour of having written a letter the classic eloquence of which is worthy of a Christian Demosthenes. Two transcripts of the sixteenth century exist; one made by Stephens, the other by his friend Beurer. There was an older MS. in the Strasbourg Library, but this perished in the fire of 1870 caused by German shells. It is thought that this was the original which Stephens copied out, not over-faithfully. It is not impossible, as Dr. Donaldson suggests, that the Epistle to Diognetus is the rhetorical exercise of a later Greek writer. The burnt MS. proves that Stephens was not the author but the transcriber. If there is any fraud in the Epistle, it is surely more likely that Stephens was himself deceived than that he took such infinite pains to deceive others. We have no desire to protect Stephens from Mr. Cotterill's wrath, but we do object to having our libraries turned topsy-turvy in Mr. Cotterill's vigorous attempts to catch a literary thief.

1. *The Sacred Laws of the Aryas: as taught in the School of Apastamba, Gautama, Vāsishtha and Bandhāyana.* Translated by GENG BÜHLER. Part II. Vāsishtha and Bandhāyana. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 1882.
2. *Pahlavi Texts.* Translated by E. W. WEST. Part II. The Dâdistân-i-Dînik and the Epistles of Mânuskihar. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 1882.
3. *Vindya Texts.* Translated from the Pâli by T. W. RHYS DAVIDS and HERMANN OLDENBERG. Part II. The Mahavagga, V.—X. The Kullavagga, I.—III. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 1882.
4. *The Zend-Avesta.* Part II. Translated by JAMES DARMESTER. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 1882.
5. *The Fo-Sho-Hing-Tsar-King.* A Life of Buddha, translated from Sanskrit into Chinese, by DHARMARAKSHA, A.D. 420; and from Chinese into English by SAMUEL BEAL. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 1883.

WE have received from the Delegates of the Clarendon Press these five new volumes of the very important series of Sacred Books of the East, to which we devoted an article in the number of this REVIEW, published in July last. These new contributions to Professor Max Müller's great undertaking are fully worthy of their place in it, and of the reputation of the illustrious Orientalists, to whom they are due.

A Scamper through America. By T. S. HUDSON. London: Griffith & Farran. 1882.

FIFTY thousand miles of ocean and continent in sixty days is an idea suggestive of what a Yankee would call "greased lightning;" when the scamper is in itself such a feat, it is nothing small to say, in this case, what is often said of a book—that the author carries his readers along with him. Instead of lengthy descriptions and studied style, there is the brisk talk of a quick observer, who is anxious to tell, bluntly or piquantly, as they come to mind, those impressions that were the keenest noted on the spot, and those trifles which the professional book-making traveller considers too small or too well-known to mention, but which in reality mark for us the contrast between American life and ours. Thus, he notes in New York his first incongruous impression of foreign surroundings and English and homely signboards, the wooden façades of shops daubed green and blue, the telegraph poles clustering at the street corners; and in the finer parts of the city, and in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, "that magnificent mixture of splendour and coarseness" which led him "to the charitable conclusion that it is want of time that drives the Yarkees to omit such supererogatory words as 'please' and 'thank you,'" and to bolt meals as if to-morrow were the Last Day. At the farthest western city of the States,

we hear of something new in taking the railway ticket for a journey, with stoppages, from San Francisco to Quebec.

"Two for Quebec." Accustomed as the hard-faced official doubtless was to big things, this brief request momentarily threw him off his guard, and he remarked, "That's a tall order, mister" (the fare was sixty pounds). Observing, however, that I had the roll of greenbacks ready, he lapsed into imperturbability, and handed me the three and a half feet of ticket, to be used up in pieces as we went along.

He peeps into various places of worship with impartial curiosity, from the Washington negro meeting-house which a little girl outside pointed out to him as a "colored Baptist" church, even to the new cathedral of St. Peter's, with its five domes and twenty-five chapels, in course of erection at Montreal—"a striking example of the wealth and power of Roman Catholicism in Canada." In the descriptions of scenery there are happy touches, and the right spirit. The wondrous valley of all valleys is visited—the Yosemite, lying high up in a vast mountain country, a sudden rift a mile deep, a mile in breadth, and about seven miles long. The writer is an enthusiast for its rich colours of luxuriant bloom, its pine-trees on the ledges, and wooded depths below, its spires and towers of rock, and its waterfalls, so far surpassing each other that travellers in the Yosemite valley leave unnoticed cascades as grand as the famous waterfalls of Europe. Leaving such scenery at early morning, in the freshness of a life-giving atmosphere, the author calls his delight a foretaste of heaven, an earnest of what paradise might be; and he found himself reflecting in wonder, What have we poor mortals done to merit such a happiness?

The book contains many thoughtful observations, such as the simple solution of that question of centuries, What is to be done with the Indian?—Treat him as a white man.

A Son of Belial. By NITRAM TRADLEG. London: Trubner & Co. 1882.

UNDER a transparent anagram, and with an unpleasant tinge, not of brightness, but of levity, there is here a short and bitter "Apologia pro vita sua" by a Unitarian minister. "Be you Christian, Jew, Turk; infidel, heretic, or doubter," the preface runs—"do you want to know why I wrote this book? I wrote it because I could not help it." Later, in the text, a more definite reason appears; he has set down these reminiscences, though a painful task, in the hope that Evangelical parents may see what effect their teaching can have upon a sensitive child. He describes himself as "a sickly, nervous, brooding child, with a lively fancy and a restless brain, continually dreaming of the Judgment Day, when I was always among the goats."

Indeed, a more frightful picture of a child's mind nurtured on Calvinism than the one we find in these pages could scarcely be imagined. Details of the picture would be very painful reading for Catholics. The whole autobiography shows indirectly and uncon-

sciously a life blighted by this beginning, affections stunted, and instead of happy faith, a growing tendency to scoff at all belief. The writer tells how at length he cast aside the last remaining shackles of a dogmatic creed, and doubt, once so welcome, grew "terrible and stern, when it seemed to steal upon the sanctities of trust in a Heavenly Father and hope in a future life." The logical sequel to his course of action would be atheism, rationalism, and the last light of Heaven gone out. We believe Nitram Tradleg has a contempt for all things Catholic: we have no contempt for him, but a hearty sympathy for a life that was so warped at the outset, and that ran in so dark a groove. Does it not occur to the author that his experience of religious belief would at least be widened by an honest knowledge of the Catholic Church, acquired *visâ voce*, rather than from books or from hearsay, and sought with that species of almost daring earnestness which we believe underlies the vaunted levity of "A Son of Belial."

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1. *Through Thorny Paths*. By FRANCES NOBLE. London: Burns & Oates. 1882.
 2. *My Story*. London: Burns & Oates.
 3. *Killed at Sedan*. A Novel. By SAMUEL RICHARDSON, A.B., B.L. London: R. Washbourne. 1882.
 4. *Rachel's Fate, and other Tales*. By WILLIAM SETON. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1882.
 5. *Uncle Ned's Stories for Boys and Girls*. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1882.

"**T**HROUGH Thorny Paths" is a difficult title for voice and memory: one word less would have spared the unoffending reader a furze-and-blackberry-bush sensation. After the hard name comes easy reading; in fact the story is so happily told, that it is worth criticism, and too good to be dismissed with a compliment. The wonder is that with so much power, excellence is missed after all. There was judgment enough to create a current of interest setting stronger and stronger; yet the current is allowed to leave us high and dry on the mud-flats several pages from the end, with only a languid desire to glance at the fate of our imaginary friends. Again, though the provincial descriptions are vivid, the provincialisms ought not to infect the author's text; and the London life becomes vague, even inaccurate, until where vagueness would have been in better taste, there is definite point; for instance, in the mysterious region of M—— Street, Grosvenor Square, which deep disguise or course leaves us obtuse readers blinded, and, as old writers would say, "much exercised in mind." The author's high purpose is beyond question. The story is a contrasting picture to the former one, "Gertrude Mannering," and tells how a Catholic girl gives up for a time the practice of her religion, and is driven back to it by misery and humiliation, when the man who had been "her idol" is discovered to be base and faithless to her. Marion Lindsay's

secret, gradual, fascinated descent to her fancied paradise, is told with peculiar force; but her sudden disillusion touches unpleasant ground, which would be new to many young Catholic readers. We prefer Catholic books not to do for our Catholic girls, even for a good purpose and for the highest motives, any part of the common work of novels. We should like to have heard more of Monica, Marion's prayer-loving, duty-doing sister. Does piety extinguish active and attractive character? or is the reader to take no final interest in such an example? It seems rather hard on Monica that she should be only faulty Marion's foil, not worth good-by, punctually praying, and doing nothing else, until—perhaps, literally “absorbed” in prayer—nothing whatever becomes of her. The disappearance is less distressing than the persistence of Stuart Leigh in appearing as “an Apollo;” his propensity for “curling his lip” is nearly as bad as the hero's blushing, which last trait we do not remember to have seen mentioned in the famous “Broad Stone of Honour,” nor among King Arthur's Knights; it is hardly suggestive of his chivalrous character, and in moral strength the cotton-spinner is better than the hero as the portrait of a man.

“My Story” was written “to while away many very lonely hours,” by one who through infirmity was “thrown upon mental resources for companionship and occupation.” It is founded on recollections of family experience in Ireland. The best pages are those relating to Alice Herbert's illness at the Castle; they show that a shorter plot, within narrower limits of scene and time, ought to be chosen in any future efforts.

“Killed at Sedan” contains the events of several sensational novels, without the slightest detriment to our nerves or to those of any of the characters. It boasts a missing heir, deaths, war, elopement, gambling, a murderous quarrel, no lack of heart-breaks; and there is a constant sense of harmless quiet, like that which followed the “terrible curse” in the “Jackdaw of Rheims,” when—

What gave rise to no little surprise
Was, that nobody seemed one penny the worse.

“Rachel's Fate” is the name of one of several stories in an American volume; the “Other Stories” mentioned in the title are no shorter, and nearly all better. “Pretty Marguerite” is charming and original, and “The Old Stone Jug” is as full of life, colour and quaintness as a rustic comedy, the Stone Jug being no vessel but a tavern where, during the War of Independence, mine host keeps a negro boy in the cherry-tree to signal all comers, and reverses his signboard just in time to suit their politics, leaving the King or Washington turned to the wall, with the greatest impartiality. How he expected his daughter to turn her heart like the reversible signboard, and what came of it, forms matter for a pleasantly told story. “The Wraith of the Achensee” is graceful, and more distinctly Catholic; and if weakness and inequality is traceable through the volume, there is plenty of merit, and variety as well; and the author has the gift

of contentedly working to provide pleasure and bright amusement—a rare quality in Catholic writers.

“Uncle Ned’s Stories” is an attractive gift-book, profusely illustrated for children, but in the text hardly English enough for this side of the Atlantic. When Uncle Ned is preparing a second edition he will cut out an expletive not understood in the nursery, and likely to cause a sensation if the olive-branches were to produce it downstairs.

The Life of the Rev. Father Hermann. Translated from the French of the Abbé CHARLES SERVAIN, by Mrs. RAYMOND BARKER. London: R. Washbourne. 1882.

THERE are few religious that have occupied so large a share of public notice as Père Hermann. His conversion created an extraordinary stir at the time, so that even in his own life his enthusiastic disciples could not refrain from some very eulogistic biography of the great musician. *Magnifica post consummationem* is the idea of the present biographer, M. L’Abbé Servain; though we feel bound to say that his panegyric, even under more excusable conditions, is tame in comparison with the “Vie” published during Père Hermann’s lifetime. The present “Life” is written in the style that seems most to find favour with the readers of French ecclesiastical biographies. An English reader is apt to find perpetual eulogy a little monotonous. But we suppose it is hard to say how the subject could be differently treated. We have not the original work from which Mrs. Barker has made her translation; but the ease and flow of the English version point to that lady’s high gifts as a translator.

History of the World, for Schools and Colleges. By JOHN MACCARTHY. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co. 1882.

ALL that ever man did or suffered “from the earliest period to the present time” will be found mentioned here within the compass of six hundred octavo pages; events of every sort being compressed into short and nearly equal paragraphs—concentrated historic lozenges. We have no doubt it is as well written as such circumstances permit, and as accurate as one mind can make it. We have spared our feelings anything more than a glance into it to be able to say that those who like this sort of thing may find it here.

Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty and the Reformation Period. By S. HUBERT BURKE. Vol. III. London: John Hodges. 1883.

THIS third volume bears so strong a family likeness to the two preceding volumes that beyond welcoming it, we need refer only to our appreciation expressed on their appearance.* The author

* DUBLIN REVIEW, July and October, 1880.

announces a fourth and concluding volume as shortly to appear: when we come to speak of it will be an opportune moment to estimate, as it will be interesting to do, what these volumes have effected towards a more honest history of the period which they cover.

Cardinal Pole, Archbishop Cranmer; Latimer, Hooker, &c.; Calvin and Servetus; Philip and Mary; Elizabeth and her favourites;—these are some of the chief personages who pass before us in the pages of this third volume. The chapter on Queen Mary's Consort is particularly interesting; the estimate of Philip's character is more kindly and accurate than that which has long passed current in English histories. Putting the father and son in antithesis, Mr. Burke says, *inter alia*:—

The father had a genius for action; the son a predilection for repose. Charles took all men's opinions, but reserved his judgment, and acted on it, when matured, with irresistible energy. Philip was led by others; was vacillating in forming decisions, and irresolute in executing them when formed. (p. 109.)

This last sentence is not easily reconciled with another in a later chapter on "Persecution of Conscience," in which to defend Philip from the charge of being the instigator of the Marian persecution, the author says:—

If the Spanish monarch approved of the horrors of the stake, as so frequently alleged, would the Abbé de Castro have dared to preach against it? Philip was a man that neither cleric nor statesman could control when he had made up his mind on a certain course. (p. 221.)

Lectures and Discourses. By the Right. Rev. J. L. SPALDING, D.D., Bishop of Peoria. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1882.

THESE twelve lectures, with an underlying unity of design, may be described as a very eloquent exposition of the claims and attractiveness of Catholic belief in opposition to infidelity. Anything so warm and bright cannot be called controversy. There is no infection like the infection of genuine enthusiasm, and the reader is caught by the author's enthusiastic delight in the power, the life, the splendour of the Church, her comfort for the yearnings of man's heart, her perfect answer to his highest aspirations. The first chapter, "Religious Indifference," points out that "the heart rather than the mind is the fountain-head of our opinions and beliefs;" that "no greater absurdity has been advanced than the notion that we are not responsible for our faith or want of faith;" that religious indifference, a more insidious evil than infidelity, is "the outgrowth of a way of living and not of rational investigation, of absence of thought and not of too much thinking." Other chapters, equally well conceived and written, follow, on "Religious Faith and Physical Science," on "The Catholic Church, her Priesthood and Worship," "The Virgin Mother," and others, ending fittingly with a short

study on the "Rise and Decline of Protestantism." We have space, however, only to indicate the scope of the volume, and to give, as a sample of the whole, a quotation from its brightest chapter:—

A nation which has had no great men, has led no great life; and a religion which has no saints is self-condemned. . . . Would to God our saint-worship were not dilettanteism! We speak their panegyrics and light candles before their shrines; but they were not children of this world. We are wiser in our generation than they. We believe in time and the things we see; but their heart's desire was in eternity with the invisible God. To them what appears was shadowy; the unseen alone was substance. . . . The honour which we pay to them, if it help not ourselves to a higher and more Godlike life, is empty and without meaning.

And speaking of the example of the Virgin Mother, at once the most heavenly and the most simply imitable, he says of our Blessed Lord's teaching:—

He does not exalt intellect and enterprise and heroic daring, but gentleness, and lovingness, and sweet chastity. The strong will always be bold and eager. They will protect themselves. He clothed the weak in heavenly panoply, when he placed purity above strength and humility above pride. Now, of this true womanly phase of Christianity, the Blessed Virgin is for ever the ideal. Mother and Virgin, she is the model of the wedded and the free; and, like all best things, she is near to the level of our common nature. She is no fine lady; she is no worldly queen. The peasant mother toiling beneath her thatched roof knows such was Mary's lot. She makes us content with quiet virtue, with common life and familiar things. They are the best, and they are near to all. God's mother sat by her spinning wheel, and angels watched near her.

Excelsior. Recueil d'Odes, d'Épîtres, de Contes, de Sonnets, &c.
Par JULES NOLLÉE DE NODUWEZ. Paris: E. Plon & Cie.
1882.

THESE poems are so excellent in intention, so generous in feeling, and so elevated in tone, that it is with real regret that we find ourselves unable to speak as favourably of their manner as of their matter. Not a few of them are, in fact, less poetry than prose. Prose, full of earnestness and feeling, movement and warmth, it is true, but wanting in the nameless, intangible, divine *afflatus* which alone makes poetry.

Moreover, Monsieur Nollée, as he tells us in his "Preface on the French Poetry of the Twentieth Century," purposely disdains the rules of French versification. And yet these rules, for the most part at least, have grown out of the requirements of the language, and therefore cannot lightly be discarded. For instance, they would have saved M. Nollée from questionable Alexandrines and his numerous false rhymes.

In "*Excelsior*" M. Nollée has as much as possible avoided the beaten track in his choice of subjects. In these, which are chiefly new, and "as varied as the life of man," we have grave and gay, humorous and didactic, sprightly fables, and well-intentioned sonnets; but—with the sonnet there is no medium; if not a diamond, it is

glass. There is a pleasing freshness about many of the poems. Few deal with love; and what love there is, whether glad or sad, is always pure, Christian, and true. Of mythology there is none. M. Nollée "knows no heaven but one, and in this heaven God—the God of the Catholic Christian. Only in the air of this heaven can the soul spread her wings and soar upwards." After this, it seems superfluous to say that these poems may be placed without hesitation in the hands of the young, a merit which, apart from those of Marie Jenna, scarcely another volume of contemporary French poems can share.

As a fair specimen of M. Nollée's lighter vein, we quote the lines having for their title

AU CONFESSIONAL.

Récit.

(À Monsieur le Prince de Schiara.)

Un jour une superbe fille
De je ne sais plus quelle ville
S'en vint à Pâque (ou bien à Chandelour ?)
Trouver son Confesseur.
"Mon père, mon péché capital c'est l'orgueil !
Chacun me fait de l'œil
On me loue, on m'encense,
On me couvre de fleurs dans les lieux où l'on danse,
On tombe à mes genoux, chacun m'offre sa foi,
Et je n'ai plus ma tête à moi !
Je suis l'objet d'un culte et l'on me sacre idole !"
Le bon prêtre, caché sous son grand foulard blanc,
Souriait de bon cœur sans trop faire semblant.
"Le crime n'est pas grand ! Je te crois un peu folle,
Mon enfant"—"Folle ! moi ? Non ! C'est ma sœur qui l'est
Depuis hier ! Apprenez que l'oncle Mercadet
Par testament lui laisse une grosse fortune !"
—"Tu n'as pas une part du magot d'or ?"—"Aucune !"
—"Dans ce cas, j'en suis sur, Jeanne, à ta vanité
La chance de ta sœur apportera remède ;
Et puisse la leçon te profiter ! Dieu t'aide !
Car tous les amoureux vont changer de côté !"

Elementary Meteorology. By ROBERT H. SCOTT, M.A., F.R.S.
(International Science Series.) London : Kegan Paul, Trench
and Co. 1883.

THE energetic Secretary of the Meteorological Office is one of the best abused men of the times. The shortcomings of the department over which he presides, the failure of the weather forecasts, are matters of periodical complaint in the daily and scientific Press. Instead of wasting his time in drawing up elaborate answers to appease his critics, Mr. Scott prefers to devote himself to the more profitable occupation of compiling an excellent handbook of meteorology. Hitherto the "Introductory Text-Book" of Buchan has found the highest favour among meteorologists; an admirable

book of its kind, clearly and brightly written, and capable of arresting the most casual reader.

Mr. Scott's new work must necessarily challenge comparison with our old favourite. And upon examination we are rather surprised to find that Mr. Scott, far from declining the comparison, has worked upon exactly the same lines as the accepted text-book. The order in which the subjects are treated is the same in both works, while the titles of the chapters are almost identical. Whether Mr. Scott is deliberately using running powers over his rival's lines the work before us does not give us any indication, but we fancy that we have discovered, from internal evidence, marks of a very decided purpose in our author's proceedings. Buchan's book is cheery and enthusiastic; written when the science was younger, it gives us the idea of great promise and development yet in store. Mr. Scott, on the contrary, is prosaic and discouraging; he has much to say about hopes that have never been realized, and of imperfection and drawback generally.

Buchan strongly recommends Stevenson's thermometer stand; Mr. Scott finds it too small, and the currents of air that pass through the louvres are too much broken. Robinson's cup anemometer was formerly looked upon as an instrument of great promise; Mr. Scott shows that it is impossible to establish any fixed relation between the revolution of the cups and the velocity of the wind. Many of Buchan's observations are founded on the observations of navigators; Mr. Scott shows how utterly untrustworthy such accounts generally are. It strikes us, therefore, that Mr. Scott has of set purpose followed up the great Scottish meteorologist to administer the proverbial cold water to all his cherished ideas. As a record of recent advance in the science, and of the checks and limitations that it has encountered, Mr. Scott's work is of the highest value. It is, moreover, a text-book of the first class, one in which difficulties are not evaded, and the explanations given are thorough and accurate. It is a little disappointing to find that, after more than ten years' daily discussion of weather returns from all parts of the United Kingdom, Mr. Scott has nothing new to tell us—no new secret snatched from the mysterious weather divinities. So it is: the £1,000 a year voted by the Royal Society to the Meteorological Office seems to have been spent in vain.

Man before Metals. By N. JOLY. Second Edition. (International Science Series.) London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1883.

IT is now nearly fifty years since M. Joly published an account of a discovery of pottery of early workmanship at Nabrigas; the excellent little handbook at the head of our notice will probably be the last production of so interesting and devoted a geologist. M. Joly's name is not at all as familiar to English readers as it deserves to be, the devoted services he has rendered to pre-historic research have been passed over in silence by our great writers, Lubbock and Lyell. In fact, Lyell is by no means careful to give that

attention to the work done in bone caves in the South of France that its importance deserves, and many an English student will be indebted to M. Joly for information upon a number of important discoveries hitherto not sufficiently known amongst us. We can recommend to our readers the section on page 81, containing a complete account of the human skeletons found in bone caves, the instances in which flint implements have been imbedded in bones—above all, the curious discovery of a skull which had been trepanned. M. Joly, we are glad to see, is far from convinced that man existed in Miocene times, as the Abbé Bourgeois would have us believe. It is curious to note on what slender basis some geologists will advance the most startling theories. The whole evidence for dating the existence of man back to the hundreds of thousands of years ago of the Miocene age rests on the following data—(a) The discovery of human bones in a deposit similar to that in which the remains of a mastodon had been discovered; (b) some flints which bore traces of scratches; (c) some rough flints discovered in a Miocene deposit. And this actually seems evidence to some to justify them in attacking some of the most cherished beliefs of our race. M. Joly's book is not free from occasional sneers at the Catholic Church; but it will prove useful in directing attention to the many precautions to be taken, to the many difficulties that beset the geologist in his attempt to assign distinct dates to the appearance of man upon the earth. He very wisely refrains from attempting even to draw aside the veil that hangs over the birth of our race. He is not afraid to make the following admission, which is capable of a good deal of extension. Speaking of American flint implements he says:—

For the most part, side by side with these rudely-shaped stone implements, others are found so well polished, that they will bear comparison in this respect with our most skilfully wrought flints, a circumstance which seems to indicate that the archæolithic and neolithic ages are less distinct in America than in Europe. (p. 168.)

On the whole we could hardly recommend a better handbook, clearly and brightly written, on the present state of our knowledge on pre-historic archæology. One hundred and forty illustrations add considerably to the charm of the work, and many a reader will linger with interest on the rude carvings executed in far distant times of the rein-deer, of man, and of the woolly elephant. We can only regret that the author has not seen fit to expunge pp. 350 and 351, they are grievous blots on the book. It can surely serve no useful or even scientific object to reproduce with faint condemnation the crude and insulting theories of M. Carl Vogt. The translation of the work, which is anonymous, is not of any great merit; we have noticed numerous lapses; and surely M. Joly could never have penned such nonsense as appears in the second sentence of chap. viii. p. 175.

Catechism of Perseverance. By Mgr. GAUME Vol. IV. Dublin : M. H. Gill & Son. 1882.

THIS is the concluding volume, translated from the tenth French edition, fully maintaining the excellence of translation which characterized the earlier volumes. Of the value of the work it would be difficult to say too much, seeing that, although in concise form, it is a very complete exposition of the Church on earth, whether viewed from historic or liturgical or dogmatic standpoint. The present volume is chiefly liturgical. It should, we think, be particularly acceptable now, seeing the large extension of merely school-churches, or of small churches served by but one priest, in which ritualistic display is all but impossible, and where poverty veils the glory of the Church's liturgy, and with it so much of its doctrinal teaching. Very copious references are given throughout the book, which has also the advantage of a carefully compiled index. One inaccuracy may be noticed. It is said that St. Simon Stock, sixth general of the Carmelite Order, was "a descendant of the noble family of the *Barons Stock* in England." Alban Butler says the surname of Stock was given to the Saint from his long residence, when a recluse, in a hollow oak-tree.

Mexico To-day : A Country with a Great Future. By THOMAS UNETT BROCKLEHURST. London : John Murray. 1883.

THIS handsome volume appears at an opportune moment, when the renewal of diplomatic intercourse between England and Mexico, and the settlement of the outstanding grievances of the creditors of that State, have begun to direct attention to it as a promising field for enterprise and speculation. Mr. Brocklehurst, during a visit of seven months, principally spent in the capital, learned much about the country and the people, and communicates his information to his readers in an agreeable and attractive fashion ; while the numerous coloured plates and illustrations which diversify his pages help to a more vivid idea of scenery, architecture, and manners than could otherwise be formed. A city as large as Rome, situated within the tropics, at as great a height above the sea-level as the highest Alpine chalet, is in itself an interesting subject of study, and we are glad to hear all our author has to say about its handsome architecture, its picturesque environs, and the social life of the various grades of its motley population. Its general aspect he describes as follows :—

A clear, unclouded atmosphere at an elevation of 8,000 feet above the level of the sea in the tropics puts everything *couleur de rose*. There is no heat, no cold ; the average temperature is about 60°, and the atmosphere is so clear that when you see the mountains at the ends of the streets they appear close at hand, instead of being from twenty to forty miles distant.

All the houses in the city have a gay appearance ; such as are not white, or light yellow, or green, are tinted with various shades of red, and many of the churches may be pronounced pink ; three or four hundred

yards of a street in pink has a pretty effect, especially if continued in pale green; a house in grey stone, adjoining another faced with blue encaustic tiles, is, to say the least, pleasing to the eye of any one who for months past has only gazed upon dwellings of dull-red brick. As you get into the outskirts of the city the houses are meaner, but many of them are festooned with flowers and wreaths, so the appearance of beauty is maintained, even if on close inspection it is found delusive.

Mr. Brocklehurst was a conscientious traveller, visited the mining districts, studied the antiquities, of which he gives many interesting illustrations, and ascended the peak of Popocatepetl, 5,000 feet higher than the summit of Mont Blanc. He is an optimist about Mexico, and supports his view by valuable statistics as to commerce, produce, &c. English travellers so seldom find anything to praise among the Catholic priests of foreign countries, that one is glad to note the anecdote of the poor Mexican curé who, roused in the middle of the night to admit a party of belated travellers, received them with genuine hospitality, had a hot supper cooked for them, and brought in his best church carpets for them to sleep on, while even his servants would accept no gratuity on their departure. There is no greater barrier to intelligent perception than religious prejudice, and Mr. Brocklehurst's freedom from it in its extreme form renders his book all the more valuable and trustworthy.

A History of the Papacy during the Period of the Reformation. By M. CREIGHTON, M.A. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1882.

THE perusal of a history of the Catholic Church, written by one who is an alien to that Church, is at the best an unsatisfactory task to a Catholic. For to write worthily of God's Church, of the Spouse of Christ, something more is needed than a ready pen, a facile style, or an analytical mind; such gifts are not to be despised, but greater than these is Faith, which sees in the Church the divinely built-up and the divinely governed Kingdom of Christ; and Charity, which knits the soul of man in reverent union to His mystical body. And when it comes to writing of the Papacy, to treating of that very power whose rejection is the corner-stone of the "Anglican disobedience," we should devoutly pray that Catholic instincts, not Anglican, Catholic views, not Protestant, may inspire the thoughts, and guide and guard the words of the historian. And what besides is necessary when the history of the Reformation has to be written?

We have been led into these thoughts by reading Mr. Creighton's volumes on the History of the Papacy during the Reformation. His work is, in its way, an admirable one, giving a good, complete, and succinct account of a long and troubled period in the Church's life. Indeed, for the fulness of its references to standard works, English and foreign; its careful summary, especially in the appendix to each volume, of the literature of special events or epochs—*e.g.*, the Hussite Rebellion, or the Council of Pisa; and its spirit of fairness; it may be commended as a model to others than Anglicans.

But to our thinking Mr. Creighton's work is marred by some rather serious blemishes, as Catholics must consider them. He starts with the assumption that the organization of the Church was a matter of pure accident, forgetful that in its higher grades at least, and pre-eminently in the headship of S. Peter, the Church could point to something of a nobler origin than what was dictated merely by the exigencies of the times, and the social needs of the early Christians. Here are his words :—

The history of the early Church shows that even in Apostolic times the Christian congregations felt a need of organization. Deacons were chosen by popular election to provide for the due ministration of Christian benevolence, and elders were appointed to be rulers and instructors of the congregation. As the Apostles passed away, the need of presidency over meetings of the representatives of congregations developed the order of bishops, and led to the formation of districts within which their authority was exercised. (p. 5.)

And so on. This, to say the least, is inadequate, and rather suggestive of the experimental efforts at self-government of an emancipated colony, or a new sect, than of the all-perfect kingdom which Christ had established. We were accordingly not surprised at reading, a few pages further on, that—

The precedence of the Bishop of Rome over other bishops was a natural growth of the conditions of the times. The need of organization was forced upon the Church by internal discords and the hardships of stormy days; the traditions of organization were a bequest from the Imperial system. . . . The prestige of the Imperial city, combined with the integrity, impartiality, and practical sagacity of its bishops, won for them a general recognition of precedence. (p. 7.)

Ideas such as these vitiate the whole work. The Papacy is not a mere expedient; the Church is not a mere haphazard assembly of men who have heard the name of Christ. On these grounds, then, we are obliged to withhold the full meed of praise which Mr. Creighton's labours are otherwise entitled to. Again, the name of the work is misleading: the "Reformation" is usually understood to mean the religious revolt of the sixteenth century. These two volumes only treat of the period between 1378 and 1464. In some of its detail, too, the book is unsatisfactory. One can only smile when the Iconoclastic persecution is passed over with the remark that, "by ordering the restriction of images to the purpose of architectural ornaments, Leo hoped to infuse into his degenerate people some of the severe puritanism which marked the followers of Mahommed!" The Roman martyrology has quite another account to give of that matter. Nor is Mr. Creighton more happy in speaking of S. John Nepomucene, or "John of Pomuc," as he prefers to call him. The slanders here reproduced are not unanswerable; they were answered by anticipation exactly five centuries ago in the epitaph which the Canons of Prague placed over the wonder-working shrine of S. John in 1383.* In English affairs, too, our author's

* It may not be uninteresting to mention an Article in the *Civiltà Cattolica* of May 5, 1883, entitled "La Critica moderna e il martirio di S. Giovanni Nepomucene," in which the claim of John of Pomuck is discussed.

usual accuracy fails him when he speaks of the See of St. Albans as having an existence in the year 1400 (p. 305).

These are but trifles, perhaps, and hardly worth notice; the graver objection to a work which has had the benefit of the revision of such well-known writers as Professor Stubbs and the Rev. M. H. G. Buckle we have indicated above.

Les Sociétés Secrètes et la Société; ou Philosophie de l'histoire Contemporaine. Par N. DESCHAMPS. 6^me Edition. Avec Introduction sur l'Action des Sociétés secrètes au XIX^e Siècle, par M. CLAUDIO JANNET. Trois Volumes. Avignon: Seguin Frères. Paris: Oudin Frères. 1882-83.

THIS new edition arrives at too late an hour for us to do more than give it a brief introduction to our readers. Père Deschamps' work is the classical authority on a subject which can scarcely be other than deeply interesting even to English readers. True, the difference between English and Continental Freemasonry is emphasized even in these volumes (especially vol. iii. p. 501); but we cannot but be alive to the utterances of the past Popes and the present; while the recent solemn warnings from Irish scaffolds, and evidence brought forward by men but the other day condemned in this country, tend to show that some secret societies have really crossed the Channel. The charges brought against secret societies on the Continent embrace all the worst crimes of modern life there, and the object with which Père Deschamps composed his work was to prove publicly that they are destructive of all religion, of morality, of family ties, of civil order, and of property. Freemasonry, in fact, is the mother and guide of the Revolution—the spirit animating every development of the bitter persecution waging in nearly every European State against Christian education, against religion, against the very foundations of society. To study the sect is, in fact, to study the real philosophy of contemporary history: the sub-title of Père Deschamps' book, "*Philosophie de l'Histoire Contemporaine*," is there from design. That it is appropriate it is his aim to show. The motto of his first volume contains words of a very different man who also believed in the same philosophy. M. Goblet d'Aviella, Senator, and member of the "Grand Orient" of Belgium, there says:—

La Maçonnerie n'est pas un jeu d'enfants une réunion de bons vivants, une fabrique de courtes échelles, voire une société de bienfaisance. Elle est avant tout une sorte de laboratoire, où les grandes idées de l'époque viennent se combiner et s'affirmer pour se répandre ensuite dans le monde profane sous une forme palpable et pratique. Nous sommes la philosophie du libéralisme.

The reader will desire to know how far the author is judicial in his method, impartial, and discerning, and how far his citations or

authorities may be trusted to represent real sentiments and facts. A favourable reply may be given on every head; it is much to be feared that it is all too true. Very emphatic declarations from members of the French Episcopate, Mgr. Gay, of Poitiers, and others, testify to their opinion in his trustworthiness, and in the value of his labours. His assertions, startling and momentous though they be, are founded throughout on Masonic evidence. This has been particularly candid and fearless since the persecution of Bismarck in Germany began. In Belgium, what with us would be called the religious prejudices of the people have been quite ignored or purposely offended by this outspokenness.

The first edition of this work was exhausted in less than a year; the demand for it grows. This new edition has been recast, enlarged, and brought up to date by M. Claudio Jannet, a disciple of the late Père Deschamps. The new portion of the work is equal to the bulk of the original; and it is important to add that the editor has worked on the lines of the author, in his spirit, and with the same critical ability. Hence, for example, his chapter on Freemasonry in England recognizes its special character, and the benevolence, philanthropy, and probity of the English lodges; and he adds, that to compare English Freemasonry, "*a la Maçonnerie des pays Catholiques ou seulement à la Maçonnerie de l'Allemagne, c'est commettre une grave erreur.*" His chapter on recent events in Ireland are on the whole very fair: he quotes largely from Mr. A. M. Sullivan's "*New Ireland*" but not less from the letters of Cardinal MacCabe and the Holy Father. In a French dress the story of the "*Invincibles*" reads quite as deep dyed and ghastly as any Carbonarism. Monsieur Carey and "*Le numéro un*" have quite the air of a dark French *roman*.

Père Deschamps' ample sketch of the history of Freemasonry from the earliest times, and his tracing of it to four chief sources, Gnosticism, Manichæism, the Albigenses, and the Templars, is most interesting reading. The book will be found to be *the* reference book on all details of the history of secret societies, and their work in Germany, Russia, Italy, France—indeed, in almost every country of the old and civilized world.

An Account of some well-authenticated Miracles. With an Introduction. By GEORGE RICHARDSON. London: Washbourne. 1883.

IN an octavo pamphlet of thirty pages, Mr. Richardson has put together short accounts of a few well authenticated miracles, and has made a very excellent tract for popular use or distribution. The Finding of the Holy Cross, St. Cecily, St. Januarius, the Stigmata of St. Francis, Domenica Lazari, and Louise Lateau, and Lourdes, are among the wonders he has selected, in the hope of showing, by the mere account of them, that they rest on evidence

which seriously challenges the attention of thoughtful people who believe at all in the supernatural. The pamphlet has passed theological censorship, and bears the "imprimatur" of the Bishop of Salford.

NOTE TO THE ARTICLE "FIFTY VERSIONS OF DIES IRÆ."

THE writer of the article, "Fifty Versions of Dies Iræ," and the author of the quotation and footnote, pp. 374-77, C. F. S. W., are thankful to avail themselves of the Editor's kindness yet again to acknowledge certain omissions and errors in their contributions. Further information, not indeed concerning the Mantuan Marble itself, but concerning its text, has, since the publication of the last number of the DUBLIN REVIEW, presented itself. The edition of Mohnikereferred to in "Fifty Versions" was the first, 1824; thesecond, however, 1836, has now been consulted, and an important reference found in it to the "Variorum in Europa Itinerum Deliciæ" of Nathaniel Chytræus, 3rd ed., 1606, which is stated to contain the text of the Marble at p. 140. A search in the British Museum has disclosed, not only this third edition, but the first, 1594, from which (p. 186) a copy has accordingly been taken. It differs from that at p. 376 of "Fifty Versions" in the following readings: i. 1. *Quæso*, alone; 2. *Ah* for *Ad*; ii. 1. *A te poscet* for *Cum deposcet*; 3. *Et* for *Ob*; xxi. 1. *Ut consors* for *Consors ut*. 1594 is therefore now the earliest date up to which the printed text of the Marble has been traced; and as Joshua Sylvester was then living, it is possible that he may have taken his original from Chytræus, instead of (as was too rashly concluded at p. 375 of "Fifty Versions") from the actual Marble itself.

The writers have also to apologize for not having before consulted the original edition, 1848, of Dr. Irons' translation; they were unaware that it contained also versions not only of the Mantuan Marble, but of a part (not the whole) of the "Hæmmerlein Codex." They are as follows:—

Mantuan.

1. Think, O Christian soul, and sigh—
Unto what thou must reply,
When Christ cometh from the sky!
2. When he asketh, one by one,
For each good deed left undone,
And for every evil done.
3. Ah that day, for judgment sent!
May we now that day prevent—
Meet our God, and now repent!
4. With contrition deep and sad,
With all grace that may be had,
And amend our life, if bad.

Hæmmerlein.

20. When the heavens shall pass away,
Then shall be the fearful day,
It shall be no time to pray.
21. For the saved—what joy to tell!
For the lost—no peace in hell!
But with demon forms to dwell.
22. O thou God of majesty,
Holy, blessed Trinity,
Now, with saints unite thou me!

The following is perhaps the last translation of the prose which has been made. It reached the writer of the article after his MS. had been sent to the printer, and hence he was unable to notice the version. The rendering, which preserves the poetical form of the original, is from the pen of the Very Rev. W. Hilton, V.G. St. Mary's, Wrexham. It is a valuable addition to those which have been already published.

DIES IRÆ.

Day of wrath, on which earth's framing
Shall dissolve in ruin flaming,
David, Sibyl, so proclaiming.

What the trembling then ensuing,
When the judge shall come, reviewing
Strictly deeds of mankind's doing.

Trumpet's blast spread through creation,
Rending tombs of every nation,
All before the throne shall station.

Death and Nature shall, affrighted,
Rising see the creature cited,
And before the Judge indicted.

Brought shall be with book containing
All the counts the world arraigning,
And the judgment too sustaining.

When Christ sits with judgment vested,
Secrets shall be manifested,
And from vengeance naught be wrested.

Wretch, what plea then shall I tender?
Or where shall I seek defender?
Since account the just must render.

King majestic, terror flinging,
Free to thine salvation bringing,
Save me fount with pity springing.

Loving Lord, this thought awaken,
That for me thy way was taken;
Lose me not that day forsaken.

Seeking me thou worn hast rested;
Saving death of cross hast breasted;
Toil so great of fruit divested?

Judge of justice, vengeance wreaking,
Let me hear thee pardon speaking,
Ere the day of reck'ning breaking.

Guilty sighs are from me stealing,
Blushing face my sin revealing,
Spare me, God, to thee appealing.

Mary's bonds by pardon broken,
Heard prayer by robber spoken,
And to me too hopeful token.

Vile my prayers to thee ascending,
But be thou benign defending
Me from fire that knows no ending.

With the sheep a place providing,
And from me the goats dividing,
On thy right give me my biding.

When the curs'd meet conviction,
Doomed to flames in dire affliction,
Call me with thy benediction.

Low I bend unto thee crying,
Crushed my heart like ashes lying,
With thy care protect me dying.

Tearful day, that day whose breaking
Shall see guilty man awaking,
Out of dust account to render,

Spare him, God, with mercy tender:
Jesus, Lord, in love paternal,
Give unto him rest eternal.

Since the above was in type, yet another Catholic version of *Dies Iræ* has been discovered in an old number of the "Messenger of the Sacred Heart," 4th Series, vol. viii., 1880, page 273. This version is almost, if not quite, unique. It is written in ten-syllable iambic triplets, and is anonymous.

ERRATUM to Mr. W. J. O'N. Daunt's Article, "How the Union Robs Ireland," in April last:—

Page 363, line 12, *for* including *read* excluding.